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AMONG THE

ZULUS AND AMATONGAS.

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AMONG THE

ZULUS AND AMATONGAS:

WITH SKETCHES OF THE

NATIVES, THEIR LANGUAGE AND CUSTOMS;

AND THE

COUNTRY, PRODUCTS, CLIMATE, WILD ANIMALS, &c.

BEING PRINCIPALLY

CONTRIBUTIONS TO MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS;

BY THE LATE

DAVID LESLIE.

EDITED BY THE

HON. W. H. DRUMMOND,

Author of "The Large Game and Natural History of South and South-East Africa."

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE.

In placing this book before the notice of the public, and, more especially, before those who knew the author, the late Mr David Leslie, it is necessary I should say a few words in explanation of the objects aimed at in its publication; and in which, it is hoped that some measure of success has been attained.

These are, primarily, to make such a selection from his published writings, as shall best recall him, as he lived amongst them, to the recollection of his friends; secondly, to preserve, in a compact form, many of his contributions to literature, which might otherwise have been lost; and thirdly, to enable the general public to appreciate, from his writings, the life of a man who, in an indirect yet practical manner, has influenced the future of South-East Africa more than almost any other of his contemporaries.

The Obituary Notices, to be found in another part of this Volume, tell all that is necessary regarding his career; and, to those who knew him, it would be superfluous to say more; but the general public may reasonably expect to know what his qualifications were for writing on the subject to which the greater proportion of these pages is devoted, *i. e.*, Life in South-East Africa; and, as I spent many of the best years of my life—years to which I now look back with pleasure, which would be unmixed, had not Mr Leslie's death precluded the possibility of their ever repeating themselves in the future—alone with him, among the native tribes, and in the uninhabited districts of the interior; I will endeavour to afford the desired information.

It would indeed be difficult to imagine a man more thoroughly fitted, both by nature and education, for the life of a colonist; or to be a pioneer among savage tribes. His abilities and practical knowledge were so great, that he left his mark upon every colonial question he took up; as several of the articles in this collection, especially those on the much vexed questions of Labour and Polygamy, sufficiently show; while his shrewdness and capacity in business matters were

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such, as to render his success in life assured, had he only been permitted to live a few years longer. It will be observed in the Obituary Notices, that, after having spent almost his whole life in the Colony of Natal, he came home in May, 1873, for the purpose of joining his uncle in a business, than which nothing more dissimilar to the wild-free-life, he had so long been accustomed to lead, could well be imagined; and it says much both for his personal character, and the versatility of his talents, that he at once and markedly succeeded in the new sphere he had entered upon. His acquaintance with the languages, politics, customs, and feelings of the natives of Natal, and of the important semi-independent States lying between the British and Portuguese possessions on the East Coast, was probably greater than that of any other man; while the paper read before the Natural History Association of Natal, on the native custom of "*Hlonipa*," as well as the discussion on the Zulu word for "Life," and the remarks on the names and interpretations of the native Months, and, indeed generally throughout his papers, show a knowledge of his subject, as well as a power of grasping it, certainly unsurpassed, and, in my opinion, unequalled, by that of even those who have made it the study of their lives.

These qualifications, added to a temper which nothing could ruffle, to powers of cheerfully undergoing fatigue and hardships of every kind, which I have seldom seen approached: (I have seen him, after walking and hunting in the blazing sun for fourteen or fifteen hours, without having tasted food the whole day, insist upon his men dividing among themselves, the small basket of boiled maize which the villagers had brought for his personal consumption!): and that aptitude for turning his hand to the work of the moment, whether it was digging his waggon out of some hole, or conducting a delicate negotiation with a native potentate, without which no one can hope to succeed in "wild life," enabled him to control with complete success the large number of natives who attended him in his expeditions—a task, the difficulty of which is only known to those who have experienced it; and it may truthfully be said that in him the country has lost one who was peculiarly suited for the post of leader of any of those great exploring expeditions into the far interior, which we may expect to be undertaken, from time to time, until the whole of that continent has been thoroughly explored.

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I cannot pass from my subject, without saying a few words on the personal character of a man, who was liked and respected by his acquaintances, and loved by all his friends. His honesty, straightforwardness, and industry commanded respect; while, as a pleasant and intelligent companion, he possessed the happy knack of suiting himself to any society into which he might be thrown. He was equally popular with his fellow-colonists and among the great Chiefs of the interior, numbering among his friends the late and present Kings of the Zulus; and, although somewhat cautious in forming a friendship, having once made it, *he never forgot it!* As a hunter among the large game, with which his various expeditions made him acquainted, he was brave without rashness, cool and self-reliant in the midst of dangers, fertile in resources in emergencies, and was physically endowed with such strength as enabled him to bear, in favourable comparison to the natives, the tremendous fatigue such sport entails. Kind-heartedness and good-nature were his special characteristics, and many a poor white hunter or trader, beyond the boundaries of the Colony, has cause to remember his name with gratitude. Nor can I do less than repeat here, what I have already stated in the preface to my book, *The Large Game and Natural History of South and South-East Africa*, that "to his kindly placing at my disposal, during my expeditions, the large number of hunters and natives in his service, I owe many of my opportunities for observation;" nay, I must add, that it is chiefly to his skill, attention, and kindness in illness, and to his assistance in many of the dangers and difficulties incident to travel and hunting among the natives in the interior, that I attribute my having ultimately returned alive to this country.

It would be an easy and pleasant task for me to dilate on this subject, and to commit to paper some of the many characteristic anecdotes which occur to me, as I think over the years we spent together; but enough has perhaps been already said to enable the reader to form a just idea of the Author of these pages; and, before passing on to a few short remarks on their contents, I will only add that, while to all of us who knew him, his loss is one that can never be replaced, we have the comfort of knowing that throughout his life, not less than in its closing scenes, he was ready for the great change which has now overtaken him; and that, whatever comfort

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there is to be found in the knowledge of a life well and usefully spent, and an end worthy of the life, his bereaved mother, relations, and friends have that well-grounded consolation; for he was, in the best sense of the term, a Christian gentleman.

The original object in the selection and printing of this Volume was to preserve to his friends the fugitive papers, "In Memoriam" of the Author; but, at the urgent solicitations of friends, who knew the permanent value of these papers, it has been agreed to give them to the public in a second edition, which will shortly be issued by Messrs Edmonston & Douglas, Edinburgh. It will be observed that every article which has been selected for publication has the date of its original appearance attached to it. For some of them, this was, no doubt, needless; but in the case of such papers as "Port Natal," "Transvaal *versus* Zulu," and others, circumstances are so altered since they were written, that the point would have been lost, had the date of their writing not been mentioned. As true pictures of Zulu life and modes of expression, nothing could be more perfect than "A Zulu Foray," "A Runaway Match," and "A Zulu Romance." I leave the reader to judge,of their literary merits for himself, and I only offer the testimony, which my knowledge of the Zulus themselves enables me to give, of their truthfulness. "Wild Life" will have its own peculiar charm for those who have experienced it, as well as for the general reader; and each of the other papers has been selected as containing something characteristic of the Author, or of interest to the reader; but I cannot help referring to the Extracts from his Hunting Journal, wherein the "Reflections of the day" show the bent of his mind, these being written in the wilds of Africa, after an exhausting day's hunting and travelling, without the slightest expectation that they would ever be seen and criticised by others. His gun and his books were his inseparable companions in his expeditions; the one procuring his physical sustenance—the other providing his mental pabulum.

It is unnecessary to say anything here regarding the Delagoa Bay Dispute, and Mr Leslie's claim against the Portuguese Government, which depended upon the late Arbitration Case. But if, by the subject becoming more widely known through these pages, the British Government is induced to make an arrangement with the Portuguese, by which Delagoa Bay may return to its original owners,

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and the rampant Slavery of the East Coast be put down, the cause will not have altogether failed, for which Mr LESLIE fought so well, and in which he lost so much, for even his death may, in a great measure, be attributed to the fever he caught on that very expedition.

In conclusion, I must express my thanks to Mr ROBERT M'TEAR, of Glasgow (the late Mr LESLIE's uncle), for the assistance he has afforded me in editing this Volume; an assistance, indeed, so great and valuable—but a labour of love to him—that, although I would most willingly have done it all out of respect for my late dear friend, my share of the labour has been almost nominal; and, while apologising for any errors which may have been allowed, inadvertently, to creep in, or been passed over, I leave it in the hands of the public, satisfied that, under the circumstances, they will be generous in their judgment.

W. H. DRUMMOND.

LONDON, *Oct. 4th*, 1875.

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OBITUARY NOTICES OF THE LATE MR DAVID LESLIE.

"Our obituary to-day announces the death of Mr DAVID LESLIE, whose career has been such, that it deserves some more extended notice. Mr LESLIE, who had only attained his 35th year, was born at Taymount, Perthshire. His father was accidentally killed by being thrown from his gig six months before the deceased was born, so that he was left to push his own way in the world. He went to Natal when he was only eleven years of age, and having become proficient in the Zulu language, was, at the early age of fourteen, appointed interpreter to the courts of law in Natal. Subsequently he became one of the principal merchants in Natal, and for several years was a member of the firm of ACUTT & LESLIE. Through a commercial crisis, which occurred there about ten years ago, he was obliged to abandon his mercantile connection, and from that time until his return to this country, he was engaged trading and hunting in the interior of Africa, having been a most ardent Nimrod and accomplished marksman. Mr LESLIE was long on intimate terms with the native chiefs of Natal. His knowledge of the country, and of the habits and customs of the natives was extensive, and he delivered frequent lectures on the subject, before the Natural History Society of Natal. The local papers published numerous contributions of great interest from his pen, and since his return to this country, Mr LESLIE has written a great deal of instructive matter, regarding Africa and its inhabitants, in various newspapers and magazines. One of his letters, which appeared in the *Times*, gave so truthful and able a description of the country, that it attracted the attention of Sir BARTLE FRERE, who took occasion to have an interview with him during his late brief stay in Glasgow. Whilst on a hunting expedition in his schooner, the 'William Shaw,' Mr LESLIE and his vessel were seized by the Portuguese authorities, in what were considered British waters. The question of the exact marine boundary between the British and Portuguese was thus raised, and referred to

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the arbitrament of the President of the French Republic, who has been in no hurry to give his decision. Mr LESLIE was consulted by the Colonial Office in the matter of adjusting their claim, and his individual claim for illegal seizure, against the Portuguese Government was, of course, held in abeyance until that of the British Government should be determined. After the seizure, and while detained at Lorenço Marques pending negotiations, Mr LESLIE was attacked by fever, which is believed to have seriously affected his constitution. On recovering, he started for this country, arriving about fourteen months ago, and since his return he has resided with his uncle, Mr ROBERT M'TEAR. For some time his health has been indifferent; but, a few weeks ago, he was seized with a severe affection of the lungs, to which he succumbed after much suffering. Mr LESLIE's relations on the maternal side are all in Natal, with the exception of Mrs M'TEAR; but his paternal relatives reside at Blairgowrie. The funeral of the deceased will, we believe, take place on Friday, when his remains will be interred in the Necropolis. We may add that Mr LESLIE, since his arrival in Glasgow, had gained the respect of many friends, who will sincerely mourn his loss."—*Glasgow Citizen, 12th May, 1874.*

"Brief as is the time allowed us, we cannot permit the formal obituary notice, in another column, to pass, without a word regarding the late Mr DAVID LESLIE. Little more than twelve months since he left Natal, his home from boyhood, to enter and eventually take over the extensive and flourishing business in Glasgow of his uncle, Mr ROBERT M'TEAR. A mail or two ago, news were received that he had been seized with inflammation of the lungs, but a later telegram, *via* Brindisi, reported him to have somewhat rallied from the attack, and stated that hopes were entertained of his recovery. By the mail just arrived, we learn that he sank on the 11th May, in his 35th year.

"Mr LESLIE arrived in the Colony in March, 1850, being then a lad of about ten years of age, as one of the large party headed by our veteran colonist, Mr JOHN FORBES, his grandfather. For some years he was engaged in business in Durban, but the best years of his life were spent in hunting and trading among the native tribes to the north, and many a graphic tale he had to tell of 'hair-breadth

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'scapes by flood and field.' His intimate acquaintance with the politics, as well as the manners and modes of thought, of the Zulus and other northern tribes enabled him, by means of a ready pen, to contribute to the *Natal Herald* more than one able paper, which attracted the notice and commendation of the Secretary for Native Affairs; and not the local journals only, but leading newspapers at home—notably the *Times*, during these late troubles—gladly welcomed his contributions. He read at least two interesting and valuable papers, on *Hlonipa* and other native customs, before the Natural History Association in Durban; and, to this journal, prior to his departure for his native country, he contributed an interesting series of letters on native politics, and the gun trade.

"But we must close, however we may shrink from reverting to the sudden ending of a life, which appeared to have just opened out a new vista of hope and prosperity, to one endowed with many amiable qualities, and much beloved. To the widowed mother, whose only child he was, and who hoped soon to join him in Scotland, to the venerable grand-parents, and to the rest of his bereaved relatives, from whom he has thus suddenly been taken in the prime of his days, we can only, in common with many attached friends in Natal, offer the most heartfelt sympathy."—*Natal Colonist, 7th July, 1874.*

"We much regret to hear by this mail of the death of a former fellow-townsman, who, though much absent from the colony of late, occupied for many years an honourable position here. Mr Leslie was noted here for his intelligence, public spirit, and enterprise. The rapidity of his rise amongst us, as a commercial man, was entirely due to his remarkable sagacity and shrewd sense, and his death will be much lamented by many old friends. His bereaved mother and her family, will have the warm sympathy of all, in their sad affliction. It cannot be doubted that, had he lived, Mr Leslie would have made no inconsiderable mark in the world; and been of great service to Africa, to whose interests he was devoted. We have only room in this issue to give the following appreciative notice from the *Glasgow Citizen* of 12th May last."(*Vide ante*).—*Natal Mercury, 7th July, 1874.*

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EXTRACT FROM PREFACE TO THE HON. W. H. DRUMMOND'S WORK ON "THE LARGE GAME AND NATURAL HISTORY OF SOUTH AND SOUTH-EAST AFRICA:"—

"It would be unjust to the memory of my late friend Mr LESLIE, were I to omit to mention that, to his great knowledge and experience, I owe much of whatever may be of value in these pages; and that, to his kindly placing at my disposal, during my expeditions, the large number of hunters and natives in his service, I owe many of my opportunities for observation."

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AMONG THE
ZULUS AND AMATONGAS.

PORT NATAL.

(CHAMBERS' JOURNAL, 11th June, 1859.)

A FEW facts concerning the Colony of Port Natal, which has lately begun to attract a share of public attention as a new field of emigration, may be interesting both to intending emigrants and to readers generally. There are three things currently believed throughout this country to be detrimental to Natal—namely, the heat, the unhealthy climate, and the very inadequate supply of labour.

Now, such remarks, which I have often heard made, only show the great want of correct information which exists regarding the colony. According to Government statistics, the thermometer on the coast during winter averages 72 degrees, and in summer 80 degrees; further up and above the capital (Pietermaritzburg), the climate is very much the same as in Britain; at D'Urban, and along the coast, the sea breezes cool the atmosphere.

Hot winds, as in Australia, are seldom felt; so much so, that when one does come, people go about very much surprised, informing one another that it is "actually a hot wind!"

When warm in Natal, it is always dry; few and far between are those close, humid, sultry days, so much felt in India, in which men go about as if the exertion of dragging one leg after another was too much, and when the only

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comfortable position to be in, is up to your chin in cold water; when to eat is a nuisance, and to drink is a necessity.

The rains in summer are constant; scarcely a day passes without a shower, and when it rains there, *it does rain*—not as it is in Britain, an unpleasant drizzle, but "an even down pour." So much, however, is the earth parched by winter droughts, and so great the evaporation, that no rain, however heavy, lies on the surface more than three days; and, of course, fever and all diseases arising from decayed vegetable matter and stagnant water are unknown. Now, in what is called the Amatonga country, about 250 miles from D'Urban, the decayed vegetable matter and stagnant swamps are so great, that it is death to any European to venture there. Miles upon miles of flat country; in fact, one great rich swamp, covered with game, is there inhabited by a people civilized in comparison with their neighbours, the Zulus; but where death or disease is sure to attack any white man who enters. Great is the contrast within so short a distance! For Natal is a country without one virulent disease peculiar to itself, where consumption and scrofula are unknown, where health is, in fact, rampant, where the ladies are all in despair about getting so stout and so strong, and where many have saved their lives from the grasp of those fearful diseases so prevalent in the old country.

The Colony of Natal contains a population of about 10,000 whites and 225,000 Blacks. Now, with this immense number, the most credulous cannot believe the assertion that labour is scarce; for, allowing one servant to every white man, woman, and child, what an immense number there remains for future emigrants! It may be said that the greater portion of the 225,000 are women and children; but it is they who, at their own homes, labour most. The women hoe, plant, and reap, carry water, cook,

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and, in fact, do everything except build the huts, milk the cows, and hunt. Where, also, would you get better pickers of cotton than Kaffir children? Such is the increasing fondness of the Kaffirs for money, and the articles which it will procure, that they are fast overcoming the prejudice about letting their women and children go out to work.

It is also plain that, as they begin to feel the advantages and security of being under British government, the chances of any outbreak are constantly lessening. I have heard many people say—"Oh, but your natives are a very bad set—are they not?—always warring and plundering;" but they have been confounding the Kaffir war in the Cape Colony, a place 700 miles away, with Natal. Every Kaffir in Natal knows well that, were the white men gone from the colony, the surrounding nations would at once make a clean sweep, so envious have they become of their accumulations of cattle and other riches; and at the same time the Europeans are well aware that, should any of the surrounding nations attempt anything against Natal, there are Kaffirs enough in the colony, who, combined together under a European leader, would "eat them up" altogether, as their own expression is. The fact being so, then, and the price of labour so low—ranging from 5s. to 10s. per month, according to the style of servant, and about 7s. more to feed them—there need be no fear about want of labour to carry out any kind of agricultural operations whatever.*

Having endeavoured to explain away the prejudices con-

* *Experientia docet.* This was written in 1859, when hopes were high and expectations were sanguine; but time has told a different tale; and the disinclination of the natives for work, and the inducements to laziness which polygamy offers, have forced the colonists to introduce Coolies, at a great expense, to do what the Kaffirs ought to do.—Ed.

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cerning the climate, and the scarcity of labour in Natal, the next thing to be done is to give as fair a description, as my limits will permit, of the general outline of the port and harbour, the country, and the articles of commerce which it produces.

Upon arriving in the outer anchorage, the emigrant is struck by the quiet beauty of the bay—one broad sheet of water—stretching up into the country about six miles, with one or two islands towards the north-west side; on the left a majestic bluff looks down upon poor ocean fretting at its feet; to the right—a low sandy point, partially covered with a peculiar creeper, and gradually rising as it recedes, dips into the level flat upon which stands the town of D'Urban; then rising again abruptly into the range of hills called the Berea; stretching up step by step, wall upon wall, until it meets the grass-land upon the top, almost as level as the sea itself. Between the aforesaid point and the bluff is the entrance to the bay, and rather outside of that the bar—the much dreaded bar—whereon there is, at high-water and spring-tides, generally from 12 to 18 feet of water, and which, there is no doubt whatever, might be very much improved by the expenditure of a little more money.

The present bar would not, in Great Britain, be suffered to remain six months; and Natal is only waiting until, by the introduction of more people and more capital, she is enabled to make it a splendid harbour. A prospectus has lately been issued for a railway from the landing-place to the town, a distance of three miles, and all the shares have been taken up within the colony itself. As it is a dead-level all the way along the beach, it is not expected to cost more than £10,000. It is very much wanted, and no doubt will pay, as all goods under the present system have to be carted up to town at a great expense.

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The agricultural part of the colony is, as it were, in two divisions. On the coast line of about 120 miles long by 20 broad, all tropical products, such as sugar, arrowroot, coffee, indigo, cotton, &c., grow with great facility; and not as in mere experimental gardening, but in such quantities as to assure the people of Natal that they will all, ere long, become staple articles of export.

Last season's crop of sugar was 750 tons; arrowroot forms now a great part of the cargoes from Natal; the cultivatior of indigo is being vigorously prosecuted by several wealthy planters from Java; cotton grows wild throughout the lower parts of the colony; the Natal coffee is considered equal to that of Mocha—one planter sold his crop for home consumption at 95s. per cwt.; oil-nuts, flax, fibrous plants of every description, and, indeed, the difficulty is to say what will *not* grow in Natal, and grow well too. The cocoa-nut is the only exception that I know of. Of course, in speaking of the products of a country in a commercial point of view, it is not usual to enumerate gooseberries, black currants, and such small game, and it must be acknowledged that in these Natal shows her weakness. But, as a compensation, she produces, in the greatest luxuriance, pine apples, oranges, bananas, peaches, and other fruits which here are considered luxuries.

Land, which, eight or ten years ago, was sold for 1s. per acre, now fetches 30s.; and it may be assumed that a good sugar farm may, at the present time, be purchased at about the latter rate. Oxen—with which all ploughing is done at Natal—may be got for £5. Ploughs, carts, &c., ought all to be brought from Great Britain, as the emigrant will find a considerable difference between Natal and British prices. How very different the style of farming there is to what I have seen in travelling through Britain. Here, every inch of land

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is cultivated up to the railway; in Natal, a man in starting takes a look over 400 or 500 acres of land; sees a piece which he thinks will do; away he goes, breaks it up, ploughs it over, banks and ditches it round, and there it is. Then for another piece, half-a-mile away it may be. In fact, there is so much rich land that he is difficult to please, and he picks and chooses like an epicure.

Again, that part of the colony which is called, in colonial parlance, "up the country"—that is, high table-lands sprinkled with forests of yellow-wood, sneeze-wood, and other timber indigenous to the colony—is best suited for sheep, cattle, and horses.

Sheep have lately been introduced to a great extent, and many Dutch farmers have emigrated from the Orange River Free State to Natal, preferring security under British government to so-called independence under their own Republic; and the greatest part of the *aboriginal* white inhabitants—that is, those who have been there ten or twelve years—have been giving up cattle and horses; the former of which constituted the principal merchandise of the people of Natal before they turned their attention to sheep and sugar.

Natal is the country for the sportsman—from a blue buck of nine inches to an elephant of twelve feet high, and, through all the intermediate sizes there is game in especial abundance. In the vicinity of the settlement it has been rather thinned off; but within 100 miles of D'Urban—the seaport town—you may in one hour fill a bag which it would take fourteen oxen to draw; and then think of the hairbreadth escapes, the running, the dodging, the getting-up thorny trees, to the great detriment of your original and only pair of trousers, with a buffalo or a rhinoceros grunting at your heels!

I do not wish to give the impression that people in Natal are almost as barbarous as the natives, or without the

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amusements of society. Such an idea would be extremely erroneous. Let any one look at the Natal papers; let him see its advertisements of balls, pic-nics, concerts, botanical and agricultural shows, &c., and he will allow that Natal is one of the gayest little places in the world.

The society is equal to that in most towns in this country, and superior in many respects; for there you have all its amenities, courtesies, and enjoyment, without its conventionalities. Even the Dutch Boers, who are, generally speaking, a heavy, respectable set of people, give their balls and parties, and attend them with the greatest zest. Though it does seem rather ridiculous to see a sixteen stone fellow whirling about in a waltz with a partner as big as himself! I have gone to a Dutch party, and on entering the room been very much surprised to find a Kaffir, dressed in a white shirt, standing in one corner of the room grinding away at a barrel-organ, producing polkas and waltzes with as great an indifference as if they had been pepper or coffee for domestic consumption. But this is an exceptionally ludicrous case.

Natal, however, is not the place for a large emigration of the poorer classes to be directed to—that is, of agricultural labourers and mechanics. The field is, no doubt, extensive, and land plenty and fertile; but still a man must have some thing to keep him while his crops are growing.

The number of farmers who can afford to employ white men, in the face of native labour being so cheap, is at present very small. But every man who goes to Natal with a capital of from £100 up to £20,000, it does not matter how much, and has anything like energy and determination, is almost sure to succeed.

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A HUNTING AND TRADING EXPEDITION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

(GLASGOW HERALD, 7th and 14th February, 1859.)

THE following most interesting and graphic description of a hunting and trading expedition from Natal into the Zulu country is from the pen of a young Perthshire gentleman, aged 19, who, about nine or ten years ago, was a pupil in the High School of Glasgow. It is a private journal, written for friends in Glasgow, and not intended for publication; but we believe it will be equally interesting to the general reader, from the capital description it gives of the manner in which an important branch of business in Natal is carried out:—

On Monday the 16th of February, I crossed the Tugela, the boundary of Natal and Zulu-land. It is not such a large river as I thought it would be from the traders' description. The water was up to my chin in fording it, and there were plenty of alligators strewed about the banks.

All the way from the Tugela to Emtente's kraal, on this side Enginginblovo, it rained, and consequently both I and the goods were very wet. We got to Emtente's about half-an-hour before dark, and after great difficulty I managed to get one hut, with the promise that so many of the Kaffirs as could not sleep with me, should sleep among the natives. Now I wanted one side of the hut for myself, and when I wished to go to sleep I turned out five of them, and had just got to sleep when back they came, as they could not get in anywhere. There we were—nine Kaffirs, nine parcels, and myself

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in one small hut, about eight feet in diameter. What with heat, dirt, &c., I was almost smothered: my first night in Zulu-land! Next morning we started off without anything to eat—passed Enginginblovo, one of Cetshwyo's (the king's son) principal kraals, with about sixty-five huts in it; and about mid-day had to stop at a kraal, both to get something to eat and to dry the goods. The owner of the kraal happening to have the stomach-ache from eating too much beef, I gave him some castor oil. His gratitude was so fervent that he gave me two huts, as much food as I could eat—that is thick milk, whey, and sweet-milk—and killed a small ox for myself and Kaffirs, so that I determined on sleeping there, as I was rather comfortable in comparison with the night before. I had a slight sort of feverish touch; but I made a big fire in the hut till I perspired freely, and then took two pills, and next morning felt all right. When he was skinning the ox I asked if he would sell me the skin. He said "Yes, for a rely"—about 2d. worth. Next morning I started, and walked, I should think, about fifteen miles from kraal to kraal. Such hills! I never perspired so much in my life as when toiling up them, and my eyelashes were fringed with drops. Some of the Zulus are excellent fellows; they bring you food and anything you want, taking anything you like to give them without a grumble. Others again make the most exorbitant demands, and are impertinent if you don't give it them.

In the evening I reached a kraal belonging to the brother of Gaon an Induna, or Captain of Panda's (the king), and there I did my first trade—a beast for two blankets, and hard work I had to do it too. I heard that a Moloonga, with a boy, had passed the day before. I think it is John ——. Speaking to an old Zulu to-day about the fight at the

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Tugela, he says:—"Wow! the police, they saved all Umbulazi's people that got away! If it had not been for them we would have finished them entirely, and," he said, "the police were only a handful. How did they manage it? It was only by about as much as my finger-nail that *we* did not run, instead of Umbulazi's people. And it was all through the police, as they (Umbulazi's people) didn't fight at all." The place where the fight took place is a succession of round green knolls all the way to the Tugela.

To-day (the 18th) has been the most fatiguing day we have had as yet. We started in the morning from Jubana's kraal, and walked about five miles to a kraal where I learned that a Kaffir at another kraal, about three miles off, wanted to sell a cow. Off I started, taking one Kaffir and his bundle with me, telling the others to stop where they were, as I would come back, and we would go on and sleep at Gaon's kraal. However, when we got to the kraal, I found the cow was up on the "gangalla" (highlands), and when I got there we could not trade after all; and being near Gaon's, and far from where I had left the Kaffirs, I decided upon going there. We arrived about eight o'clock at night, regularly done up. Gaon himself is a very good fellow; he gave us lots of food and a hut directly I asked for it; but next morning I had great difficulty in getting food for my people. Gaon's finger-nails are at least two inches long, and some of his people's are nearly as long. They seem to take a pride in it. All the natives here are very "hlaugana-peely" (wide-awake). They ask two blankets for a cow, and some beads on the top of it. My Kaffirs grumbled terribly about being left behind. They said they had no hut and no "scoff" (food), they were "feely" (dead) entirely. If the 18th was the most fatiguing day I have yet had,

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the 19th was the most bothersome. I rose in the morning, and after getting something to eat for my hungry Kaffirs I set to work to buy from the Induna. The first beast he brought me was a small one. He began by asking two blankets for it. I said No! He brought up another, and wanted seven bunches (about £1 worth of beads) for it. It was a good cow, and I offered him 12s. worth. There we were, bargaining and bargaining on into the afternoon, till I was thoroughly disgusted. I never in my life had such a day's talking, and all for nothing.

I left in the afternoon, and slept at a kraal about four miles from Gaon's, on the road to the Norwegian Mission House. Trade was very bad: the Kaffirs say they never saw anything like it. From Gaon's kraal I saw two parties draw up for a fight. The young fellows of one kraal and those of another had a row about where their separate cattle ought to graze, and they assembled in two parties of about ten each to fight it out. They advanced in line till within about ten yards of each other, when one of them broke and ran as hard as they could, and were pursued by the others, till they in turn were met by two Indodu's men, who entirely dispersed them, so that the encounter did not come off after all. On the 20th, it rained in the morning, and one of the Kaffirs being sick, I determined upon staying in the kraal where I was, as I had rather good quarters. In the afternoon the Zulus said to me, "Why don't you go out and shoot the buffalo—'Eeso Zotwa' (they only)—there in the 'hlauzen' (bush)?" So I took the gun, one Zulu, Jacob, Numbona, and Emjeeba, and off I went.

We had walked about two miles along the road, when the Zulus said "Nausia Engapesliea," and there they were, a

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regular drove. Down we went as quietly as possible; and after a good deal of hiding and creeping, we got close upon them. They seemed just like black cattle, if it had not been for the horns. I had loaded the gun after my own principle—viz., 2½ drams fine powder. I sat down and took a steady aim at the shoulder of the foremost cow. I fired—crack! sounded the ball. I had just time to take one look at her on the ground, when down came the whole drove right on the top of us. I ran, and all the Kaffirs, except Jacob. He saw that the buffaloes had not charged us, but were only what he called "banye" (stupid). They heard the shot, and just ran. They happened to run past us. Jacob "ciba'd" them, and missed. The others did the same, and all missed except the Zulu, and his assegai went off with them. I ran forward to cut them off at the turn of the hill, and just caught sight of them. I fired amongst them, and missed. We followed the cow I had wounded, and found a bull had gone off with her to help her. She lay down and rose up three times, and at last both of them, in attempting to go down a place like a precipice, so as to cross the "Umklatuse," the cow, with her game leg, fell, and rolled over and over down into the river. She picked herself up and got across, the bull helping her all the time, to another herd on the other side of the river. The Kaffirs say they never saw such a place for buffaloes. We saw three herds, forty-six in all. On Sunday, I think the 21st, I was awoke by the cry of "nansia esinblovo" the elephants! Up I got, seized the gun, and called the Kaffirs; and in case the Zulus, who by this time were running from all quarters, should give him the first stab, I ran just as I was, in my flannel shirt and hat, no shoes or trousers. After running for about two miles I found them in a little clump

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of bush, in the course of a burn, a famous place to shoot them in. I ran down as they cried "they are coming out;" and out they came, rather too far off, however, for shooting at. The sight of them just then was quite enough for me, so I ran back and gave "Potassa" the gun, and told him to shoot them. He started after them, and fired at one, and struck it in the belly. Just at the same time Dideesa flung his assegai at the other, and hit it in the rump, so that, by "hunter's law," they were both secured to me if we killed them. The one went down the burn, the other up. Potassa went after the one he fired at, and gave it the other barrel, only he fired so far off, being afraid, that the ball struck its shoulder, but did not seem to hurt it a bit. The other Kaffirs were all saying to me, "Oh! Ponda [my Kaffir name], if you had only given me the gun that elephant would not have gone so far." And just then Potassa fired again, and missed it altogether. So, getting rather savage, I ran down and took the gun from him; and, as the enormous creature was standing amongst some bushes, I crept up till about three yards from him. I gave him just one shot: it went right to his brain, and finished him. Then began the row. The Zulus said they had hit him first, and that Potassa had missed him. We managed to convince them, however, that it was ours, and got possession of the tail. It had one tooth, and that very small. Of course it was Potassa's elephant. One Zulu I used rather forcible arguments with. He jamp on the carcase, called me some name or other, and said the beast was theirs. I also jumped up and knocked him off, heels-overhead for his pains. After this elephant, I should think I ran, not walked, five miles. The Zulus stopped by the elephant, and I and Dideesa started after the other one.

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We saw a lot of people running, and ran too, and found another lot of Zulus had turned him, and got him into a patch of reeds. I had only four bullets, so I sent Aplain back for more, and ran down with Dideesa to where he was. I sent him ahead to tell the Zulus that it was our elephant, and came myself just as he ran out after a dog, which he caught and trampled to pieces. I fired at his head, but my breath was gone, and I missed him. I fired again and hit him in the ear, but rather too far back on his neck, and just at this moment a Zulu flung his assegai—it struck him in the ear and stuck there, notwithstanding all his endeavours to pull it out. The assegai was flung over my head, and the beast made a dead set at me just as I was loading. I had to run as fast as I could, but luckily the hill was near; I ran up to it, and when he got to the foot he stopped. I fired my other two bullets at him, with I don't know what effect: they struck him, but did not seem to damage him at the time. Then I had to sit down and wait till Aplain came with the bullets. The Zulus were throwing stones at him to get him out of the reeds, but he wouldn't move; just then, after a great deal of tugging, he managed to get the assegai out, and champed it to pieces with his mouth. At last the bullets came, and I determined to repeat my former manœuvre, so I told the Zulus to make a row at the other side, while I crept up to him in the reeds. I gave him just one shot in the ear, and down he went. The upshot was that I had some trophies in the shape of three teeth and two tails, but, from running about till afternoon in nothing but my shirt and trousers, I was burnt all over with the sun, and felt very tender. When I came back to the kraal, I found that Gaon had been there to call me to trade in the morning, so that I hope to do some good with him.

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Time will show. I forgot to say that for the elephants I loaded four drams of fine powder, and found it not a bit too much. On the 22nd that old scoundrel Gaon did me completely. I went as he called me, and found him just as hard as ever. But I thought, well, I will give him what he wants, and then I shall be able to buy the cattle cheaply his people may bring, and I knew of about ten being about, at different kraals, waiting till I had done buying from the "umnennzaua" (headman). So for one cow, worth about £2, I gave him 27s. 6d. worth of beads, and for another, beads and a blanket to 20s. 6d. However, I found that, instead of his people selling, they brought all their cattle for him to sell to me, so that I was as badly off as ever, and I therefore packed up and came away.

On the 23rd I reached the Missionary's, and had a long talk with him. He says the report here in the Zulu about Machian is that he fought two battles with the Kaffirs Mr Shepstone sent against them, and beat them, and that he was coming over the Buffalo with all his cattle to be a subject of Panda's, but that the Zulus would not receive him, being afraid of lung sickness, and that then the white people got his cattle. The Missionary has a very nice place; it is in a valley or amphitheatre of about a mile in circumference. There are two white people here—one married. It is just above the Choi Bush. Mr Schraeder (the Missionary,) says that Cetshwyo's army was at least 23,000 or 24,000 men, and Umbulazi's (his rival) was not more than one-third. They both passed by his place, and he had a good opportunity of judging. He says he considers Cetshwyo a much superior sort of man to Umbulazi—the latter behaved like a fool throughout. He says the population of the Zulu country is over 200,000,

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and out of that there are about 40,000 soldiers. He says also that the Zulu country during the late war lost from 15,000 to 20,000 people—5000 in one way or another killed, and 10,000 or 15,000 over to Natal; and also about 20,000 cattle as well. He adds the loss was not so much felt in the country, as the people who ought to have been fed by these cattle went over to Natal.

On the 24th, in the morning, I left Mr S.'s. I did so enjoy the tea, bed, and breakfast there, I had great difficulty in tearing myself away. I descended such a hill—it was like going down a ladder, or an angle of 60 degrees, for a mile. I got to Maukle Silo's kraal, where I stayed till next morning, it was so fearfully hot, about 100° in the shade. Nothing worth mentioning occured there, except in the morning, before leaving, I managed to buy a beast. On the 25th, I started again, and called at two or three kraals—no trade. At the top of a hill we got to Zonklubo's kraal, and had a tremendous thunderstorm in the evening, after which it got cooler. Here I noticed a peculiarity amongst the Zulus; they did not allow the spoon to stand upright in the food, it must lie across the dish. They say that if it is allowed to stand up, the "scoff" will stick in your stomach and not digest. In the evening, of course I went to sleep, nothing very eventful having happened that day. On the 26th, I bought some cattle at Zonklubo's, and after that, hearing that some Kaffirs wanted blankets, a little way off, I took two Kaffirs and their bundles, and set off on a small tour. I was unsuccessful, that day; however, I heard that there was to be a dance, or marriage, at a kraal a little way off next day, and, as the owner promised there would be cattle for sale then, I waited that day also at Zonklubo's. At night all Zonklubo's Kaffirs gathered to try how they

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could dance—in fact to get their hands, or feet, in for next day's work. The way they gathered put me in mind of what Mr Schraeder said about Cetshwyo's army. He said a quarter of an hour before they passed, there was not a vestige of them to be seen, and then, as it were the sudden rush of a volcano, they spread over the country. So at Zonklubo's, before the dance I had only seen two or three men, but when I heard the row outside, and went to look, there they were, at least thirty—where they came from I don't know. My Kaffirs were dancing with them, but in my opinion could'nt come up to them at all; they wanted that disciplined regularity of movement the Zulus had, and were altogether much more fantastic, and not so solemn and dignified in their gestures. The dance coming off at night, under a clouded moon, seemed under the influence of *Casta Diva* to have a sort of dim veil thrown over it, giving it all a much greater appearance of uniformity than it actually had, —it seemed to me, as it were, in one piece. Well, that went on till about ten o'clock, and then all was quiet; it made me feel so excited that I too sang (not) "like a lintje." On the 27th I got up and walked to a kraal about three miles off, to try and buy some cattle, but couldn't, so came back and started off. After walking till afternoon, I came in sight of a river. I asked if it was the "Umblutuse." "Wow!" said Potassa, "that's the Tugela, and there is the Slonquise" (Natal). I felt—I don't know how I felt—a sort of yearning to cross the river, and put my foot in Natal, if it was only for half-an-hour; it revived all the home sickness I had felt two or three days before, and of course I was quite miserable. We were just opposite the "Entoongambele," a thing like a man's head stuck on the end of a high table-land. At night, the song "Sweet Home" came into my

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head, I sang it, and, upon my honour, it nearly made me "greet." I thought the Zulu country was very much broken, but the Natal side from here looks quite as much, if not more so. On the 28th, being Sunday, I determined to stop when I was near Mashoban's. At night I was terribly bitten with fleas—they were jumping about on the floor, just as they were on the Berea, and, of course, I didn't get much sleep.

All Sunday I lay still, and on the 29th, in the morning, Mashoban brought a bull and wanted other skins; after a great deal of bargaining, I managed to get it for three of them. After that I started off, and after walking all day, I got to Debe Blango's kraal, where I stayed all night. I had then, for the first time in the Zulu country, great difficulty in keeping the hut clear of girls. They flocked in, a dozen at a time, to see the "Moolongo" (white man). At last I got to sleep, and in the morning, being the 30th, I started and walked in by far the hottest day I had yet felt; and, having started early in the morning, I had not eaten anything, expecting to get something to eat at the next kraal; however, in that I was disappointed, and got nothing till evening, when I had some porridge, of stamped mealies and water; however, it was the nicest "pallitch" I ever tasted, by Jove! During the day I stayed at a kraal a few minutes, and there saw a boy about two feet high "geaing" (dancing). The men were shouting to encourage him, and they shouted "Bob e Ka Foges, Bob e Ka Foges" (Bob of Forbes). The natives, in asking the name of any person, always ask who was his father, who did he belong to. Bob e Kaba? Bob e Ka Foges—the native style of pronunciation. I asked how it was, and they told me Bob had been there, and given him that name.

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On the 31st, I started for Lohoonga's (a chief), and there saw a sort of human creature, whom I don't know how to describe. He was about 2½ feet high; no arms, only hands out from his shoulders; he managed with them, however, very well, eating and snuffing, &c., cleverly. Lohoonga himself is a famous fellow; and, to please him, I gave him my knife. He was describing to me all the different battles he had been in, from the time of Chaka downwards. He came out of every one of them scatheless. He showed me the place where he had killed Tobolongwan in a quarrel they had. Now this Tobolongwan was his brother, and upon my asking whether he had buried him, the only answer I got was "Magwababa, magwababa, magwababa,"—the crows, the crows, the crows! Rather a cool answer. He is a great, tall, strong fellow, a great friend of Bob's, according to his own account. I stayed there all the 1st of March, buying cattle, or trying to do so; but trade was very bad. I had a nasty attack of diarrhœa, but cured it by drinking whey till I was nearly exploding. On the 2nd, in the morning, I bought a beast at Lohoonga's, and in the afternoon set out after buffaloes, but could not find any. In the heart of the Eukauhla bush we found a lot of honey, and had a jolly good blow-out; but it set my diarrhœa agoing again, and bothered me. The Eukauhla bush is a most extraordinary place. It is not a bush like the Berea, but a succession of very steep hills, precipices some of them, and in the bottoms and up the sides of some is all large timber. The different hills seem to run up to a point as if it had once been one gigantic mountain, and had by some eruptive process or other been fluted down the sides. Lohoonga's kraal is just at the bottom of the bush. The Zulus showed me a place where they had driven seven

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elephants over a precipice, and killed them all. I managed to buy one elephant's tusk from Lohoonga. He said it was wounded by Tozak (a hunter of Bob's), and one of his people had found it after it died. I started from Lohoonga's, and had a very long walk, without buying anything. Walking along the side of a hill I noticed a peculiarity in the Kaffir paths from which you might draw a very good moral for every-day life. You may think that all the paths lead to one goal, but if you do not take care to *keep up* you insensibly slide away to the bottom, and you have a hard pull to get up again, and the chances are that you wet your feet at the bottom. We walked along, keeping up the Ensuse, the finest water I had yet seen in the Zulu, except at the Missionary's, until we got considerably above Maxondo's, when we turned down towards the Tugela, determined to follow it up.

Next day was Sunday, and I stayed all day at Maxondo's. In the morning I started up the river—passing a place where we heard sea-cows making a noise—determined, if we found trade bad, to stop and have a shot. Looking at Entoongambele from this side, it looks more like the figure of the Sphinx than a man's head. I remained all day at the river, and blazed away, but only managed to kill one sea-cow. Such a feasting as we had! I returned at night to Emfuleui's, leaving the gun with Aplain; he wanted to shoot a buffalo, and came back saying he had wounded one. In the morning he went after it, and found it dead. I had to use strong measures to get the Kaffirs away. At Emfuleui's I bought 30s. in money for 12s. worth of goods. The Tugela just here, with the sea-cows in it, put me very much in mind of Gordon Cumming's picture, in the *Illustrated London News*, of "The River Limpopo, with a herd of sea-cows eating."

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There were the same large trees on the banks, and on the river itself just such a sprinkling of rocks. The sea-cow I killed had no teeth, which the Kaffirs said was very remarkable. Everywhere I go the talk is about the fight at Endonda Gosuka, and the Zulus say how well the police fought, and what a great coward John Dunn was. They say that when the O'Sato (Cetshwyo's Pootie) showed its front above the hill, he fired his revolver at them, rode away to the right, and saw them coming up; to the left saw the same, and then rode away as hard as he could. They all had instructions —those with guns to shoot the horse—but they say he never gave them the chance. All the people up the Tugela were at it. The descriptions some of them gave of it are most thrilling. Their language is not complete enough to enable them to describe it as they would like; but what they cannot do with their mouth, they make up with their hands, and you can tell by their gestures what they mean, almost as well as if they spoke. One fellow told me that there was no "emkuba" (torture) that was not done at the fight—the pursuing army played with their victims. Two of them would catch hold of a man, and another would stand in front and say, "Where shall I put the assegai in?" and then put it slowly in and cut him up, while he would be "singing out" all the time. Others they cut the arms off by the shoulders, and then let them go. "Just a stick," the fellow said who told me.

From Emfuleui's went to Godeed, from there to Bandamanas, and from there to Umvoonielwa, and there slept. Nothing particular to record, except that I shot a baboon. From there we went on to Sofotca, and there we stayed as it rained. The last few days have been very destitute of adventure. The country all about Sofotca's is "gangalla'

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(highland), with bush sprinkled here and there. Plenty buffaloes here they tell me, so I shall go and have a shot. I have noticed that all the Zulu country that I have yet seen has been very stony, so much so that I doubt whether any use could be made of it for agricultural purposes. After I passed the Missionary's it was very much more stony than before. On Saturday, as usual, it rained. We were still at Sofotca's, so I went with several Zulus and Jacob to have a shot at the buffaloes. I never saw so many in one place; they were like cattle over the country. We stood on a high conical hill, and whichever way we looked we saw game. We started to stalk one herd, and on the way started three. They were over the hill before I could get a shot. When we got to the top of the hill we looked down into a sort of ravine, and there saw one bull—and an old one he was too—standing looking at us. We—Jacob and I and a Zulu—went to one side of the valley, and we sent the Zulus in at the other to drive them out. Luckily I had taken my station near a tree, too large, however, to climb. Jacob was beside me, and the Zulu rather behind. The Zulus turned them out. Besides the bull, there were a cow and calf lying down. They passed within ten yards of us. I fired at the bull—he was last—he fell. I stepped out from behind the tree; he saw me, was up in a moment, and at me. I had just time to step behind the tree; but the poor unfortunate Zulu seemed to have lost all presence of mind, for he stood till the brute struck him right on the breast with his forehead, one horn on one side, and one on the other. He dashed almost all the breath out of his body, and then passed on and died. I had shot him through the lungs. We picked the poor fellow up, with the blood running out of his mouth and nose, and carried him home.

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Next day (Sunday) he was better, and I think would do well. I had a very narrow escape myself, and was very much disgusted, as the Zulus were all on my top for letting their brother be made "feely" (dead). The Zulus here have a sort of fibrous root which they place on the top of their huts, as a charm against lightning. They have some peculiar customs: instead of the lover going to see his mistress, she comes to him. While here one came from the Tugela, a distance of twenty miles, to see a young gentleman here.

From there I started and had a long walk, first to Fogoza's, and from there to Makupula's, on the Italla, where the Boers and Zulus had a battle. It is on the Ensuse—a valley surrounded by steep hills, with rocks on the face, as if precipices had been trying to shove themselves through, and had only managed it in one or two places.

While there I had a most peculiar dream—*bona-fide*. I think it must have been suggested to me by a print I saw at Jack's of the Christmas tree. I dreamt that we were all walking along—the Kaffirs and I—and that in the path we came to a fig-tree, and that on it there were only two figs, but they were such beauties that I determined to secure at least one of them. One was at the top of the tree where I should have to climb; but though the branches were easy to climb, they were so shaken about by the wind that it was rather dangerous, as they seemed to be sweeping about in all directions, and you were very likely to get swept off. The other was near the ground, within reach of your hand; but to get to it you had to go through thorns and nettles and a great many holes, and as, beside, the one at the top looked by far the finest, I determined to try for it. By-the-by, I had just noticed that I had ten Kaffirs instead of nine;

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but I did not think much of it at the time, as he (the tenth) might be a Zulu. After a great deal of hard climbing and scrapes, and nearly fallings-off, I thought I reached the top and plucked the fig, and put it in my mouth; when, lo and behold! it turned to ashes. I descended very much disgusted, and was telling the Kaffirs, when the tenth one seemed to swell out most marvellously, and thundered out that I had chosen the one that looked the fairest; that I had only thought it fair because so far out of my reach; that had I chosen the one near the ground the thorns would have vanished, the holes would have filled up under my feet, and, when reached, I would have found it sweet and good; that now, however, it was too late—that I must just go on my way hungry. I was very much dissatisfied with myself, as may be imagined.

From Makupula's I started, and reached Machian's. He is a famous fellow—a tall, black "Kehla" (top-knotted). I drank such a quantity of Kaffir "ionalla" (beer) that, as the ladies say, I felt quite giddy. He professed to be a great friend of mine, and sold me five head of cattle to prove it. Here I saw kraals built of stone. They make good dykes, better than I can recollect at home. They also, by some means or other, manage to make an exact circle. At Makupula's they had gone a little out, and were pulling it down to make it exact, while I was there. All the country I travelled over—bare of a single bush—burn cows' dung as fuel. Altogether, however, it was a fine country. I never felt better or more jolly than when travelling over it. From Machian's I went to a Kaffir called "Bye-and-Bye;" from there to Uhlonte, and from there to Faku's.

On the road to Faku's, I was told that John had passed by the day before on his way back. I don't know how it is, I hear of people passing in front of me and past me, and yet

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I buy; while the Zulus themselves say they only look at them. I buy, I think, pretty well too. I have now 57 head of cattle, and have been five weeks in the Zulu, and hope in another three weeks to turn homeward.

At Faku's the Zulus were what they called "Fetaing an Ecalla," i.e., having a law case. They commenced talking in the morning, and carried it on till sunset, and I don't know whether they finished it even then. At night, while at Faku's, we heard a great noise of men shouting and dogs barking. Upon enquiring next day what it was about, I was told that they were chasing an "Esedowan." I asked what it was, and, to my great astonishment, was told that it was a beast about the size of a wolf—rather larger—with a hole in its back about the size of a Kaffir basket; that it only lived upon the brains of people, and the way it obtained them was this: it would come to the hut-door at night, and say something; for instance, it would tell one of the men that the captain wanted him, or ask for something in the hut; and the instant he put his head out of the door it would whisk him away into the hole in its back, and off to some stone, and there dash his brains out! I endeavoured to convince them what nonsense it was; but Aplain swore it was true, and referred me to Makovella, who, he said, had escaped from one as it was carrying him off, by clinging to the branch of a tree. He also told me to ask the Zulus—which I did at the first kraal I came to; when they said one had been killed some time before as it was carrying off a boy. It had got him in the hole in its back, and was walking him off, when, at the gate, it was met by a man, who happened to be coming from a distance. He stabbed it, and roused the other people, and between them they finished it. After this circumstantial evidence, of course it was of no use

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attempting to convince them what nonsense it was—a beast speaking! I expect it is some goblin story. At night, while sleeping, Grout (a Kaffir) slept with me; something came to the door of the hut and tried to open it. We got up, and, on looking through the door, saw an animal which our fears at once magnified into an esedowan. Grout got an assegai, and ran it through the door, when a great howl convinced us of our mistake. Notwithstanding I knew what nonsense it was, I confess I was rather frightened. Next morning I started, and had a very hard walk to Duabu's, and from there to a kraal on the White Umvelose, where I saw a woman with a hole right through her nose. A tiger had one night broken into the hut, killed two people, and wounded three. She was one of the wounded. At Duabu's I saw him thrash one of his people with a knob-kerrie, and he very nearly killed him. The country about Duabu's is fearfully stony—large masses of rock piled together in all sorts of fantastic shapes; as Aplain said: "Ponda, don't you see those stones, like a kitchen?" He meant they were in the form of a chimney. Wolves were about in any quantity. There are a tremendous quantity of traders in the country; I hear of them on all sides of me, and I could not get clear of them, whichever way I went. Next day I started, and crossed the White Umvelose, and had a very long walk for nothing. Not a beast did I buy that day. I saw a man afflicted with lockjaw, or something like it, who lived on thick milk and porridge, by rubbing it in with his hand. On my road I also saw a troop of animals; the Kaffirs called them Euhloselis. I could not make out what they were; they were larger than hartebestes—at least I thought so. From there I went to Chingwair, near Entabaenkulu (the "Great

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Hill"). From there I struck away seawards; and in the afternoon I climbed a hill, and had the most splendid view I ever witnessed. I sat with my face towards Nodwengo (Panda's Palace): in front of me was the Black Umvelose, winding amongst hills and rocks—black with "hlangi" (Mimosa bush)—with a hill the Kaffirs call the "Esehlalo" towering above all. To the right was a grazing country, flat, and bare of a single tree, with the Black Umvelose, like a thread of silver, running through it, Entabaenkulu shutting out the view. To the left I saw the sea at a distance of at least 70 miles, and the country in that direction was actually black with bush everywhere I looked—all flat, except just at the sea, where it seemed to rise. The Zulu country must be very thinly populated, for the extent; as, from the hill, I saw at least fifty miles on every side, and on the seaward at least seventy, and, within my view, I don't think there were more than thirty kraals. At the Black Umvelose I saw nothing but snakes; in the morning, climbing a hill, I stepped over one in the path, and Jacob, who was behind me, tramped on it twice; it was a little one, and got away. About mid-day, while crossing a brook, Umsungulu tramped on an Emfesi (water snake); he tramped on it near its head, and broke its back: we killed it. In the afternoon, going along over the Gangalla, I stepped over a Mamba—a black one, about a yard long. Umsungulu, who was behind, tramped on it; he sprung away, and alighted just where it was going, and tramped on it again. I killed it with a stick. In the evening, just as we were crossing the Umvelose, Potassa, who was before me, sung out suddenly—"Mei Mame!" He had tramped on a black Mamba, at least ten feet long; its tail was across the road, and its head in a bush. He sprang away, and in doing so took the snake

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with him; it had twisted its tail round his leg. He looked round, and just saw it bringing its head out of the bush to bite him; he flung down his bundle and ran. It alighted right on it, and while it was trying to get away, I killed it. In the evening, just as we got to the kraal, we heard a great noise, and all ran to see, and were just in time to kill a Hlangi. All that in one day was pretty fair, I think.

After leaving Chingwair, I saw Nobeta, the fattest Umumzana I had yet seen in the Zulu country. He would not buy, as he said his mother had just died. She had sent for the Nyanga (doctor) to find the Tagati (witch). He said his mother had started in the morning in good health from a kraal, about a mile off, to see him, and that some people coming along the road an hour or two after had found her *dead and rotten!* Also, that a man that same morning had gone out of the hut to let out the cattle, and a little while after some of the people going out had found him within a few yards of the kraal, *dead and rotten!* I don't know what to make of it; but I suspect they must have been poisoned.

At night we slept at an Umumzana's with a most unpronounceable name, "Cxraw." All Sunday I stayed there, and did nothing but get a history of his battles from an old man at the kraal. He had been one of Dingaan's army, when fighting with Panda, and had gone away with Dingaan to Hlatievolo, in the Umserazi. It seems Dingaan sent away all his remaining army to carry his goods to where he was, intending to start away northward and find another country to settle in; and while they were away the Umserazi came on him and killed him, and all that were there. The old fellow added that Dingaan just died because he was an "Inkosi" (king): he had only one wound, a stab in the leg. I noticed a custom the Zulus here have. A man com-

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ing home kisses all his wives, a young man his sisters, and so on.

Next day I started and reached the Squebes, a small river with a great many alligators in it. It runs through a very fine valley belonging to Umniamana; he is captain of the district. In the evening I slept at a kraal, the owner of which was covered with scars gained in battles. He had a shot in his thigh; it came out at his groin, struck his knee, and fell to the ground; he had a scar across his head from the butt-end of a gun; these he got from the Boers. His shoulder was all scarred from an encounter with a lion. His thigh was pierced by a buffalo. His knee was laid open by an assegai in the battle between Panda and Dingaan. He had a gash down his back, and another through his arm, and last of all, he had his arm broken by a shot at Endona Gosuku.

I am still on the Squebes. There is, I think, a fair prospect of my goods being finished here. The people buy pretty freely. I marched away up the river until I came to a large bush the Zulus called the Engome; and there, having reduced my stock to four blankets, I turned homewards. I sent the Kaffirs back to pick up the cattle, and took a turn round myself to finish up my goods. On my road I saw at a distance what I thought were two white people going naked, but on approaching close I found they were white Zulus, the most horrible looking beings I ever saw. They were as white as I am, and their bodies were covered with red inflamed sores. They had white eyes and white hair—one a girl and one a boy. Bege, king of a people called the "Amagaons," lived just under the Engome before Chaka conquered him—or rather Dingaan—as although Chaka began, Dingaan finished him. The Zulus

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shot him and his people and cattle in the bush, and starved the lot. The Zulu country proper is on the Natal side of the Umhlatuse; all the remainder of the now Zulu country was occupied by different kings till Chaka conquered them all. On returning to Cxraw's I learned that two people had been killed at his kraal while I was away. They were accused of killing Nobeta's mother. Also, at a kraal a few miles off, the Zulus had a fight amongst themselves, and fourteen were killed, besides the two at Cxraw's. There were eight others killed in different places, and all because an old woman died. Nobeta himself must be at least sixty years old. At Cxraw's Emjuba fell sick—a sort of fever—and one of the cattle broke out of the kraal at night and fell over a precipice; and as it was unable to proceed, I had to stop five days there. The second day one of the Zulus in the bush found a buck just killed by the tiger. He brought it to the kraal. I took it back and set the gun for it. I had not left half-an-hour before we heard the report, and on going back to look we found master tiger stretched out before the gun with a bullet through his head. I skinned it, and took great pains, intending to send it home. Cxraw gave me a small beast for killing it. On the Tuesday we started from there—Emjuba still very sick—and crossed the Black Umvelose on our way home. We slept at the hut where they had killed one of the Tagati's, and learned that ten of his relatives had fled a day or two ago for Natal. Next day we came to the place where the Euhloseli's were. I had only one shot left, which I kept religiously for them. I tried to stalk one, and after getting within about one hundred yards, had the satisfaction of seeing it whisk up its tail and off like the wind. The Zulus tell me that Panda now is killing a great many people—so many, that Cetshwyo

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has remonstrated with him, saying that he will drive all the people over to Natal.

I am now on my way home. This is my eighth Sunday in the Zulu. I don't know what sort of trip I have made; I am afraid not a very good one. I have 78 head of cattle clear, after paying the Kaffirs, for £50 worth of goods. They are all large cattle—most of them cows. Reckoning the cows at £2 each, I have about £120 worth over: if I get that I shall be well satisfied; but I am afraid I have been very "green" all throughout. I had bad goods—large beads, and not good blankets—and trade was so very bad at the beginning that I got frightened, and bought at very high prices; if I had gone on to where I had finished my goods, I think I should have had 100 head of cattle. To-day I noticed that one of the cattle I bought at the Squebes coughed very much. I asked the Kaffirs about it, and they said it had coughed in that way from the first. They also said that they thought it was "Nakau," a sickness that will finish off a herd in no time. Altogether they so frightened me that I determined on killing it, which I did, and found it was ill with what they called "Embela," not "Nakau." I asked the Zulus the symptoms of "Nakau," and they told me that a beast with that disease just pined away and died, but never coughed. I did pitch into the Kaffirs for humbugging me! I lost my pencil here. I am very glad to get back to the store again.—Yours truly, DAVID LESLIE.

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A ZULU FORAY.

(MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE, October, 1861.)

"True, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true."

"IMAGINE yourself, my dear Bob, after having toiled for an hour up the sunny side of a South African hill, among stones and sand, trees and rank undergrowth, holes and ant-heaps, with the sun beating on your back until it almost calcines your vertebræ and fries your spinal marrow, not a breath of wind to cool the super-heated air, not a sound to disturb the stagnant atmosphere, except the laborious breathing of your Kaffir attendants, and now and then the rustle of some snake or lizard hastening to hide itself from man, the destroyer—imagine yourself, I say, arrived at the summit at last. What a glorious breeze! What a lovely prospect! How cool, how delicious! You feel as if all nature were re-animated.

"You look down before you and see a country covered with black mimosa trees, appearing even more dark and rugged because it lies in the deep shade of the lofty mountain on which you stand. Beyond that again the land rises on all sides; the trees are scattered in picturesque clumps; and the same sun which you had felt to be an unmitigated torture on the other side, now enhances the beauty of the prospect, by enabling you to mark the striking difference between the bright and happy-looking country

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behind, and the dark gloomy valley in front. On the right you have hills and valleys, rivers and plains, kraals, kloofs and trees, until the view is bounded by the Drackensberg mountains. On the left you have the same description of landscape, with the sea in the distance, looking bright and ethereal, as if—as if——"

"'As if! As if!'—So you have got out of your depth at last, have you? Well, that's one comfort, at any rate. I asked you *what* he said, and *how* he told it, and you bolt off into a rambling, ranting description of country, that I can neither make head nor tail of. Now, what *did* he tell you?"

"Well, confound it, I was just coming to that," said I, by no means pleased with the interruption; "but, since you're in such an unreasonable hurry, I'll give in to your whim and tell you, without any more preface. I turned to go down the hill, expecting to get some 'mealies' and milk at the next kraal."

"Did he say *that?*"

"No, of course he didn't."

"Oh! I beg your pardon—go on—"

"Come now, none of *your* nonsense—no sarcasm, or no story."

"As I was saying, I felt as if the slightest sensation of dinner would not come amiss, and the smallest donation in that way, even although it was only a few mealies, was sure to be most thankfully received. So I made for a kraal at a little distance off, intending to stay over night there, but found, on reaching it, that there was no room, and nothing wherewithal to refresh my inner man. This, although at the moment very provoking, proved in the sequel to be a very fortunate circumstance, as it compelled me to

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move farther on, and had thus the effect of bringing me into contact with an old warrior, who gave me the best description I have ever heard of a Zulu foray into the territory of a neighbouring potentate. Indeed, I quite despair of being able to give it to you with anything like the effect of the original delineator. You know too well the extraordinary descriptive powers of the Kaffirs, their natural eloquence and expressive action, to expect that. But, when you consider the external circumstances—the *mise en scène*, so to speak—you will at once perceive the impossibility of my being able to give you anything but an outline of the word-picture.

"Imagine the *scene*—a Kaffir kraal, with the the *dramatis personæ*, consisting of the old warrior, your humble servant, and about a dozen of Zulus, congregated round a fire in the open air—*time*, night; the occasional growl of the tiger, and howl of the hyena, speaking through the stillness, and the fitful gleams of the fire lighting up the dark countenances of the savages. Imagine, too, the effect on the wild, impulsive natures of the native listeners, alternately swayed by the different emotions of hope and fear, as the speaker unfolded his 'strange eventful history.' You may perhaps be disposed to smile, when I tell you that even I, usually so cool, was, while I heard and looked, almost as excited as they were; that I felt every reverse of the Zulus almost as a personal calamity; and that when the narrator came to the triumphant *dénouement*, my feelings were so acute and raised to such a pitch, that I almost started up from the ground and shouted for joy, in sympathy with the stalwart warriors around me! It would, of course, be absurd in me to hope, for a moment, that my recital at second-hand, and under circumstances so comparatively tame, can produce a

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like impression. No matter; I shall endeavour to give you the story as I heard it, and, making due allowances for the want of scenic effect and the imperfections of translation, I trust it may still be interesting to you. Thus, then, the veteran began:—

"A great many years ago, just after Dingaan became our king, our captain, Umniāmaná, called his head men together; and, after we were full of meat and angry with beer, he said, 'My father was a great chief, and I am a great chief; are you not all my children, and ought I not to feed you and kill oxen, so that all the Zulu may say, Umniāmaná is a king; every day he kills his cattle, and gives to his people—we will go and join him; he alone in this land is a great captain—he is a lion! he is the man that is black?

"We admitted it.

"'But how can I give you meat, if I have no oxen? How can my young men and girls get milk, if I have no cows? We are at peace; we are becoming women. Surrounding nations will say that we are no longer warriors, but women: we fight no more, but dig the ground; our assegais have become hoes, our men have no hearts! Is it to be so? Shall the Umswazi herd their cattle in our sight, and we Zulus not take them? Say! Answer me! are we to hide our heads for the strength that is gone, or shall we cross the river and show to our enemy that we are Zulus, not *men* (cravens)?'

"My ears are old, and many sounds have entered them since then; but the shout of mingled rage and defiance, that answered our chief's words, still rings in my ears. When I think of the great warriors and the wise men that were there assembled, and the deeds that they afterwards did; I say, when the thought of these things comes in my

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mind—if it were not that the tears of a man are far away—I could weep to think that I am the last of them. I have lived too long, because I have lived to see the degeneracy of my race.

"The chief's speech had kindled the war spirit in our warriors' minds; and, after all had agreed to take the cattle of the Umswazi, the evening passed away in rejoicings, caused by the knowledge that the young men would have the opportunity of proving themselves heroes worthy to be subjects of our great king—our lion!

"The intended expedition was kept secret from the nation, as it was the wish of Umniāmaná that ours alone should be the risk, and ours alone the glory; and accordingly, on the appointed day, his own people assembled in the valley, and on counting them it was found that we numbered only three regiments; whereupon some of the old men wished to get help from Segetwaio, our neighbouring chief. Umniāmaná rose; Umniāmaná spoke; and his words were like the firebrand applied to dry grass in winter. 'Were the Umswazi more than one nation, and were not we three regiments? And who among us was afraid of encountering a whole nation with one Zulu regiment? How many men did it take to drive a herd of cattle? The Umswazi were dogs that should be made to eat the offal of the Zulus!' He was a great man, our captain; as he wished, so we did; as he motioned, so we went; if he commanded, then we died!

"We marched towards the enemy's country; we thirsted, yet we marched; we hungered, yet we marched. On and on we went, determined to quench our thirst with Umswazi water, and satisfy our hunger with Umswazi cattle.

"I need not tell you how they fled at our approach;

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how the name of Zulu caused their hearts to die; how the name of Umniāmanà caused their women to weep! We gathered their cattle like stones off the ground; and the smoke of their kraals obscured the land!

"Onwards and onwards we went; oftentimes hearing the lowing of their oxen far beneath us; they had retreated to their holes in the earth, like wolves as they were, and had taken their cattle with them.*

"One night we had encamped on a hill, with our spoils in the midst, when there came a runner from our great father, our king, who ever thinks of the welfare of his children, and he said, 'Listen to the words of the Lion of the Zulus!—I have heard that some of my people have gone to war without my knowledge; I have heard that a great captain of mine has led them; but I forgive both them and him, because I have dreamed a dream, and my great brother—he that is dead—appeared to me; and his words were partly good and partly evil. He said, "It is I that have kindled the war-flame amongst your warriors on the Pongola; it is I that have induced Umniāmaná to lead them; and now I come to warn you of their danger. The Umswazi have found that their number is small, and the nation is roused to attack them. Quick, then, send them word, or the cattle that would be yours will return to their caves; and the women of the Zulus will hoe mealies in vain, for there will be no one to eat them."

"These were the words of Chaka, my brother; and mine to you are, 'Be watchful, be wary; sleep not, till you come back—return victorious, or return not at all!'

* There are many caves in the Umswazi country, and among them one so large, that the whole nation with their cattle took refuge in it during a great raid of the Zulus into their country.

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"The message of the king was ended. Those who were to watch took their posts, and those who could sleep lay down with anxious hearts, wishing the dawn would come, so that they might go their way. The words of our father troubled the chief, and he slept not at all.

"At the break of day we sprang up, and, behold, it was true what the king had dreamed! Danger was before us—danger in ten thousand, thousand shapes! * The hill on which we slept sloped gently down towards a deep brook, and on the other side was a large grassy plain, which was black with people. The Umswazi were there; they were more in number than the grass—they covered it.

"I have said before that we were three regiments, each about one thousand people; two of these were boys, but the one I belonged to were warriors indeed—Umniāmaná's own regiment. All of us had wounds to show, and all on our breasts. The two younger he posted, one at each ford of the brook, and his own he kept on the hill as a reserve.

"The enemy crossed the river; they attacked the young men; they came like a cloud of locusts in summer, and our regiments were like to be eaten up by the swarm. Nearer and nearer they came, still fighting, still struggling. What deeds of valour were done! With what determination they fought! The Umswazi slipped and fell in their own blood, and he who slipped died. Still up the hill they came—our brave young men contending every inch of the way—and, still as they came, we sat and sharpened our assegais, and said not a word; not a face moved, not a limb faltered.

* The Zulus have no number to express so many; but I have translated in this way some figurative expression relating to an extraordinary quantity.

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"Then up spoke Umniāmaná and said, 'My children! you see how this is; you see our enemy coming nearer and nearer; my young men cannot stop them. You know that, in coming here for cattle, we came without the sanction of the king. You remember our father's message, "Return victorious, or return not at all." But in this attempt I alone have led you. I alone induced you to come. Go, therefore, while there is yet time; cross the hill, and depart; mine alone will be the blame with the king. Go, then, my children; escape death; but, as for me, I will stay here!' And he folded his arms and sat down. We sprang up (the old savage gasped with excitement)—we sprang up as one man, we clashed our shields together, we shook our assegais in the air, and we shouted from the bottom of our hearts, 'Stay, chief, stay! we will not go; we will bear you company. If we are to die, let us die together; but never shall it be said that a Zulu army turned before Umswazi's while one man remained to show front!'

"And we sat down, calm and black, like the thundercloud before it bursts. Our chief replied—

"'That is well with such warriors. How can we die?'

"Still the Umswazi came up the hill; nearer and nearer came the mixed throng of warriors, their path black with bodies, and red with blood, until they came so close that we could distinguish their faces. Then! then! upon them we went, thundering down the hill! The cloud had burst, and they saw the lightning flash, which next moment annihilated them. Friend and foe, foe and friend, in one indiscriminate mass of struggling, shrieking fiends we drove them before us; we carried them on our assegais, we brained them with the poles of our shields, we walked over the brook on their bodies! A panic had seized them;

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and the plain, which in the morning was black with living people, two days after was white with their bones.

"Slowly we returned, glad for our victory, but sorrowing for the friends who were slain; and, leaving the crows to bury the dead, we commenced our homeward march with the spoil.

"We crossed the boundary, and everywhere were met by the rejoicings of the people. No moaning for dead men was there; they had died in their duty; they had died for their king, who liberally gave to his people the cattle we had brought, which were so great in number that no ten men could stop them at a ford.

"On arrival at the king's kraal, our father killed cattle for us, gave us beer to drink, and gave us permission to marry, as we had earned it by our deeds. The day we spent in dancing and feasting, and in the evening we fought our battles over again, as I have now been doing to you."

NOTE.—The Zulu style of speaking is very sententious: they bring out their remarks in jerks; such as, "Our king is great"—"Our king is black"—"Terrible to look at"—"Great in war," &c.

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KAFFIR "DOCTORS."

SOUTH AFRICAN SPIRITUALISM.

(GLASGOW HERALD, May, 1862.)

A GOOD grievance has become a necessary to an Englishman's existence; and "John Grumlie" may therefore be looked upon as a representative man. This phase of character shows itself in a thousand ways; but as this paper is not intended to be an essay on that subject, I shall be excused from entering into it, further than to refer to one exemplification of it, which, to a certain extent, has been the impelling cause of my writing the following paper. We have all of us either personally experienced, or heard our friends complain, of "the most miserable day in my life, which I spent in Wales," or "that horribly wretched day in the Highlands," when in a lonely country inn, with a howling wind and a pouring rain, without society, and with nothing to read but an old Almanac, a "Ready-Reckoner," a *Times'* Supplement a week old, and one of those lively and entertaining tracts, which seem always to be dropping from the clouds, where and when nobody wants them. Well, I admit that this sort of thing must be very wretched to any man of a suicidal turn of mind. But in order to fully comprehend the idea of utter loneliness, let your grumbler transport himself to South Africa, and in a waggon, hundreds of miles away from civilisation, with next to nothing to read, and none but savages as companions, and ten to one but we should hear nothing more of his

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petty grievances. In such a position did I find myself in the Zulu country not very long ago. I had, unfortunately, mislaid or lost my books, and was reduced to a few numbers of "All the Year Round," containing a portion of Bulwer Lytton's "Strange Story," and as it was very incomplete, having neither beginning nor end, I had a fine opportunity opened up to me for exercising my imagination in filling up the *hiatus*, which, I must confess, afforded me considerable amusement. I wondered whether Fenwick would, as usual, wake up and find it was all a dream, or whether by some steady, practical adaptation of electro-biology, animal magnetism, or what not, it will be all explained at last; and, giving imagination and conjecture full play, with the help of the smoke from my pipe, I built quite a beautiful "castle in the air," which, like many other "things of beauty," ended in smoke!

But this, on Mrs Nickleby's "association of ideas" principle, set me to thinking on some things, bordering on the supernatural, which have come under my own observation in this land of utter savagedom y'clept "the Zulu;" and I set them down to wile away the weary hours, without, however, having the vanity to suppose that, strange and unaccountable as my narrative may be, it can, like the literary "Icenhæ," imperatively draw the reader to its perusal. But I would ask him to apply some of Jules Fabre's practical philosophy to the solution of the various wonders, juggles, or facts of *my* "strange story." I feel a considerable amount of timidity in beginning this narration, because I am fully aware of the feeling of incredulity, and even contempt, with which such subjects are received by a very large body of readers who make broad their literary and intellectual phylacteries, pride themselves on their

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superior intelligence, and laugh to scorn such "old wives' fables," as they are pleased to term them. Whatever may be thought of it by the reader, I conscientiously declare that it is written in sober earnest—no romance; no mere foundation only on fact, with an imaginary superstructure; no attempt to foist "travellers' tales" on a credulous public; but a plain, straightforward declaration of facts which occurred within my own knowledge and experience.

If it wants that easy flow of language which adds so much grace to the writings of our popular *litterateurs;* if it be not embellished by gems of learning or deep thought; if it do not sparkle with racy narrative or witty dialogue; if I cannot fill out this short story with philosophical treatises, vivid descriptions, and startling sensational incidents—yet, because I shall "a plain, unvarnished tale deliver," and shall "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," I confidently ask for it a candid perusal and a generous consideration from those who are not afraid of the truth, however plainly it may be told, and however strange it may seem, even in these days of wonders and surprises; and let my Lord Hamlet's sage *dictum* be kept in mind, "There are stranger things in nature than are dream't of in our philosophy!"

Amongst the Kaffirs of South Africa there are certain individuals known colloquially as "Doctors," but whose powers, whether really possessed or merely attributed, vary very greatly—from the curing of a cut finger to the concocting of a love philter or a deadly poison—and who also pretend to the attributes of the pythoness, the old Highland spae-wife, and all that "clamjamphray" who profess to tell, with exact precision, what will happen to-morrow, next day, or the day after, and who always make the generally vain

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request that the "anxious inquirer" make his arrangements accordingly.

The first time I heard anything of the power which these Kaffir "Doctors" exercise over the native mind, was when one of my Kaffir servants had the sum of ten shillings stolen from him, while in my service. Of course, as may be imagined, the hullaballoo was something awful. "Oh! master, I'm dead; my heart is dead; my strength is gone; that for which I have expended my life has been taken from me;" and other ejaculations he kept giving vent to continually. In plain English, somebody had prigged his month's wages.

In answer to his wailing appeal to me, I told him to go down to the Magistrate and have the matter investigated, which he did, more to please me, however, than from any faith he had in the result, and after being assured that he is in no danger, and will have nothing to pay—an important consideration with Kaffirs. In two or three hours he comes back very disconsolate, accompanied by a Kaffir policeman, who has been despatched by his superior officer to make the necessary inquiries, and who does so with a perfectly careless air and demeanour, as one who considers his mission altogether useless, speaking and looking as if he thought it "served him right" for not taking better care of his money, rather than as an officer deputed to protect the lives and property of her Majesty's lieges in the colony of Natal from depredations, losses, "hame-sucken" or raid. The sufferer himself seems as if devoid of hope, stricken helpless and hopeless, by the, to him, great loss: for the Kaffirs are a very avaricious lot.

Then a white policeman comes, a stolid, respectable friend of mine; which places the victim in a worse condition, as he

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is deprived of the "sweet sorrow" of relating and talking over the particulars of his misfortune—whether it was white or red money that he had lost; whether it was tied round his neck or his waist; who he got it from; how long he had possessed it; and what he intended doing with it. He is perfectly impervious to the well-meant but ill-understood or appreciated consolations of the "Bobby," which generally run to the effect that it is, or will be, "all right;" and he is quite sceptical as to any great detective powers in our friend, whom he only recognises by having seen him on Saturday afternoons at the Volunteer band performance, wearing a tiger skin in front, and beating the big drum.

After all this, I must beg that your readers consider themselves served by an awfully hypochondriacal Kaffir for a couple of days—one who might well say with Burns, so keenly does he feel it—

> "Oppressed with grief, oppressed with care,
> A burden more than I can bear,
> I sit me down and sigh!"

Until at last you get so disgusted with the fellow that you feel inclined either to make him a present of the ten shillings, or give him a jolly good kicking, and send him about his business.

About six o'clock of the morning after the event I called out "Cæsar!" Cæsar, from the next room, answers "Swae?" (Sir.) "My bath ready?" "All light, Swae!" I then get up, shove on my "continuations," or *entre nous*, perhaps do without them, as the neighbourhood is not by any means thickly inhabited, and off I go for my "wallow." As I am luxuriating in cold water, it strikes me suddenly that something has come over Cæsar, for he is actually

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chirping like a black nightingale, with alternate grunts, as of a prize pig—which, allow me to inform you, is the very perfection of Kaffir melody—and, of course, I immediately conclude that he has found his "life's blood," his "heart's darling," or in plain words, his ten shillings—that he is now, figuratively, killing his fatted calf over his prodigal "tin;" and, if you are a stranger in the land, and still in your bath, thereby being prevented from seeing Cæsar's operations, you may conclude, from an occasional squeal in his song, that the custom is the same amongst the natives here as it was in Israel of old, only the animals differ—the Kaffir's *calf* being a *pig*.

Being amused at the sudden change in Cæsar's spirits, I ask him, "Cæsar, what's the matter?" He answers, "Nutting, Swae." I ejaculate, "Oh!" and then the dialogue ends. But, notwithstanding his *pro forma* denial of anything having happened to him, I find on after inquiry that some friend of his has been kind enough to lend him a shilling, and with that amount of currency he is going to the "Doctor," from whom he expects to learn, without the slightest doubt on his part, what has become of his missing treasure.

Hereupon ensues argument and expostulation, and a few observations as to the value of information derived from such a source; but nothing shakes him in his belief that he is now in the right road, and will certainly recover his money; and so you let him go.

In the evening Cæsar's voice is again heard in the kitchen, and inquiry as to his success immediately follows; and he then recounts to you a long rigmarole of what the "Doctor" said to him:—"You come from a house on a hill." "Your master is a young man." "You come to inquire about

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some money of yours which has been stolen," &c., &c., all of which, however, may very easily have been known, in the ordinary way, to the "Doctor," as the theft has been the talk of the *black* neighbourhood ever since its occurrence. But the result of it all is that the Kaffir is quite confident he will have his money again in a few days.

I must request your readers to remember that all this talk and argument has not been confined to two or three people, but has been *the topic* of the day, and night too, amongst all the Kaffirs within visiting distance.

Two days after, Cæsar brings his recovered treasure to show me, in a state of great triumph and jubilation, stating that he had found it at his feet on awaking that morning!

This shows, in a two-fold manner, the great power over the native mind possessed by these "Doctors." Eminently pernicious is this power, and eminently dangerous are these so-called "Doctors," who claim, and to whom is attributed, without question, by the superstitious Kaffirs, the power of bringing to light, and home to the criminal, by supernatural means, any theft, murder, robbery, &c. And not only this, but they also claim to be able to prophesy things to come; to commune with the spirits of departed friends of natives applying to them; and they are constantly telling their dupes that the sickness with which they may be afflicted; the non-success they have met with in hunting; or, in short, any ill with which they are, or imagine themselves to be afflicted, is caused by the restlessness of their father, their mother, or their uncle, who requires an ox to be slaughtered ere his or her restless spirit can lie quiet in the grave. All this, of course, involves a Doctor's fee.

By the way, I may mention that the Kaffirs believe that after death their spirits turn into a snake, which they call

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"Ehlosé," and that every living man has two of these familiar spirits—a good and a bad. When everything they undertake goes wrong with them, such as hunting, cattle-breeding, &c., they say they know that it is their enemies who are annoying them, and that they are only to be appeased by sacrificing an animal; but when everything prospers, they ascribe it to their *good* Ehlosé being in the ascendant.

Now, can any of your readers find any analogy in this creed, so far as it goes, to any other? I fancy there would be little difficulty in such an investigation.

The Kaffir Doctors also profess to be able to tell what any person at a distance is doing at the moment of inquiry, and also the precise spot where he may be at the time; and really some of their performances in that way are positively marvellous, and would put to the blush the Davenports and Homes, who have been astonishing the enlightened white man for so long. I shall subsequently endeavour to show this wonderful power of theirs in two cases, selected from many equally astonishing, which I might have quoted. But by far the most pernicious attribute claimed by the Doctors, and universally believed in and admitted by the natives, is that of detecting witches and witchcraft. This, like Sir Peter Laurie with suicide, has been "put down" by the British Government in the colony; but when I inform your readers that under independent chiefs it is in full sway, and that in savage and independent tribes, such as the Zulu, no person is ever believed to have died a natural death, unless in battle or in a row, and not always even then, but must have been "done to death" by witchcraft, which these Doctors are employed to ferret out; it will easily be perceived what an immense

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power for evil they exercise. I have seen all this and deeply regretted it, as everyone must do when they become acquainted with the results. But, nevertheless, I have seen so many instances of the occult powers or sagacity of these extraordinary men, that I have sometimes half-fancied that they had a familiar spirit—a Puck or a Robin Goodfellow—which kept them *au courant* of matters hidden from mortal ken, and brought to them intelligence of everything which had happened, or was going to happen, within a radius of hundreds of miles. And, as an apology for a vindication of this weakness of mine, I proceed to give some more serious experiences than the first I have submitted to your readers.

Some years ago I had occasion to travel beyond the boundary of the colony of Natal, in a country where the Kaffirs' savage nature and the Kaffirs' savage king ruled rampant. When, so far from being able to "take mine ease in mine inn," I considered myself fortunate if by chance I arrived at a kraal (or Kaffir village), where the usual concomitants of Kaffir domesticity only allowed you to take your uneasy rest in a private house, or rather hut, and where even these equivocal havens of rest were so few and far between, and the country so infested with wild animals, that I was glad to pay almost any price, and submit to almost any amount of inconvenience, for the privilege of shelter.

I had arrived at a kraal just as it was growing dark; and from the top of the hill I noticed that there was an unusual commotion—many fires and many people passing to and fro. Being rather anxious about my accommodation for the night I pressed on, and on arriving at my destination was surprised at finding that, instead of the usual greetings and boisterous welcome, no one spoke to me or

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noticed me in any way. I need not say that I felt annoyed at this cool reception, it was so unusual, as at a Zulu kraal you are always welcomed with hearty salutations; but if, like the auld Hielan wife, "She disna mak' ony sharge" for the hospitality, it is expected, and you generally have to "pay for your whistle" in the shape of a handsome present at parting.

At last, on becoming urgent for lodging and something to eat, I was told that I could not be attended to or allowed sleeping room, as a great "Doctress" from Natal, with all her suite, was there staying for the night, *en route* to King Panda, by whom she had been summoned to prescribe for him in some trifling illness, and to counteract the spells of his enemies, to which, of course, he ascribed his illness.

One part of the duty which she was expected to perform rather amused me, although it was related with all imaginable gravity.

The Zulus in the north-east had been very greatly annoyed by lions, which had during that season appeared in great numbers, killing the people and the cattle; and, as I stated before, nothing of this kind, or death by sickness, is ever allowed to arise from natural causes. It had been told the king that certain powerful Doctors amongst the Amatongas—the tribe bordering on the north-east—had cast spells over the lions, and despatched them into Zululand to destroy the people and cattle of the king.

This the Natal Doctress, being of great repute—a black "Dr Mary Walker" in fact—was expected to counteract—exorcise the bad Ehlosé of the Amatongas, remove the spell which caused the king's sickness, and send the lions back to their original *habitat*. Both of these objects, I afterwards heard, were effected; although the most probable way of

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accounting for it was that, the approach of summer causing the game to go inland for "pastures green," the lions "followed suit" as a matter of course, while the inability to eat and drink—in fact, a little wholesome starvation—had restored the king's appetite and health.

I decided at last on appealing to this great lady for a hut for the night; and, knowing that she would be all-powerful, I took my measures accordingly. To my surprise, however, she needed no bribing, but received me, metaphorically, with open arms, and said that "as we were fellow-subjects of Queen Victoria, she would procure me the usual hospitality."

I have never in my life seen such a horrible-looking being as this woman was. In height she was about the middle size, and very fat. From her ankles to the calf of the leg was wrapped round with the entrails of a cow, or some animal of the kind, filled with fat and blood. Then came the usual petticoat, made of hide, secured and embroidered with lions' and tigers' teeth, snakes' bones, beads, round bulb-looking things, little buck horns, and such-like savage *bijouterie;* round the loins was one mass of entrails, snake skeletons, medicine bags, roots, human and other teeth, brass buttons, and wire. The body was tattooed all over, and smeared with red and black earth; round the neck was a repetition of the above "ornaments." The hair was long and smeared with all sorts of abominations, with a stuffed snake round the forehead by way of decoration; a tiger skin hung down her back, with the grinning physog. showing over her head, and the head of the snake peering, with a startling lifelikeness, out of its mouth. And, "oh! ye gods and little fishes," didn't she sm—l—ahem!

Keeping at a respectful distance—which was necessary under the circumstances—I entered into a conversation with

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my lady friend, and I confess with sorrow that I was so unpolite, or impolitic rather, as to commence "chaffing" her about the powers she claimed. The argument lasted a long time, and at last she promised me that I should have instances of her power ere long, which would completely convince me. She would not condescend on particulars, but simply said that I would recognise her hand in the matter, *as I should go out of the country without a companion or a hoof of cattle!* This I laughed at, saying she might bribe or frighten my companions (my Kaffir servants) away, and might induce them or others to steal my cattle. But I had soon cause to wish that I had never seen or spoken to her, as, by a coincidence as strange as it was unpleasant, her words came true.

I give these experiences as instances of the power which these Doctors possess over the native mind. No arguments will have the slightest effect in counteracting the wildest speech or threat; and everything which happens afterwards, which is at all out of the common, is at once twisted and turned so as to be evidence in favour of the Nyanga's (doctor's) power.

We were very hospitably treated that night—coffee and wine were amongst our protectress' stores—and I parted from her in the morning with a laughing reminder of her promise of the night before. The only answer I got was in English, "All right!"

We had scarcely travelled five miles when one of my men pointed out a herd of buffalo a little way off the road, and it was immediately decided that we should try and kill one. Leaving two natives with the cattle, we started. We could see two of the animals standing in a capital position, just below a clump of thick bush, which afforded us cover to

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creep round. I told one of my people to go one way and stand by a tree, about three or four feet from the clump, but hidden from the buffalo, while I went in the other direction and took the first shot. Thus far all went well. I got pretty close, fired, and dropped one. Directly I fired the rest of the herd started out of the clump in all directions, and one of them charged right out at the man at the tree and "pinned" him before he could look round or make the slightest effort to escape. I was terribly shocked at this fatal termination to our day's sport; but never for one moment did the prophecy of the Doctress cross my mind. Not so with my Kaffirs, however, for they looked particularly queer, although such "trifles" don't usually disturb their equanimity; and while they said nothing to me, I could perceive that they discussed the occurrence long and seriously among themselves.

All went well again after that for a couple of days, with the exception that the cattle took the hoof sickness, and could only travel very slowly, and with long intervals of rest.

On the third day we had to cross a river famed for alligators. The water was a little high, up to our waists, and flowing rapidly over slippery stones. The drift, or ford, was pretty good, but just below there was a deep pool. In crossing, one of the cattle turned down the river drinking, when one of the Kaffirs took two or three rapid steps to turn it, but, unfortunately, missed his footing, and in a second was shouting for help and splashing in the deep pool below. He was not more than three yards from us, and I was reaching out a stick to him, when suddenly his arms were thrown up with a yell, there was a swirl in the water, something like a log appeared for a moment, and—the poor fellow was gone!

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We remained staring at one another for two or three seconds, then out we went, helter-skelter, as best we could. Not a word was spoken by the Kaffirs for several hours; and when I tried to break through their taciturnity, which made me feel rather miserable, I could elicit no response.

At last, without any preface, one of them got up and said, "Let us go home." "Yes," I said, "that is just what I want—let us go." Still, I never thought of the Doctress; but the Kaffirs did, and it appeared that when they said, "Let us go home," they meant to go without the cattle, and leave me alone; and they excused themselves by saying that it was of no use fighting against the prediction, and, if they remained, they would only be killed like the others, or else die. Threats, arguments, and promises were all in vain; I might kill them if I liked—it was the end they expected; I knew nothing—how indeed could I?—of the powers of their Doctors. What was the use of plenty of money to them, when, if they accepted it, they would die or be killed on the road? and so the end of it was that they went off in a body, and I was left in a precious quandary.

Certainly I was in a pretty predicament. Drive the cattle without assistance I could not, for there were about a hundred, footsore and inclined to straggle as they were; and I was compelled to leave them at the first kraal, with a promise of liberal payment if they were taken care of until I could proceed to Natal and get other Kaffirs.

And thus it happened that *I left the country without a companion or a hoof of cattle!*

The coincidence struck me as "passing strange," and it annoyed me excessively as I saw at once that nothing would now shake the belief of the natives who had been with me,

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who would to a certainty inoculate a large circle of their friends with the *virus*. But as all I suffered at that time was only a little inconvenience, I did not mind it so much.

I went into Natal and procured other Kaffirs; but, alas! on my return I found that the lung-sickness had broken out at the kraal, where I had left my cattle, and all I brought back with me was seven head out of a hundred! Surely "a heavy blow and sore discouragement" enough for my unbelief in the supernatural powers of the "Nyanga." Certes, I never again meddled with Kaffir notions of their Doctors. I had got "the redder's lick!"

Some time afterwards I was obliged to proceed again to the Zulu country to meet my Kaffir elephant hunters, the time for their return having arrived. They were hunting in a very unhealthy country, and I had agreed to wait for them on the N.E. border, the nearest point I could go to with safety. I reached the appointed rendezvous, but could not gain the slightest intelligence about my people, at the kraal.

After waiting some time, and becoming very uneasy about them, one of my servants recommended me to go to the Doctor, and at last, out of curiosity and *pour passer les temps*, I did go. I stated what I wanted—information about my hunters—and I was met by a stern refusal. "I cannot tell anything about white men," said he, "and I know nothing of their ways." However, after some persuasion and promise of liberal payment, impressing upon him the fact that it was not white men but Kaffirs I wanted to know about, he at last consented, saying "he would open the gate of distance, and would travel through it, even although his body should lie before me."

His first proceeding was to ask me the number and names

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of my hunters. To this I demurred, telling him that if he obtained that information from me he might easily substitute some news which he may have heard from others, instead of "the spiritual telegraphic news" which I expected him to get from his "familiar." To this he answered, "I told you I did not understand white men's ways; but if I am to do anything for you it must be done in my way—not in yours." On receiving this fillip I felt inclined to give it up, as I thought I might receive some rambling statement with a considerable dash of truth—it being easy for anyone who knew anything of hunting to give a tolerably correct idea of their motions. However, I conceded this point also, and otherwise satisfied him.

The Doctor then made eight little fires—that being the number of my hunters; on each he cast some roots, which emitted a curious sickly odour and thick smoke; into each he cast a small stone, shouting as he did so, the name to which the fire was dedicated; then he ate some "medicine," and fell over in what appeared to be a trance for about ten minutes, during all which time his limbs kept moving. Then he seemed to wake, went to one of the fires, raked the ashes about, looked at the stone attentively, described the man faithfully, and said, "This man has died of the fever, and your gun is lost." To the next fire as before, "This man (correctly described) has killed four elephants," and then he described the tusks. The next, "This man (again describing him) has been killed by an elephant, but your gun is coming home;" and so on through the whole, the men being minutely and correctly described; their success or non-success equally so. I was told where the survivors were and what they were doing, and that in three months they would come out, but as they would not expect

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to find me waiting on them there so long after the time appointed, they would not pass that way. I took a particular note of all this information at the time, and to my utter amazement *it turned out correct in every particular!*

It was scarcely within the bounds of possibility that this man could have had ordinary intelligence of the hunters. They were scattered about in a country two hundred miles away; and, further than that, he could not have had the slightest idea of my intended visit to him, and prepared himself for it, as I called upon him within an hour of its being suggested to me.

I could give many more instances of this "power," "diablerie," or whatever it may be called, but this last related was the most remarkable; and I must acknowledge that I have no theory to urge or explanation to offer regarding it, for I have in vain puzzled my own brains, and those of some of the shrewdest men in the colony, for some sort of elucidation of the mystery.

I am afraid I may tire your readers with these crude anecdotes; but if you and they think otherwise, I shall be happy to send you some other papers on Kaffir matters, which will show to those "who stay at home at ease" something antipodical to English civilisation, but which will still, I hope, tend to prove that Kaffirs, like a gentleman who shall be nameless, are "not so black as they are sometimes painted."

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A TRIP INTO THE ZULU, AND A VISIT TO KING PANDA.

(GLASGOW HERALD, February and March, 1868.)

MY trip was from that "brightest jewel in the British crown," Natal, in South Africa, into a neighbouring territory belonging to the Zulus; and I took with me a waggon, twelve oxen to draw it, six Kaffir servants, and an *omnium gatherum* of goods for the purposes of trade.

I am inclined to think that a description of my cavalcade may not be uninteresting, and therefore subjoin a pen-and-ink photograph of it.

Those who have seen the model of the South African waggon in the Exhibition of 1862, or "the genuine article" in poor Gordon Cumming's Museum, may recollect the shape and make of it; but unless they have travelled in one over such a country as this—for I cannot say roads unless on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—they can have no conception of its capabilities and wonderful adaptability to its purposes. A machine on four wheels, about fourteen feet long, loosely, yet strongly, put together, the joints and bolts working all ways, so that one wheel may be buried in a hole, and the front or hind part of the waggon sunk with it, and yet the other wheel will be perfectly straight and upright! It is well covered with canvas, which makes it so far comfortable. To see this "ship of the desert" coming sailing over ground full of stones and holes, is something wonderful; it twists and wriggles

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about in the most incomprehensible, yet safe, manner, and jolts frightfully. Nine of the oxen were steady old stagers, but three of them were young, undergoing the process of "breaking-in," which consists in tying them between two old oxen until the yoke is on, then thrashing them until they kick and pull, and then thrashing them until they are quiet and steady again! After undergoing this ordeal a few times they are generally quite as quiet and tractable as Cruiser after his Rarey-fied course of treatment.

Such being the waggon and oxen, we now come to the noble Zulus. They are a very decent lot; but, "oh! ye gods!" must I confess it?—not one of them ever heard of Colenso. When I spoke to them of the benefits they have received by being brought by him before the notice of the generous Christianising and civilising British public—when I pointed out to them the churches and schools which are, no doubt, spread over the land by his means and with the sums raised by him from generous Christian philanthropists for the benefit of his diocese, and reminded them of the care and anxiety he has always taken in and shown towards them, in order to render them cognisant and worthy of the blessing they enjoy in living under a civilised government, and in the care of such a bishop; and which they may have in richer abundance by turning from their own ways, which, of course, must be evil, to those of a Christian people, which, of course, must be good—upon my word, wonderful as it may appear, they are so blind that they positively do not or will not see it!

Then, again, when determined to add my mite to the Bishop's *laudable* endeavours for the benefit of his flock, I took the trouble to read to them—translating as I went

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along into the purest Zulu—his "First Book on the Pentateuch," which I happened to have with me, omitting none of the algebraic or mathematical signs, but giving everything—such is the perverseness or stupidity of this people that they didn't seem to be any the better for it; so, coming to the conclusion that they must be utterly irreclaimable—"Anathema Maranatha"—I just did what the Bishop does—*let them alone!*

But to return. In describing my Kaffirs, I shall begin with "Jacob," a very "grave and reverend signior," highly impressed with the dignity of his position, middling honest, very obliging, rather lazy, and has been in my service (off and on) for ten years.

"Sequata," the leader, a boy very much given to tears, dirt, and food—especially food—a new hand.

"Entabin," the hunter, has been in my service since he was a boy—twelve or fourteen years ago—a good shot and very handy for looking after the guns, loading cartridges, &c.—cleanly in his person—conceited, but faithful.

"Jacob," the carrier, came to me at the same time as Entabin—can drive and shoot a little, but cannot be considered very accomplished in either—"cheeky," and swears by his "Boss."

"Salt," the cook, waggon-*maid*, laund*ress*, and housekeeper; has been in my employ many years—a very good fellow—cleanly in his habits, and prides himself upon his English. Being asked (in Kaffir) what he is looking for amongst the grass, he disdains to answer in his own language, or even to use the "Pigeon English" word "Moote," but says "Medditsin," and to "Where is it?" replies, "Heel he is."

"Sam," another carrier—the butt of the rest; a good

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fellow enough, however—spends all his money on clothes and rum, and goes into debt for the same laudable purposes, so that he is, in a manner, compelled to stick by me, being afraid to go home to Natal and face his creditors. He does very well in Zulu-land, however, where there is neither rum to be got nor money to borrow.

With this cavalcade, and the waggon well loaded, I left my home, about forty miles on the Natal side of the boundary, on the 17th October, "Anno Domini" 1866.

We passed through a very pretty country, partly dotted over with clumps of mimosa trees and partly covered with denser bush, with here and there cultivation so luxuriant as to afford satisfactory evidence of what can be accomplished. We crossed three or four small rivers, and then, last of all and most important, the Tugela, the boundary of the colony of Natal and Zulu-land. We had to take the waggon to pieces and boat it over; but after a good deal of bother and an outlay of two pounds, Zulu-land opened its arms to us. Me it received most unmistakeably; for, in leaping from the boat, I pitched out head foremost and left a cast of my physiognomy in the sand. But, barring this little accident, all went well; and we had the proud consciousness that we had now only ourselves to depend upon in the midst of a savage and warlike people, and yet we feared nothing! We carried no "British Ægis" with us; because, to tell the honest truth, the Zulus hadn't the slightest idea of what it is—yet we felt no timidity. So, after a good supper, we determined to go up to the King's, and, as it were, "beard the very lion in his den." Of course, we knew very well that nobody would annoy us, but then it is *en regle* to indulge in a little "tall talk" on such an occasion, as it tickles the ears of the uninitiated.

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We travelled on for several days through a very broken country, but constantly mounting to the first plateau—a tract of high level land, running north and south, about thirty miles from the sea, finely timbered in some parts, and covered with small game—bucks and birds.

Towards the north end of this level lies Eundi, the head kraal of the King's son Cetchwyo, who, although not exactly King, reigns nearly absolutely.

While I was there, word came from the King, granting permission to the regiment of which Cetchwyo is Colonel to "Toonja," that is, that they were of age to marry, and might put upon their heads the ring—the sign of manhood. On receiving this gracious message, he sent for all the men within a distance of thirty miles to come up in their various regiments to his kraal, and have a feast and dance in honour of the King's condescension.

About four in the afternoon he started his runners off, like Roderick Dhu with the cross of fire, with instructions that all the people were to be there next morning by daylight. All those who lived furthest off were up to time, but about five hundred who lived pretty near at hand, thinking, I have no doubt, that they had plenty of time, were about half-an-hour late—"Nearest the kirk, furthest frae grace." Cetchwyo saw them coming in the distance, and instructed about a thousand men to go outside the gate, make a lane for them to pass through, and when they were in to close the entrance. Up they came, very unsuspiciously, shouting and clashing their shields and assegais in honour of the Prince; but directly they got within the gate it was closed, and one of the captains coming forward simply said, "Why are you late? Beat them!" Immediately all the others who were in the kraal fell upon them and did beat them

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with a vengeance. The poor fellows made no resistance, but only guarded themselves as well as they could, and tried in every way to escape. The noise and clatter of sticks—they did not use their assegais—was tremendous, and broken heads were going freely. At last they managed to get out, and they were chased all over the country—"they scattered like a herd of wilde-beeste when a lion makes his sudden appearance in their midst," as a Zulu described the stampede. One fellow was chasing another, who suddenly stopped, when one of the assegais which his pursuer carried in his left hand accidentally run him through and killed him: but that was the only fatal result of this fray.

While at Cetchwyo's I could not help admiring how thoroughly he had made himself acquainted with his people from all parts of the country. I should think that in nine days, at least two hundred different head-men came on all sorts of business, each one of whom he greeted by his name, and inquired into their special circumstances; and they left him evidently highly satisfied with his urbanity and condescension.

He has decreed that in future no one except witches shall be killed in the Zulu country. What have hitherto been capital crimes are now punishable with the loss of one or both eyes, *and for this purpose a knife and fork have been provided—the one to cut the nerves, the other to pick out the eye!*

Cetchwyo is a stoutly built black Kaffir; and of him I shall have more to say anon.

We left the Eundi, and travelled until we came to the brink of the Umhlatusi "Hlanzi," a valley of about twenty miles in width, between the first and main plateaus of the country, covered with mimosa trees, and through which winds the river "Umhlatusi." This is a very beautiful

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district. From the lofty hills on the south side you look down on an extensive plain, about six hundred or seven hundred feet beneath you. Overlooking it thus, you can distinguish all the patches of green grass between the clumps of mimosa, here large and there small; and at that lofty elevation you are not aware that what looks so short and green is a tangled net-work of strong coarse grass as high as your waist. Near the centre rises a conical hill called "Mandowee," and on the slopes of that eminence we saw some herds of buffalo and koodoo, which added life to, and enhanced the beauty of the landscape.

Directly we out-spanned, I sent one of the Kaffirs with a gun to kill a buffalo for our larder. He took two other natives with him, and I sat upon the brink of the plateau and watched the whole proceeding through a capital binocular. For a long time everything was quiet, but suddenly there was a rush of buffalo galloping off in every direction, a faint sound reached the ear, a slight curl of smoke was seen hovering over a clump of bush, and a black spot dotted the ground! In about an hour the Kaffirs came marching up the hill, singing the hunter's death-song. This is always sung when they have been successful, and goes to a strange wild air. I do not know the composer of either the words or the music, but it has a very exciting effect—even on myself, who am rather a cool customer—when sung by a number of people. It goes on in this way :—

> "The assegai of England (*i.e.*, the gun),
> There it is disappearing. (In the bush is meant)
> Do you hear?
> It explodes!"

Some variations, almost untranslatable, and then repeat *da capo.*

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I may here mention that the natives have regular "nyangas" (doctors), whose business it is to compose songs, set them to music, and teach them to the people; and I can assure you that some of their effusions are well worthy of praise, and create as great a sensation among the Kaffirs here as a new opera by Verdi or Gounod would with you at home.

We crossed the plain, and ascended the hills on the opposite or north side in one day. We reached the level plains on their summit—for recollect they are *table* mountains—through a deep gorge, only remarkable, however, for the name of a round-topped hill, by which you wind, and which guards the head of the pass. To spell it is, I am afraid, impossible; to pronounce it, equally so; but I will do my endeavour to enlighten the reader—"Nxockqwin!" You sound the "N" first. The "x" is pronounced by pressing the tongue against the roof of the mouth, and letting it go suddenly with a click on the "ock" as in *clock*. You manage the "q" by clearing with a loud noise that part of your throat just under your right ear at the same time as you pronounce the last syllable "win." But, remember, you must do all this continuously *in one word*, and not spit out all these sounds as if they were so many distinct ones. This suggests to my mind the anecdote of the singing pupil, whose master, after keeping him at the scales for five years, dismissed him as fit to sing anything. But I know many Europeans who are good Kaffir speakers, and have been in the colony a dozen years in the constant practice of the language, and yet have not, and seemingly never will, overcome this Kaffir shibboleth.

The next day we arrived, without any adventurous incident, at one of the King's kraals or country seats, where we

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were detained four days by rain. We were unquestionably (as we should have been in the shadow of the King's palace) under the influence of "*the raining pours!*"

It is, for even the most Mark Tapleyish person, slightly dreary being detained in one spot by wet weather, especially if you are travelling in Zulu-land and in a waggon. Doctor Marigold says truly that a waggon in such circumstances does find out the holes in one's temper awfully! You are either obliged to stick to the very limited compass of the waggon, or else seek society in the huts of the natives, of which experience I assure you that "a little goes a long way." Not that one cannot obtain any fun out of it, if you know the language well, and choose to indulge in telling extraordinary tales of the white man's doings to the old women and the men, and listening to their decidedly original remarks, which, from their *naiveté*, are often extremely amusing. But then you cannot vary the subjects much, as, besides your own Munchausenisms, cattle, food, and marriages, with any little floating gossip, are the whole and sole staple of the conversation of the natives. And then, again, it is not pleasant to be cooped up in a round hut like a Brobdignagian bee-hive, about ten feet in diameter, with a fifteen-inch rat-hole of a door, which serves for window and chimney besides, as there is no other outlet for the smoke; and consequently your eyes are smarting and watering all the time, which makes you feel envious of the smoke-proof optics of the Zulus.

My principal consolations when it rains are my pipe and my books. I have one volume especially—a two hundred-year-old edition of Titus Livy's History of Rome—which I find a famous stand-by in all weathers and at all times. Frequently, with an empty larder, have I dined sumptuously

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off the delights of Capua, and assisted digestion by reading of the hardships endured by the Faventines and the Saguntines. There's "a deal of battles" in that history!

Again, to lie in your waggon listening to the pattering of the rain within a couple of feet of your nose, watching the curl of the smoke as it emerges and rises from your meerschaum, and building castles in the air, is decidedly luxurious, and a very jolly way of enjoying the *dolce far niente*.

At last we were able to start again, and after a week's travelling without any remarkable adventures, except some narrow escapes from capsizing the waggon, we came within a day's journey of the King's kraal, and there we remained trading for nearly a fortnight. The head man of the kraal was a very decent old fellow, "fat and scant o' breath," and "happy as a king." The only plague of his life was the wolves. We could hear them at night howling all round the kraal, and I frequently had a pop at them to frighten them off. The old man told me that they frequently carried off sheep, goats, and calves out of the very house, that some of them were common wolves, but that others belonged to "Takati's" (witches); and when I asked him how he could tell that, he answered that he had seen mealies in their droppings, and where could they get mealies except from their masters?

I may mention incidentally that this "Trip" was written under difficulties, many of them trifling in themselves, but still very annoying, and some of them of a rather formidable character. There was no room in the waggon to write there at night, while in the day-time we were never free from pests, in the shape of girls, boys, and young men chattering, whistling, laughing, and jumping all about the waggon. The natives are just children with the strength

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and passions of men; they climb everywhere, handling everything, and asking questions on all subjects within their ken, or which may be suggested by what they see and hear. When you don't answer their interrogations, one will take upon himself to give information to the others, and some of their ideas about the uses of things are most laughable. They themselves know of no other use to which anything can be applied than hunting, fighting, making their dresses, working with cattle, or cooking food; it can, therefore, be easily understood that the endeavour to apply to those purposes all the multitudinous articles which a white man carries in his waggon, and which he considers necessaries, often elicits the most ludicrous comments and remarks. But, withal, the Kaffirs are a happy race, kindly dispositioned, and generous according to their means, but terrible thieves nevertheless. Their wants are very few, and are supplied without much labour. Their cattle give them milk, and their land corn in plenty. Their huts they can build, of wattles and thatch, in a day. Such amusements as they have, seem to be sufficient for them, and, as usual, "the old, old story"—love-making—is a favourite pastime with them. They go to sleep with the fowls and rise with the lark. Their lives pass away in an unclouded round—here and there, perhaps, a shadow comes over them in the shape of the displeasure of the King or their Chief, which, as the case may be, they may have incurred, unwittingly or otherwise; but it is usually only sufficient to vary the monotony a little. It is very seldom, indeed, that their head men allow their offences to be punished with death, or, what to the Kaffir is even worse than death, the taking of his cattle; and an occasional thrashing with heavy sticks they seem to mind no more than we would the tickling of a fly on one's nose.

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I remember reading some time ago about "The Camels'-hair-tents of Kurdistan"—a good-sounding, mouth-filling phrase, and one which smacks of the romantic. Hearing their habitations called by a name like this, completely does away with all the notions one might otherwise have of their discomforts. But, sitting one night in a Kaffir hut, it just struck me that the compound of sour milk, calves, goats, and dirt was exactly like the contents of—I must say it again—"The Camels'-hair-tents of Kurdistan;" and barring the historical recollections, I might as well be in Eastern Siberia as in Southern Africa, there is so little real difference between savage peoples.

I have said before that it is seldom their offences are punished with death, yet it must be borne in mind that death is always hovering over them; but, although they know this to be the case, they think no more of their end by order of their chiefs, or by violence, than most of ourselves do of "shuffling off this mortal coil" in the quietude of our beds and through natural causes.

Umcallan, the old head-man I have just mentioned, had arrived from the King's a few days before I reached his kraal, and he told me an incident which happened there which shows the uncertain tenure by which life is held in this country.

A regiment of soldiers were going through some evolutions before Panda. One of them happened to wear his hair a little longer than ordinary, which the King having noticed, he flew into a violent rage, and ordered the man out, and had him killed immediately. The only comment he made on this was "it was perfectly right: what were the people for, unless to be killed when the King chose?" It is the old story resuscitated, on the other side of the globe, of

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the Highland clansman, "Come oot Tonald, come oot, man, an' be hangit, an' pleesure the laird!"—proving that human nature is human nature all the world over.

After a pleasant and profitable stay at Umcallan's, we left, and travelled about half-a-day's journey towards the capital to one of his Majesty's large military kraals, the "Escepene."

The head *man* in this kraal is, as Paddy would say, *a woman*, one of Panda's mothers, *i.e.*, one of his father "Ensensengakona's" wives; and a remarkably jolly old lady she is.

Langasana is the biggest woman I ever saw, weighing at least twenty-five stone. She never moves out of the hut, but lolls away day after day on a mat inside, "keeping the corporation up" on Kaffir beer and beef.

She rules over a large tract of country, and, consequently, has her hands full of cases to decide every day.

The old woman is governor, but the kraal belongs to the King, and it has, therefore, a "Sgohlo"—like the inner apartment of the Sultan's palace—sacred to Langasana herself and about forty girls, "the pecooliar wanity" and *property* of King Panda. It is a great honour to be admitted into the Sgohlo, and at night it is jealously watched by the Kaffir Janissaries. The girls are allowed no social intercourse with the other sex. They grow up separated and apart from every one until the day they are bestowed upon those "whom the King delighteth to honour." This kind of reward is something akin to the King of Siam's white elephant, as, in return for the present of a *cara sposa*, the individual thus honoured is expected, in order to show his gratitude, to send to his Majesty a gift of about ten times the value of an ordinary wife in the regular market.

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The district all round the capital—a square of about twenty miles, in the heart of the country—is called "Mahlabati," which ordinarily means "earth," but in this case it means earth *par excellence*, the King's earth! and all the kraals on it belong to the King.

Each regiment has a large kraal as head-quarters, but they are collectively called "Mahlabati." For instance, Escepene is the head-quarters of the Escepe or Nonkenke regiment, and in it I counted three hundred and thirty-eight huts, eighteen of which are in the Sgohlo.

The huts are planted in a large circle, which the natives seem to have an especial faculty for drawing; even the children, in playing at making kraals in the sand, will draw one as correctly as if they had used a compass. A square they cannot manage by any means; even Kaffirs who have worked for whites, and understand the use of a line, will infallibly go askew.

In each and all of the kraals there is a posy of girls, and, sometimes, as in more civilised regions, the belles of one kraal will have a quarrel with those of another, and then they meet and fight it out, as happened here at the Escepene the other day.

It appears that some girls who lived close by were carrying beer to the King's, and were met by three or four of those belonging to the Escepene, who asked them how they came to cover up the King's beer with nasty rags. It is dangerous work jesting with Panda's name, and an accusation of this sort might, if not rebutted, become a very serious matter; so by way of confutation they set to work and severely beat the jesters; but on their return they were met by the whole force of the Escepene, and had the compliment returned with interest.

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Next day all Dugusa's girls turned out, encamped about two hundred yards from the waggon, and sent two heralds with a challenge to the Escepene. I was there when the challenge came, and the commotion was tremendous. The young men were all out hoeing, so the girls got hold of their small shields and sticks and out they went. Langasana sent a lot of men after them to turn them, which they did, and chased them back into the kraal. However, "they that will to Cupar maun to Cupar," and so answer the challenge they would; and directly the guards were withdrawn, out they went again. The old lady, seeing it was useless to oppose them longer, said "Let them go!" and I followed to see the fun.

Both sides were armed alike with sticks, knobkerries, and shields, but Dugusa's girls numbered only twenty, while Langasana's were double that number.

The opposing forces met just at the back of the kraal at which my waggon was "outspanned," and, without any preliminary "feints or dodges," at it they went at once, and with a will.

The noise, clatter of sticks, and shouts were most startling. Every minute one or two would roll over with a broken head, and, meeting an opponent on the ground in the like predicament, would have a *pas de deux* of biting, scratching, and kicking. They kept at it with intense energy, vociferation, and gesticulation, for about ten minutes, and then the lesser number turned and fled. The victors then returned, covered with blood, shouting, and boasting of their deeds in the fray, and of their "glorious victory!"

The men, of whom there were a considerable number present, looked on very composedly, philosophically re-

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marking that "when girls quarrel they will fight, so it's of no use attempting to separate them!"

The leaders on the Escepene side were three daughters of King Panda; one of them the handsomest girl, whether black or white, I have ever seen. Ah! *sweet* Nomanxewa, how shall I describe thee? A little over the middle size—a splendid bust, but not over-developed, as in most Kaffir women—a waist like Titania's, limbs like the Venus de Milo; she has escaped, too, the bane of thick lips and a flat nose, and rejoices in what, without stretching, may be called aquiline features; head small, and set on a neck like a classic column, well-rounded arms, small hands and feet; in manners neither bold nor forward, but an indescribable easy gracefulness of motion pervading the whole. A fine clever girl to talk to—a little bit of a vixen and a good deal of the coquette—but, oh, dear! what spoils the whole, like the garlic in the *Olla Podrida*—so *awfully odoriferous!*

And then, again, you may easily imagine how the charm would be broken if you were conversing with a pretty, clever, ladylike girl, and she were, disdaining even the *papier mouchoir* of the Japanese, to blow her nose with her fingers, or spit against the wall and rub it dry with this Eve's pattern of a handkerchief! Pah! there's no sentiment and no romance *where there's no soap!*

We have all heard and read a good deal about the soldiers' stocks—much against, but precious little in favour of them. One of the most original ideas on the subject was advanced by one of my Kaffirs the other day. He was describing to Langasana the great power and resources of the British; and amongst other things declared that they could cover the country with red-coats; soldiers who never run away—in fact, it was impossible that they could, as they

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were *peeséllu'd** round the neck with a piece of iron, *so that they could not "turn and flee!"* Could there be any better argument *against* that absurdity than this one given by a savage *in its favour*, as he thought? The Kaffirs are quick enough to discern the true uses of things when they come into frequent contact with them, but the soldier's stock is a mystery, a puzzle, "a thing which no black fellah can make out."

It is early morning. The day is just breaking, and soon it is heralded in with a variety of sounds, some of which defy description. A profound stillness prevails; yet, as it were through the silence, is heard the wailing departure of day's enemy. And as Aurora gradually presses night back to the west, all nature, animate and inanimate, seems breathlessly to watch the contest.

Presently comes morn's auxiliary, the breeze; and, as if assured by it that their friend the day is conqueror, the birds strike up their notes of welcome to the dawn, and of triumph over their foe, fast receding from its advancing light.

Then begin the sounds connected with human life. A voice is heard, a dog barks, the cattle low; "shrill chanticleer proclaims the approach of morn," and with the rays—the heralds of day's general the sun—a burst around hails another day begun!

The day having fairly set in, the first operation is the toilet. This scene is unique, and, had I the graphic pencil

* To *peeséllа* is to make a hole. They apply it principally to burning the hole for the iron in the end of the assegai-shaft; but it also in Kaffir "slang" means to settle or fix a thing as firmly as it is possible to do. When they say "such a thing, or so and so, is *peeséllа'd*," it amounts to our phrase "I've cooked that goose at anyrate."

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of a John Leech, I should like to sketch it for you; but I must content myself with doing my best in the *word-painting* way.

It must be borne in mind that we have here in Zulu-land a "Regent" in Cetchwayo; and as bad habits are very recuperative, and are apt to repeat themselves in very curious ways, we have here gone back to the manners of "the Regency." We make our toilet in public! It is the custom of the country; (but pray don't suppose for a single moment that I "go the entire animal," for I always keep up a decent reserve in the shape of "pants"), and like everything else amongst the natives is delightful from the absence of starch; and yet there is nothing at all immodest in the custom amongst themselves, because of their entire ignorance of anything like obscenity or grossness. In this respect "the benighted heathen" in this quarter of the globe, are "a caution" to many of your "enlightened" Pharisees.

The first wonder is the soap. "Where does all that froth come from?" "Doesn't it burn you?" says one. "Burn him!" quoth another, "No! how can it burn him?" "Why, it's boiling," rejoins the first interrogator. Then a little *pas de ballet* round the waggon, and much laughter at the ignoramus. "What's that for? what's it made of?" inquires a Zulu belle, to which I answer "That's for cleaning my nails, and it is made of pigs' hair." "But why do you cut your nails? Why don't you let them grow like that?" pointing to her own fingers with nails an inch-and-a-half long, which you must bear in mind is a mark of distinction in Zulu-land, as showing that the owner has no necessity to soil her hands with labour. I reply that "I must work, and if I tried to do it with nails like that I should always have them broken or dirty."

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Here one of my Kaffirs strikes in. He has seen "how are the mighty fallen" in the estimation of the bystanders by my inadvertent confession that *I must work*, and he hastens to explain that I must not be thought any the less of on that account, as all white men, from the highest to the lowest, had to work in some way; and, on being asked "why the big men don't do the same as their brethren of Zulu—sit still all day, drink beer, eat beef, and hear the news?" simply answers "It is the way they were 'torn out.'"*

Then come the most free and easy remarks about my personal appearance—the colour of my skin, the cut of my phiz, &c. The general summing-up is not flattering to my *amor propriæ*, but it is admitted that if I were only black I might pass in a crowd!

Every stage of my simple toilet is narrowly watched and criticised, and when I have given myself "the finishing touch" there is a general clapping of hands, dancing and shouting, and I am coolly requested to repeat the whole operations *de novo* for the benefit of some who had just arrived!

At Langasana's I was shown a willow-pattern plate—a genuine old Spode—and was asked what was the meaning of all those blue marks upon it. They were particularly delighted when, like old Hamlet's ghost, I proceeded to unfold the tale (illustrated with *plates!*). It was "the old, old story," which they could well understand. The two

* This is an idiomatical expression, meaning "it has been their custom from the time they were first a people." Their idea is that the Zulus were "torn out" of the reeds—I suppose from the peculiar murmuring-like noise they make when "shaken by the wind;" or may it not be some faint tradition of the Deluge?

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fond lovers, the hard-hearted father, the broken-hearted girl shut up, and the ultimate bolting with the jewels, came home to their bosoms as an everyday incident in Zulu-land. I had to go over it again and again; and after I had pointed out the young man in the boat, told them that the girl was immured in the house, and the obdurate father asleep in the arbour, and then shown them the three running figures on the bridge, one would get hold of the plate, turn it upside down and twirl it round and round, and then gravely expound it to the others in the most ridiculous manner. Tired at last with their endless questions—descending to even the third and fourth generations of the runaways—I got rid of the subject by seriously telling the old lady that the plate was of such a material that if much handled the colours would fade away, and then it would all fall in pieces, which so frightened them that not one of them would touch it, and I had myself to put the plate back in its place for my pains.

Having completed my business at Langasana's, we moved to the King's, to whom I made a present of three blankets, and received from him, as a *quid pro quo*, an ox to kill for food. I would rather have taken it home to Natal with me than have eaten it, but the etiquette of the country forbade such an economical course.

Panda is the King *de jure*, but his son Cetchwayo is *de facto* the ruler. Panda is a fat old fellow of about sixty years of age, with peculiar white rings round the pupils of his eyes; very kindly, and fond of gossip. He inquired about all the doings and wonders of the white man; and, after about half-an-hour's talk, gradually dozed off to sleep, when I left him to enjoy his *siesta*.

The day after I arrived he sent his chamberlain to inquire if I liked beer, and, upon my answering that it was very

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good, he was "graciously pleased" to invite me to a drinking bout. Kaffir beer is, in substance and taste, something like butter-milk, and about as intoxicating as thin gruel would be if made with sauterne and water. It is also a primary article of food, as most of the great people live nearly entirely upon it, with the occasional addition of a little beef.

On my arrival in the Royal presence, a bowl holding about a gallon was set down before me, and I, as in duty bound, addressed myself most loyally to the work. About a fourth had disappeared when I began to feel "an inward satisfaction," and, like the fat boy in Pickwick, as if "I was a wisibly fattening under the operation," and consequently felt disinclined for more extensive experiments on my internal capacity; but the King was inexorable. "Drink, white man, drink! you said you liked beer, and yet you leave it." I reply, *sotta voce*, "True, oh King! but I have drunk enough, and am unworthy to drink with the great King."

Now, in Zulu-land, if the King were to tell any one to eat an ox, the gastronomic feat must be performed. Thus my answer was an utter infringement of all Zulu notions of etiquette. Being made aware of this, I again "strove mightily and prevailed;" and, having thus made amends for my *gaucherie*, I returned to the waggon feeling like a boa after swallowing a calf, with the sensation of my skin being too small for me; but yet with a mind just so "elevated" as to make light of all these discomforts.

When I saw the King again I explained to him that, never having been in his country before, my stomach was not adapted for stowing away the large quantities of beer which it was so easy for his people to do; but, as I intended

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to remain some time, I should no doubt, by practising diligently, train my interior economy to receive the proper amount of Kaffir *pabulum*. And with this assurance I hoped he would not press me to drink, but leave me to my own exertions, which he might rest assured would be unremitting. After pitying my neglected education, he promised that I should be left to myself, and benignantly hoped that a blessing might attend upon my laudable exertions!

The old King is wheeled about in a little waggon. He never walks, although I am inclined to think he might do so; but I should not like to "lay the odds" on his ability, as, from his enormous obesity, it would be rather a difficult matter at the best to carry "the *Habeas Corpus* Act" into operation with him. "It is a lesson to him who would be admonished" to see him drawn out into the centre of the kraal, the people running in front removing every little bit of stick, grass, or stone which might impede the waggon, however slightly—no one daring to stand up, but all creeping about him on their hands and knees, shouting "Bayete! Bayete!" (or "King of Kings"), "You who are black," "Zulu," "Lion," "King of the world," &c., &c.; and when he speaks, all stretching forward in the attitude of intense attention, their eyes bent on the ground, and at every pause crying "Vooma" (we agree), "Yes, Father," "You say it," "Hear to him," &c., &c.; and then, when he orders them to do anything, they fly like lightning—an example which it were well that our civilized white servants would follow! If any one displeases him, he says "Beat him," or "Take him away" (meaning "kill him"), as the case may be, and instantly fifty ready fellows dart out, only too happy to execute his commands. Yet, as I said before,

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for all this he has no regal power in the country. Cetchwayo is the actual king, although all the outward semblance is allowed to his father. The power to kill a few people whenever the freak seizes him is simply considered nothing —merely a toy given to please him.

Cetchwayo came here to-day with a large following to see his father, and show him the new ring on his head. He slept last night at a kraal about three miles off, and about ten o'clock this morning we noticed him leave it on his way hither. I determined to witness the meeting; so, when the King was wheeled out, I went up, paid my respects, and took my place, which, by right of accident of colour, was alongside his little waggon amongst his chiefs. He waited about half-an-hour, and then the whole band, with the "child" (the literal translation of his Zulu title) at their head, made their appearance at the gate of the kraal, about two hundred yards off, and immediately commenced shouting "Bayete, Bayete," &c. There were about three hundred men, all of his own regiment, with him, and as they approached nearer they bent lower and lower, until, when within about thirty yards, they were about to go down on their hands and knees as usual, when a gracious command to the contrary prevented them, and up they stood for inspection.

After a dead silence of perhaps five minutes, a voice from the waggon said, "Good morning, Cetchwayo," when immediately every tongue was loosed, and he was greeted with a perfect storm of "Bayete" and "Yebo Baba."

I may mention, parenthetically, that it is the rule when you arrive at a kraal to take your seat and say nothing. No one will address you for a few minutes, but all the while you will be subjected to a most minute inspection. The

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greater the man the longer the silence. At last the head man in presence will bid you "Good morning." He will say, "*Ge sa koo bona*" (I see you). You will answer "*Yebo*" (yes); or, if an old man, "*Yebo baba, ge bona nena*" (Yes, father, I see *you*).

Those with Cetchwayo were the sons of the greatest men in the country. Their fathers had shared Panda's good and bad fortune; and as the old King called them one by one to stand out and show themselves, and recognised the family *vraisemblance* to his old companions, I could see that he was very much affected, yet proud at the same time; and proud he might well be, for three hundred handsomer specimens of humanity it would be difficult to bring together anywhere. Each of them would have made a model for a sculptor.

After the reception ceremonial was over, I went and had some conversation with Cetchwayo. He is evidently "native and to the manner born," as a first-rate ruler of the Zulus, and they thoroughly understand and appreciate these qualities in him. But beyond a fondness for guns, of which he knows the power, he seems to have no wish to improve, or, in other words, to learn anything from the whites. It is, however, pride perhaps which prevents him; his invariable answer to any suggestion of this nature being, "It is not our custom—we are Kings of the Zulu" ("Zulu" in native parlance means "the heavens"). Any attempt, therefore, to improve upon this "heavenly" state, he thinks a work of supererogation. He is kind to the whites, both from his natural disposition, and because he is acute enough to see that any quarrel with them would be ruinous to him. In person, he is a good-looking, tall, powerful man, but he is developing the characteristic of all Ensensengakona's progeny—terrible fatness—especially about the hips and

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legs; and he has, in common with all Panda's children, small hands and feet—the mark of good birth. He remained at the capital but one night, and then he left for the headquarters of his own regiment, "Toolwan."

It is amusing to see the natives doing what they call *work*. The other day the King wanted some wattles for a hut; and immediately, instructions were sent round all the kraals in the Mahlabate, to the Amakanda (heads) as they are called. The whole of the young men turned out to the bush, each cut a wattle (or branch), leaving the leafy head upon it, and returned marching up the hill, looking as if "Birnam wood had come to Dunsinane." When they came into the kraal each man threw down his wattle with the air of one who had done some great deed; then they had a dance, and each "went his several way," entirely satisfied with the great day's *work* which he had done.

Nodwengo, the capital, lies in the northern end of an amphitheatre about eight miles in diameter. The surrounding hills are very beautiful—partly green and partly covered with mimosa trees, and broken up here and there into precipices. The White Umvelose river runs through the centre, and smaller streams intersect the area in all directions. The consequence is, that from its situation it is very hot in summer, while from the plenteousness of water it is very cold in winter. The kraal itself contains, I should think, about five hundred huts. I have not counted them, but judge by comparison with the Escepene.

Over the hills to the north is a large Hlanzi called the Ewela, from which I have just returned after two days' unsuccessful buffalo shooting.

The heat—it is the middle of summer—was something frightful; it must have been 140° in the sun. Not a

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breath of air can penetrate the dense mimosa clumps. The country is very broken, and stones are strewn thickly amongst the grass, which reaches up to your thighs, rendering walking extremely difficult and exhausting.

Then at night, after a hard day's work, to come home and take "a feed" of roasted beef half-raw, some sour milk and mealies, and go to sleep in one of the native huts on a hard clay floor, is not, by any means, either luxurious or refreshing.

I should not have spoken of buffalo shooting at all, but that my experience of it bears out a free-and-easy description which I once heard, viz.,—"Buffalo hunting is devilish hard work, but then, by Jove, it's glorious fun!" This is true. The rising in the morning before the dawn, the walk to the ground while you are fresh, the taking your stand upon some high point to watch for the game, and the noting, as light increases, the gradual unfolding of peak after peak, valley after valley—the *chiar-oscuro*, the light and the shade, with here and there a *nebulæ* of mist hiding some spot on which you feel assured there must be buffalo—is positively delightful.

You forget for a time the object of your excursion in admiring the beauties of the landscape, and the exquisite and ever-varying Turneresque atmospheric effects, until at last you are recalled to the work in hand by a sudden cry of "Nanzya!" (there they are) from the native at your side, who has no artistic or ideal sympathies, but whose whole soul has been concentrated on buffalo beef all this time.

Then comes a consultation as to how the game may be best approached, and the direction of the wind has to be ascertained and considered. They are travelling towards the bush for shade and rest, and the lay of the land has to be

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noted. When all is settled the start is made, and then comes the hard work. The purity of the atmosphere is such that distance is almost annihilated, and what seems close at hand is, in reality, miles away; therefore you have generally a long and weary tramp before you strike the trail. The word is passed, "Steady now, no talking, they are in that bush, look out!" and away we go. Eyes roving in all directions, foot-falls as if on velvet, and the nostrils of the natives—and doubtless my own, too—expanded with excitement. Presently we come to the dense part of the bush, where they lie during the heat of the day, and *creeping* is the word—moving like mice as regards noise, like the tortoise as regards speed. Suddenly the boy in front of me halts, and I creep up to his side; no words are necessary. I gently move aside a leafy screen, and there they are. And noble fellows they are too! Some standing, some lying down, some snoring away, and one old bull looking out in our direction, evidently suspicious, yet not sufficiently so as to induce him to alarm his fellows. He is within about ten yards; so, as gingerly as possible, I come into something like Hythe position, and in a second the woods ring with the report which accompanied the bullet as it entered his brain. There is a snort and a heavy fall, a rush like thunder through the thick tangled bush, and amidst the smoke I deliver the second barrel at a glancing black object, and, above the reverberation of retiring hoofs, a "Ba—a—a—a" is heard, which assures us that that shot has also been successful. This is all. One minute of intense excitement in the day, with your life on the hazard; but it is enough, and repays all the toil and risk, as there is not only the pride of killing such noble game—accounted the most dangerous in South Africa—but there is also the pleasure

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of supplying the natives with meat, which they seldom get by any other means, and whose *penchant* for it is in the inverse ratio to its scarcity.

I need scarcely say after this episode that I am fond of shooting, and that I consider the sport here worth following; but as for those books indited by "mighty Nimrods," I'd as lief read a season's game-book in England as their lucubrations, for, like your "Alpine Club" adventures, if not "toast and waterish," there is generally too strong an infusion of "bosh and bunkum," and pervading self-glorification.

I heard a story the other day which, if the power of writing fiction were possessed by me, I might have worked up into a first-class sensational novel.

It was at night, while we were all sitting round the fire at the waggon. The fitful light was thrown on the narrator, who being right opposite to me, I had a full view of his gestures and the action of his body, without which, I greatly fear, my description will lose half its interest. I fancy that not even the Eastern story-tellers can come up to the Kaffir in power of pictorial narration; their language is not very copious, but, notwithstanding, by the combined effects of oratory and expressive pantomine, they can bring circumstances, time, and place most vividly before you.

When any person is accused of witchcraft, it is generally one who has a good stock of cattle, so that his destruction may be profitable to the King. If he is found guilty—which, by the way, is always a foregone conclusion—"an army," small or large, according to the size of his kraal, is sent against him. The proceedings are kept a profound secret, and the first notice he has of the trouble he has got into is the shout of "the avengers" surrounding the kraal.

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It was a case of this kind which the Kaffir described. It appears that some years ago one of Panda's wives was taken ill. The "doctor" was sent for, and, having made his *diagnosis*, pronounced that she was bewitched—a convenient method, by the way, of covering his ignorance—whereupon he was ordered to discover the culprit; and, after a little fugleing, he "smelt out" a petty chief who lived high-up on the Tugela. It was necessary to be particularly careful in dealing with this man, as he lived so near to the border that, if he had the slightest inkling of what was intended, he could easily slip over into Natal. Everything, however, was well managed, and at night the kraal was surrounded.*

The kraals, as I have said elsewhere, are built in a circle, and where they are anyways near the bush they are encircled on the outside with a thorn fence about the height of a man, besides the inner fence, which forms the cattle stand; and between the two are ranged the huts.

The *modus operandi* is first silently to surround the outer fence, then open the gate, which is made of branches, enter, and surround the huts. When all is complete, they set up a shout and call on the unhappy inmates to come forth and be killed, which they generally do without any fuss or noise, both from their sense of the uselessness of struggling against their opponents, and from the fatalism which runs in all their natures. They say it is their *Ehlose*, *i.e.*, fate, and "who can prevent it?" But in this case it happened that the chief was a powerful, active, daring young fellow, who, besides the natural love of life, had another incentive to

* The practice is, if one of the people is condemned to be executed for witchcraft, to kill the whole kraal, even the very dogs and fowls do not escape. They then set fire to the huts, and so ends the dismal tragedy. The cattle, of course, are driven off to the King.

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escape in the shape of his intended, who was on a visit to him, and in his hut.*

The people, aroused from sleep by the yells of the King's messengers, knew at once what their fate would be, and without any ado submitted to it. But the chief determined to make a dash for it, and, at all events, try to save the girl.

Together they rolled up a mat, fastened a shield and some assegais on the top as if held by a man, and thrust it suddenly out into the midst of those guarding the door. Immediately they closed on to it, stabbing and striking it in the dark. Before they had discovered their mistake the man had got out of the little door—the most difficult part—and, placing his back against the outer fence, was able to defend himself for a few moments. As the attacking force drew off to assail him, the girl got out, and, seizing the "dummy," threw it over the outer fence amongst those who were guarding round the kraal, where the same scene was repeated. Those inside, seeing another suddenly appear, and fearing that there might be more, halted, puzzled for a moment; then the two, seizing the opportunity, sprang clear through or over the fence, and got away, stabbing two of their opponents who "stopped the way." Now, the escape of any one under such circumstances is supposed to show such bravery and acuteness that it is always reckoned a condonation of past offences; and the successful is sure to arrive at high honour in the Zulu country. They infer that he cannot be a witch if he is such a brave man. Therefore the chief and his bride might with perfect safety have appeared at the King's kraal—if they could have escaped

* The Kaffirs have no notion that there is any immodesty in the two sexes occupying the same hut at night.

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pursuit—and, once there, would have been respected highly, and, in all probability, have his cattle returned to him.

But this chief's "heart was red," and, having "a large liver" (great bravery), he determined first to avenge the slaughter of his friends, and then cross over to Natal. No one in the Zulu country would molest him except those sent by the King for the purpose.

This party, after completing the destruction of the kraal, drove off the cattle to the King's, having first despatched six men and an officer on the trail of the fugitives.

The Kaffir's ideal description of the runaways was inimitable. He employed few words, but the action of his body, head, and arms brought vividly before your eyes the fugitives—the stumbling over stones and into holes, the hard breathing, the wiping away the perspiration, and at last the halt, when a tolerably safe distance had been reached; the sitting on the ground in despair—nothing said, but constant mutual exclamations of grief and anger escaping from them, the start from the ground to flee "at the turning of a leaf," the re-seating themselves, and the gradual return to "mitigated grief;" the conversation between them as to future prospects and proceedings, and the decision at last that the girl should hide and the man return to see the results of the fray, and, if possible, avenge the destruction which he felt too certain had overtaken his people.

The parting—"Ah! my child, take care. Walk as the snake goes through the grass. Strike as it does and disappear. Remember that though I remain here, the assegai that strikes you is my death. But go; you are a man. In after days we shall talk over this matter in Natal, and with the more pleasure that you will have appeased the Ehlose of your friends who are gone."

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The girl was hid away in a hole in the side of a rocky hill. The man rolled a large stone to the mouth of the recess; and, to prevent it from falling away, stayed it round with smaller ones. Ah! too fatal precaution!

The remainder of the tragedy is brief but sorrowful. After a smart but short walk, the chief saw the pursuing party advancing up the side of the hill by a path which at the top passed between two high banks. He posted himself under cover of a bush in their front and waited for them.

Expecting nothing less than that he would come of his own accord to meet them and deliver himself up, the seven men were hurrying carelessly up. As they passed the bush the chief sprang out, and with two short sharp stabs despatched two men, and had effected his escape before they recovered from their surprise.

It was not long, however, before, with shouts and yells, the remainder plunged into the bush after him; and in the confusion they, mistaking one another for their intended victim, fought amongst themselves, and the result was the loss of two more. The other three, when they saw how their numbers were reduced, determined to return home and give up the pursuit. For this purpose they proceeded up the path, but on one of the high banks at the top the vindictive and undaunted avenger was awaiting them, and, hurling a huge boulder from his coign of vantage, dashed out the brains of the officer as he came beneath him. Seeing his enemies reduced to two, he considered it beneath his manhood to use strategy, and he therefore descended to engage them hand-to-hand. Ah! rash adventurer—forgetful lover! Why will he forget the warning of his affianced, that the assegai which reached him equally wounded her?

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Many days passed and went, and at Nodwengo the people began to wonder that there was no appearance of the party sent in pursuit of the chief, and another corps was despatched to endeavour to obtain some tidings of them. They arrived at the ruins of the kraal, and there took up the trail. First they found the skeletons—picked by the wolves—of the four who had been slain at and in the bush; then those of the three at the top. They marvelled greatly at the prowess of the chief, and wondered what had become of him. One of them, however, struck his trail, and the party following it soon came to the cavity where the girl had been hid. In front of it lay the bones of the chief, and, directed by the effluvia, they rolled away the stone, and there discovered the corpse of the unfortunate girl!

Her figurative words had come, in effect, literally true. The wounds which her lover had received in the fight had just left him strength sufficient to creep to the hiding place of his intended, but not enough to remove the stone; and he had fastened it in such a manner that she from the inside could not free herself! There they both died—he, most likely, quickly, owing to his wounds; but she slowly, lingeringly, the agonising death of famine!

Who shall paint the heart-rending scene?—the bleeding lover on the outside; his feeble and ineffectual attempts to release her; the blood welling-out afresh at every abortive effort; at last the despairing conversation as the awful reality of their hopeless position stares them in the face; the agonising cries of the poor girl immured in her living tomb as the voice of her lover gradually faded away in death; then the loving appeals of the girl meet no response; and, at length, the conviction steals over her that no more shall she hear the voice of her beloved—no more shall she

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see his dear form; and she——Draw the curtain! Their agonies are past; but while they lasted, ah! who shall paint their bitterness? It is a sad, mournful story, which has deeply touched even the native heart, callous as it is to scenes of rapine and slaughter.

It is a custom in the Zulu country that every year, just as the Indian corn is filled, but yet still milky and soft, the people repair to the King at Nodwengo, and there hold "a feast of first-fruits," when the King has a grand review of all his troops, big and little, old and young, male and female—all who are able to go up, like the Jews to the Passover; and, after the King has eaten of the green food, and put his army "through their facings," they all disperse again as rapidly as they collected together. This they call "Hlala' bkos;" literally, "Playing to the King!" The feast will begin in about ten days, and, from all I have heard, and what I have seen of the smaller one, I am sure it will be worth witnessing and describing.

The lesser one was celebrated about a fortnight ago, when about three thousand men came up to the kraal, caught the bull, and danced the "Ingoma."

The natives call the smaller feasts the "Niatella," or the "Treader on heels;" and at it every year a bull is turned out, which a particular regiment—this year "Toolwan"—is ordered to kill. They must not use assegais or sticks, but must break its neck or choke it with their bare hands. It is then burned, and the strength of the bull is supposed to enter into the King, thereby prolonging his health and strength.

The bull—which on this occasion was a fine three-year-old—is turned out, and the men throw themselves upon it

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like ants. It accepted their embraces quietly for a while, until finding that something more than a joke was intended, it commenced to kick and plunge furiously. Three or four got kicked and gored; but it was of no use, for despite of its tremendous exertions, they at last fairly choked it, shouldered it off to the kraal, and then burned it.

Then they danced the "Ingoma." This is the national song of the Zulus, and has as great an effect on them as our national anthem has on us. It is a very old song, but became all of a sudden famous in Chaka's time, who made it his war song, and to this African "Lullibullero" conquered all of what is now the Zulu-land and Natal as well; and ever since then it has become a sort of combination of the "Queen's Anthem" and "Scots wha ha'e" among the people.

When the soldiers commenced the *cantata*, in front of the King, they had it all to themselves for a few minutes, but gradually the patriotic feeling got roused, and all the bystanders—old women and children, the chiefs, and the Royal attendants, and at last the old King himself—joined in the loyal chorus, and the air became full of "Jé, Jé, Jé—Jé, Jé, Jé," accompanied by regular stamps on the ground, steadily increasing in intensity until everything rattled again. Then leaving off the chorus they struck up—speaking of the Zulus—

> "They cut them to pieces,
> They put them to rights; *(ironically)*
> By the way, you are not one of them.
> We are braves, that fear the King;
> By the way, you are not one of us.
> Jé, Jé, Jé, *(stamp)* Jé, Jé, Jé," *(stamp)*.

The words will not seem to express or even suggest much to an Englishman, and would not appear at all striking even

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if I could convey the idioms; but to Zulus, accompanied as they are with glorious remembrances, they are sufficient thoroughly to arouse their savage blood; and, therefore, when the "Ingoma" is sung, an extra number of captains are always spread about, as a sort of special constables, as a necessary measure of precaution, in order to quell any attempt at tumult which may arise. And, I may add, that tumults always do arise. A wry word or a crooked look sets the whole in a blaze like a spark among powder; and then the captains immediately commence to hammer away with heavy sticks or "knob-kerries" till they cry "hold, enough!" The stick is the great disciplinarian and "argumentarium" in the Zulu. The young men have a saying, "We never can hear, unless we first feel the stick!"

The whole of the kraals on the Mahlabate are filling fast; the people are trooping in from all directions, each party with its household goods and a package of Indian corn for their support; for, although the King will kill a number of cattle for them, there will be only a tit-bit for each, so they must attend to their own commissariat.

It is the custom for all the young men in the country to spend a few months every year "Konsaing," *i.e.*, paying their respects at Court; but "not to put too fine a point upon it," this means *in fact* that they have to hoe the King's corn, and at the same time find themselves in *provant.* Those who live close at hand are pretty well off, but those who come from a distance have generally very short commons. They, however, can stand starvation wonderfully. They will travel or work for days on nothing but an occasional drink of water; but then, on the other hand, when they have the chance they can eat enormously and continuously.

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This is a time when all the Zulus are full of old recollections, always speaking and boasting of old deeds and glories; consequently, I have the history of the rise and progress of Zulu greatness continually dinned into my ears; and, having been overdosed with this sort of thing, I have determined to dispense a modicum of it to the readers of my "Trip." This cannot be grumbled at, however, seeing that I have given fair warning; so that, if Zulu history possesses no charms, it may be skipped; but as forty-two years of "strange eventful history" will only occupy as many lines, I think I may anticipate having a few readers among "anxious enquirers" into that most romantic of all romances—history.

About the year 1820 Ensensengakona "died in his bed" peaceably. He was, like all his ancestors, merely a petty chief of a country extending over the now "Mahlabati," the then *habitat* of the Zulus. "Chaka," his son, succeeded him, and reigned peaceably enough for two years.

Then a tribe called the "Endwandwe," who lived at the extreme northern end of what is now the Zulu country, began to aim at "universal dominion," and, with that end in view, under their chief "Zweete"—a would-be South African Cæsar—conquered all the tribes around them up to the Zulu.

Chaka felt uneasy, but did not know how to oppose them, his tribe being so small. Just then, however, as the fates would have it, a tribe called "Zoongoo," abutting on the Zulus, quarrelled amongst themselves "for the *throne!*" One party craved the assistance of the Endwandwe, and the other asked the armed intervention of Chaka. This was the beginning of Chaka's wars. In the first campaign, however, he and his Zoongoo allies were beaten, and driven

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down to the Tugela or southern boundary of what is now Zulu, where they again, being in fighting trim, conquered, and drove out the Amaquabe tribe, the remainder of whom now consider themselves Zulus. Zweete, not satisfied with his former victory, determined to "wipe out" the Zulus, and, having pursued them, was thoroughly beaten, and his people "Konza'd" (made their allegiance) to Chaka, who, having now tasted blood, and becoming gradually more powerful, carried on his wars until he conquered and brought under subjection ten tribes which then occupied Zulu, a country about two hundred miles square. He then turned his attention to the countries around, completely subjugating what is now Natal, and even sent out armies as far as the Amaponda and Mosilekatse, the latter a thousand miles distant.

He improved the discipline, and altered the arms of his people. Formerly they used to go to battle in one disorderly crowd; he formed them into companies and regiments. It was their custom to carry a bundle of assegais, which they used both to throw and to stab with; he took them all away but one large one, so that they were less hampered, and were compelled to adopt hand-to-hand fighting.

If any one lost his assegai—he was killed. If any one showed the least symptom of fear—he was killed.

The Zulus admire him intensely—as a sort of black Napoleon!—but yet they acknowledge that he was a bloodthirsty tyrant. At his mother's death he was with the greatest difficulty dissuaded from killing all the mothers in the country, saying that now, since he had no mother, neither should any one else have one. As it was, he killed about seven thousand people at the mourning feast, "so that the tears of the survivors should run plentifully."

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Chaka was killed by his brothers Dingaan aud Umhlangana—the former of whom killed the latter, and reigned alone until the arrival of the Dutch, by whom he was beaten and driven away, when Panda, a younger brother, reigned in his stead.

Panda departed from the custom of his two predecessors by marrying, having children, and allowing them to grow up; and to this the Zulus ascribe his milder sway.

When his children were very young he named the present heir-presumptive, Cetchwayo, as his successor; but afterwards, about twelve years ago (1855), he changed his mind, and appointed another son, Umbulazi, as "Crown Prince."

This occasioned a civil war, in which the latter was defeated and slain, so that the former is now rehabilitated by force of arms, and is the acknowledged future King. But in Zulu-land "Amurath an Amurath succeeds," and all the other sons of the King are well aware that, on Cetchwayo's succession, he will take the earliest opportunity of killing them, and no doubt they will endeavour to "turn the tables" on him, if they can. The people are quite well aware of all this, and speak of it freely as if it were a mere matter of course. They say that he will most likely spare those who were born of the same mother with himself; but even they, if they don't behave themselves very circumspectly, need expect no mercy at his hands.

The King knows it, and, in common with his great chiefs, has had his sons taught the use of the gun, so that in future troubles the *people* shall not be slaughtered, and he would "let those who make the quarrels be the only men to fight!" but the *princes* may shoot away at and amongst themselves until the one who is fated to be supreme is, like "the last rose of summer, left blooming alone." Thus nothing is *certain* until one stands alone. Cetchwayo,

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however, has by far the best chance, having command of the army. The King's other sons stay on, simply saying that their time has not yet come, and meanwhile all is *couleur de rose*, and it is very pleasant in Zulu-land.

We have just returned from a week's dissipation at the head kraal during the celebration of "Unikos." It is Christmas time, and a description of how I spent it may not be unacceptable.

I was staying at a kraal about five miles from Nodwengo, the proprietrix of which is Panda's sister Baleka. The old lady is very much afflicted with gout, and consequently unable to walk. She asked me to take her down in the waggon, and I consented. On the 30th December we took everything belonging to myself out of the waggon, and received Baleka's household goods, family, and servants.

First came some girls with mats, wooden pillows, blankets, baskets of beer, pots of fat, dresses, beads, spoons, and a miscellaneous assortment of greasy, odoriferous articles. Then came the old lady herself, and, after a tremendous struggle and much groaning, her people managed to hoist the twenty-stone of her into the waggon. When she was comfortably laid down, two men stationed themselves—one at her feet and the other at her head—to render any assistance she might require.

After this came two daughters, and a host of slave girls, her servants; then, with the waggon filled with a heap of chattering, screaming, laughing black-humanity, we made a start, two men going in front to look out for holes and stones, and away we went.

I have said before that African waggons jolt frightfully, so, notwithstanding all our care, the ups and downs which Baleka had to submit to, rather disordered her nerves and

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temper, not to mention the gout. At every jolt we had a grunt from her ladyship and screams from the girls. Twenty times a mile we had to halt to allow her to recover breath and arrange herself. All this was comparatively tolerable, but a steep hill which we had to descend was fated to try her metal to the uttermost. As for the girls, they were just the same prettily-frightened, timid dears they are all the world over.

When we came to the hill we had a consultation as to our mode of procedure, and decided not to say anything to her about the difficulties of the descent. The Latin proverb says that it is easy to descend to Avernus, but, as Zulu means "heaven," we found the obverse hold good, for it was something positively frightful. But as there was no possibility of avoiding it—there being no choice of roads, and if we attempted to argue the point we should likely have to remain all day, and then have to do it after all—we at once set off. I sat on the box in front, told her that it was a little steep and rough, and suggested that she had better hold on to something; then down we went!

The scene was indescribable. In addition to the steepness, the road was full of stones; the oxen could not hold the waggon back, so we went jolting over everything, in more senses than one, at a rattling rate. Screams and broken exclamations; everything and everybody shaken down into a heap in the front part of the waggon, and on the top of poor old Baleka. But for all that, we could hear her voice, broken with jolts, gasping forth entreaties to keep quiet, and not to be afraid, it was perfectly safe, and she knew all about it! Did you ever see a lot of eels twisting together about in a box? Well, just thus looked the con-

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geries of struggling, screaming humanity in the bottom of the waggon.

At last we got to the bottom, put everything to rights, and reached Nodwengo without further adventure—the young men at the kraal evidently highly envious of my *happiness* in travelling with such a bevy of Zulu belles. When Baleka came to the King he ordered an ox to be killed for her, of which I was fortunate enough to get a leg as payment of the "freight and passage money," and next day I was presented with an entire animal by the King himself.

The whole country-side was full of people, and the noise, day and night, was incessant—chattering at night and dancing during the day. At night the fires on the hill, and the figures of the natives passing the light, imparted a weird-like character to the scene which would have made a famous study for a Gatti or a Van Schendal.

During the day the troops dancing in full war dress, showed one the maximum of native ideas of greatness and splendour. It was actually impossible to distinguish one chief from another, so covered were they with skins and feathers—a kilt of monkey and cat skins round their waist, their breast and back covered with white ox tails, on their head a sort of cap with lappets of monkey skins, and as many ostrich and crane feathers as they could manage to stick in.

Each regiment danced separately, then filed before the King for his inspection, so that he could judge which danced best, and also have a closer view of their persons. As they passed, every man shouted at the top of his voice, and with the most fierce and warlike look he could put on, expressions of what he would, could, and was ready to do

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for the King, such as "Here is Toolwan!" "These are soldiers!" "Tell us to do something!" "Send us anywhere!" "Even the 'Moloon-Kwana' (a contemptuous diminutive of 'white man') are afraid of Toolwan!" "Send us to Natal!" &c., &c. The last day all together had a great dancing match. All their songs go to the tune of Zulu greatness. For instance the burden of two—"The world has no people of any account" (except the Zulus, is, of course, understood), and "We stopped-up the Amaswazi,* we forayed the Amaponda, and every nation cries out to us when we come in sight, 'Put down your shields, the cattle are waiting for you at the kraal!'"

The whole scene was well worth seeing, but a little description goes a long way; there was such a sameness about the manœuvres—it was dancing, eating, and drinking—drinking, eating, and dancing; nothing more. After remaining for a dance or two, and listening to the King's speech, which he regularly made to each regiment, I used to betake myself to the Sgohlo, to the hut of the head "child," amongst the girls, where I would sit me down and talk and argue and answer the multitudinous questions they put to me. Generally there were only Matonieel and five or six of her sisters present, all handsome, well-fed girls, whose only occupation is (to use an Irishism) to lie still, drink beer, eat beef, and hear the news; but towards afternoon the great chiefs never failed to call and pay their respects, so that I had a good view of, and opportunity for making acquaintance with, the most famous men in the Zulu country, all of whom are interesting to a Natal man.

* They run to caves when invaded; and the Zulus on one occasion stopped-up a cave in which the Amaswazi had taken refuge, and the hundreds who crowded it were suffocated.

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I have come to the conclusion that Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour were not at all so badly off with their allowance of beef and beer. I have had some experience of late in living on these comestibles; but I do hope that they had something else to do than eat the former and drink the latter *all day long*, as Baleka's maids of honour do. Panda's princesses, with their ladies in waiting, generally finish the day in a happy state of ignorance of, and indifference to, "all those ills which flesh is heir to." Eat, drink, and sleep, forms the daily routine and *summum bonum* of their lives.

After five days' experience of this style of living, we returned, I feeling very bilious and out of sorts; and yet I was highly complimented on my personal appearance, having, as I said, grown positively fat—a Falstaffian habit of body, "with good fat capon lined," being looked upon as "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever" by the natives. But, alas! beauty evanishes too quickly, for two hot toilsome days in the Hlanzi soon dissipated it, and, as "the too solid flesh melted and resolved itself into a dew," I proportionately fell in the estimation of my previous admirers.

Before concluding, a few hints as to what to do, and how things are done, in the Zulu, may be found useful for the guidance of any of my readers who may think of taking "a vacation ramble" to that interesting, beautiful, and healthy quarter of the globe:—

1st,—Swear by the King and chiefs; just as you might say in England, "Victoria, what I say is true!" or "Gladstone," or "Derby, it is correct!"

2d,—You must never *spit* at meals; but you may *blow your nose* as much as you like—pocket handkerchiefs are in the form of the finger and the thumb.

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3d,—A wife must never speak to her husband's male relations, but must hide, or *appear* to do so, whenever she sees them. The husband must not speak to, look at, or eat with his mother-in-law. And neither husband nor wife must utter their relations' names. This is called "Hlonipa."

4th,—If any one complains of a headache, and says it arises from an old wound, they shave the hair from the spot, cut into the bone, scrape well for about five minutes, and during the operation have water constantly squirted from the mouth into the gash. *This is a certain cure for headache!*

5th,—If you sprain your thumb, get some one to pile about a couple of inches of sand over your hand, which you have resting on the ground; make a fire over it until the thumb is half-roasted, then cut about twenty slits above the joint, and—*the sprain is cured!*

I might add numerous other hints, social, political, and medicinal, but these will suffice for the present. I may, however, on a future occasion devote a paper to these "curios" of South African life and manners.

Ah, me! my days in Zulu-land come to an end. "Homeward bound" is now the *mot d'ordre.* Notwithstanding the pervading roughness, and occasional annoyances and discomforts, I have thoroughly enjoyed the open air, the free, happy life, and the novel and interesting circumstances by which I was surrounded. When I reached the Tugela on my return, I felt inclined to parody Juliet, and exclaim—

> "Ah! Tugela, Tugela, wherefore art thou Tugela?
> Why aren't you the other boundary?"

But then, again, I think of home and the comforts and delights of civilised life, for which, *entre nous,* I have still

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an *arriere pensee*, and I come to the conclusion that "my lines have fallen in pleasant places" after all, seeing that I shall have—in a verse from "Cymbeline," altered to suit the circumstances—

> "No more to brave the summer's sun,
> Nor yet the furious buffalo's rages;
> My work in Zulu-land all done,
> *Home I go to get my wages!*"

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WILD LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

(STAR, February and March, 1870).

AH, Wild life!—Wild life! what a charm there is about it. I used to wonder, and have often laughed at the rhapsodies—as I then thought them—indulged in by Mayne Reid regarding his prairie days; but never, never more shall I be guilty of such silly incredulity, for have I not had similar experience? And while writing this paper exactly the same feelings come over me—my heart throbs; my blood boils; my frame tingles; and I long to be at the old game again.

I have given it up—I am afraid for ever; but am still subject to ever-recurring attacks of the prairie-fever, which, doubtless, is the same in its symptoms and effects in South-Eastern Africa as in Western America.

No one who has not lived such a Wild life can know the fascination which after-thoughts of it exert. It is not so much felt at the time, but when one has at last settled down in the midst of civilisation, the mind reverts to the old scenes with a vividness, a fondness, and an excitement, which must be experienced to be appreciated.

The glorious freedom of Wild life—free from every fetter except what you yourself may choose to wear; free from the constantly irritating contacts and annoyances to which you are subject in an old country; free to come; free to go; free to halt; free—and often necessitated—to experience the extremes of hunger and satiety, heat and cold, wet and dry; plenty of adventure to season your food; tale-tellers equal

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to the Eastern ones to amuse your leisure hours; and the study of the habits, customs, and peculiarities of the wild races amongst which you may be thrown—constitute a life delightful to experience, and pleasant to look back upon.

These thoughts—or rhapsodies if you like—came crowding upon me, after reading over some sketches in a journal of old times—for, although not many years ago, it looks an age—and it struck me that a few of them might not be uninteresting, even in these days when everybody must relate his experiences to everybody else, whether he may travel to Aldgate Pump or to Timbuctoo, or whether he may scale Primrose Hill or the Matterhorn, or whether he may make a voyage in the Rob Roy or the Great Eastern.

I have no pretensions to be considered a *litterateur*, so that my reminiscences of Wild life, while wanting in dash and polish, may be pardoned on the ground that they are a faithful record of scenes I have mixed in, stories I have heard, and of some peculiarities of the natives I have observed. It is Zulu-land I write about, and the Sketches are taken at random.

I.—Morning in South-Eastern Africa.

Nothing, in South-Eastern Africa, can be so charming to my mind as a fine morning after the first rain of the season. For months a dull, dry haze, called by the natives "Lofusseemba," has covered the face of the country, causing even the nearest hills to loom as if in the far distance. The atmosphere has been dry and close; your beard frizzles and your skin crumples up from the want of moisture. Hunting is most unpleasant, from the dust and black ashes—the remnants of the grass fires—which you raise at every step.

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The feet of the natives get cut up by constant trampling on the sharp stems of grass, left by the same cause; and altogether you feel as if the greatest luxury in life would be to "paidle in the burn" the live-long day; but, unfortunately, owing to the long drought, there isn't the tiniest pool to be seen.

The rains come at last, and with a vengeance too! For three days you have to endure the stifling atmosphere of a native hut—a sort of exaggerated beehive—and as the grass of which it is constructed has contracted during the long spell of dry weather, you may say you have a covering, but no shelter. However, that doesn't matter much—all your care is for the guns and ammunition; as for yourself, you won't melt, nor take harm by exposure in this fine climate, and it isn't the first time you have slept in the wet. Towards morning one of the natives looks out of the door and exclaims "Le Balele" (it shines—it is fair). You also rise at last from your damp couch and go out; when immediately you forget all the previous discomfort in the exquisite charm of the lovely morning. The country lies dark, yet distinctly defined, before you; the relief is magical, and would have enraptured Turner. No glimmering haze to pain the eye—no blur in the landscape—but all the outlines and details clearly mapped out before you. The sheen of the river is seen below, its heretofore dry bed now filled with a tumultuous flood; and here and there amongst the peaks, and dotting the flat-land, lie white, soft, fleecy nebulæ of mist. The freshness and balminess of the air is delicious; the breeze—the handmaid of the morn—rises so pleasantly, dispelling the misty spots and wreaths; and then Aurora, on the wings of the morning, bursts upon us, bathing the whole face of the country in a flood of light; and all nature,

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animate and inanimate, seems to hail the advent of morning in a chorus of joy! Such a morning is worth seeing, and worth writing about, and I only regret that I am so incapable of doing it justice.

II.—A Day in Wild Life.

The waggon has been "out-spanned" upon a hill overlooking miles upon miles of Hlanzi (open bush), dark and sombre-looking at this winter time in all parts. Here and there are small peaked and table hills, which, however, but slightly diversify the landscape. Beyond rise the high bare hills of Amaswazi* and the Bombo†. Through the middle of the flat runs the river Pongolo. The uniformity of colour imparts a dull yet grand aspect to the river. You feel, in descending to the habitat of the game, as if you could realise Dante's famous inscription on the gate of the Inferno. Although there may be a cool breeze blowing in the hills you have left, directly you reach the flat, and are fairly amongst the mimosa trees, it ceases. The sun beats down on your head in such a manner—so directly and with such perseverance—that you are half inclined to believe in the ancient mythology, and ascribe the infliction to some offence unwittingly given to Phœbus. Occasionally the chirrup of a bird is heard, but otherwise all is hot, silent, and lonely.

When, however, you are once fairly in the Hlanzi the sense of oppression ceases in the excitement of hunting. Game is abundant and sufficiently wild to give zest to success.

First, most probably, the graceful Pallah will be seen in troops, gazing with evident wonder and terror in your

* Amaswazi, the tribe on the N. and N.W. of Zulu.
† See "Bombo," Sketch No. 4.

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direction. As you draw nearer and nearer a little movement will be seen—one or two will change their places, then suddenly the whole herd, without any further preliminary motion, will start away, each leaping high as they go, The effect is very pretty, for as they leap the red of their backs and sides, and the white of their bellies, alternately appear and disappear, producing a glittering zoetropic effect on a magnificent scale.

Next your attention is drawn to the other side by a loud sneeze, and on looking thither you behold a troop of Gnu and Quagga mixed. They, on the other hand, are in constant motion—gnu and quagga passing and repassing each other without pause. A single gnu will every moment plunge out, whisk his tail, give a sneeze, and then back again to the ranks; but the head quagga stops any impudent manifestation of this kind by laying his ears back and biting any forward youngster which attempts to pass him. When this herd considers you are near enough for any agreeable purpose, away it goes, kicking and plunging with such an evident "catch me if you can" expression that you feel very much inclined to send a bullet among them to give them a lesson of respect to the *genus homo;* but we are after "metal more attractive" and therefore leave them alone. It is very interesting to notice the discipline kept up in gnu families. Any laggard amongst the youngsters is immediately taken to task by its mother or by a bull, and well switched with their horse-tails to make it keep up. From this circumstance the natives say that a gnu's tail is "medicine," and that, however tired you may be, if you brush your legs with it the sense of fatigue passes away. Of course, one hair of faith is more effectual than all the hairs on the tail in producing this result.

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A little further on a troop of the noble-looking bull Koodoos is seen—the most wary buck I know—with their spiral horns and large ears laid back, glancing between the mimosas; when, if you manage to get within range, a bullet either arrests the flight of one, or hastens the stampede of the whole.

Again you march on, when with a crash out rushes a noble Wild Boar from the thicket in which he has been lying. With head up and tail on end away he goes at a short, quick gallop, and, as he breaks through the long grass and thick, tangled underwood, a flock of Guinea-fowl and Pheasants are roused, and, flying hither and thither, the air is filled with their discordant notes, and also with a shower of sticks which the natives shy at them with some success. To this noise and confusion is added the cry of a species of Caurie, which attracted by the din, perches on a tree close by, and reiterates "go away" as plainly as an angry child of four or five years of age would do, and with something like the same effect on your nerves.

Again on the tramp towards the thickest part of the Hlanzi—the deepest gloom of this Tartarus—where larger trees of the mimosa species prevail—where the creeper, the "wait-a-bit" thorn (called by the natives "catch-tiger" and "come-and-I'll-kiss-you"), a long-spiked thorny bush (called by the natives "the cheeky"), the cactus-thorn of three inches long, the nettle, and all sorts of such abominations most do abound; and on entering there, in sternest silence as regards speech and footfall, the business of the day commences.

With a very black, lithe, active native in front, whose most prominent features are the whites of his eyes, and whose name, "Bah-pa," deserves to be recorded, away we

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go, to be met by a Black Rhinoceros, who, having smelt our wind, is coming to see who has ventured to intrude into his habitat and disturb his mid-day siesta. He is the only wild animal I know who, deliberately and without provocation, will set himself to hunt down man on the slightest intimation of his presence. He comes! The thunder of his gallop and the sounds of his displeasure are only too audible. It is stand fast, or up a tree like a squirrel, for there is no running away from such an antagonist in such a thicket. Fortunately, however, his sight is not very good, and a very slight screen suffices to save you; and, as he furiously plunges past, a shot through the lungs brings his career to a termination; but even his dying scream is indicative of pain and anger, not of fear. Certainly he deserved to live for his pluck, but is bound to die from his vicious disposition, for there is no quarter in the battle with such as him. The sound of the shot seems to vivify the bush around, and crash, crash! on all sides is heard, caused by the hurried flight of the startled game. Never mind! they leave tracks by which we can easily follow and find them through the wood. On emerging from the thicket we come across a White Rhinoceros, much larger than his sable cousin, but not at all vicious. Our sudden appearance startles him into a trot, which presently breaks into a gallop, especially if he has a dog at his heels. His trot and gallop are exactly like those of a well-bred horse. He is a heavy animal, but what splendid action he shows! He keeps his head well up, and lifts his feet cleverly from the ground, and goes at a pace which few horses can equal. What a sensation *a Rhinoceros race* would create among your Dundrearys and Verisophts at Epsom! When he has "gone from our gaze" we follow buffalo tracks which evidently lead to another thicket, and

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on approaching it we hear sounds of wild-animal warfare —grunting, bellowing, and roaring, and roaring, bellowing, and grunting, as Tennyson would jingle it; but the Kaffirs call it "belching." Cautiously Bah-pa whispers "Lion, Lion!" and warily we draw near to the scene of the commotion. In a clear space are a Lion and a Buffalo cow fighting; and a Buffalo calf lying dead, sufficiently explains the *casus belli*. The lion springs—immediately the cow rushes through the thick bush and wipes him off, turning instantly and pounding away at him on the ground; the lion wriggles free after tearing the nose and face of the buffalo; and the same process is repeated, all so quickly and in such a whirl of motion, that you can only see the result and guess how it has been effected. The last time the lion is brushed off, he evidently gives up the game, as we can hear the buffalo tearing after him through the bush. Two or three of my fellows creep forward and quickly draw away the calf; the cow returns, smells about for a little, and finding her *lui machree* gone, dashes off, more furious than before, after the lion again, and we can hear the renewal of the conflict, gradually dying away in the distance.

On, on again; this time towards the river. We have rhinoceros and buffalo beef for lunch; but although ravenously hungry, we are too thirsty to eat or even to talk, and in silence therefore we make our way towards the water. On our road we put up a herd of "Peeva" (water-buck). One goes down; the remainder dash to the river—their haven of refuge—we following close on their heels. As we use the last little incline, before coming in sight of the Pongolo, the natives, with eyes and fingers on the stretch, point to the other side, where a file of Elephants are slowly making their way down to the drift or ford, and, forgetting

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hunger and thirst, we creep carefully to the edge, and form an ambuscade for their reception on crossing. They enter the river; on their way over, one halts for an instant and looks back, then goes on again, but he appears to be dragging a weight at his leg; and when he comes into the shallows on our side, we observe an Alligator holding on to his knee. Without much ado the elephant drags him out on to the bank and utters a peculiar shriek, when immediately another turns round, and, seizing the alligator between his trunk and his teeth, carries him to a stiff-forked thorny tree, and there deposits him with a smash—hung in chains one may say—and before long his bones would be all that remained of the voracious brute—causing some curious speculations in the mind of some future hunter as to how the animal found its way there.

During our wandering observations we have allowed the elephants to go. Never mind, we can follow after lunch, or even mid-day, as we know where they were heading for.

Then the tramp home—coffee and biscuits, and biscuits and beef, round the fire, and consumed with such an appetite! The recapitulation by the natives of the whole day's sport, in animated language and appropriate gesture—one story leading to another till far on in the night—then the last pipe and cup of coffee, and to bed with a healthy frame and a clear conscience.

Such is a day you may spend in Wild life; and ah! tell me, if you can, what is there to equal it?

Or it may be a quieter day, yet full of its own beauty and excitement. I wish I had the pencil of a John Leech, who delighted so much in, and depicted so well, sporting scenes; as a sketch of "waiting for dinner" in wild life would have been a first-rate subject.

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It is the day of a great hunt. The whole country-side for many miles around has been warned; and, literally, "a thousand men have turned out to hunt the deer with hound and horn." It is arranged that those with guns are to take their places at the fords of the river, and wait there for the game crossing. Early in the morning we start—not because it is necessary, seeing that it will be hours before anything in the shape of game makes its appearance at the water; but when everybody else is off, what is the use of us staying at home. In the bustle and stir, breakfast has been forgotten —but never mind, we'll enjoy an early dinner all the better —so away we saunter in the cool fresh air of the morning. We mark the changing hues of the landscape, as here the sun makes brilliant a patch of springing green, and there a cloud throws a dark shade on what had a moment before been bright and beautiful; and, as the breeze springs up, the view becomes quite panoramic—here a peak coming suddenly into distinct outline, there as suddenly darkening as the shadows envelope it—and in that half-hour every charm which sun, clouds, wind, atmosphere, hills, flats, verdure, trees, and flowers—all of their brightest and best—can develope, pass in ever-changing and rapidly-dissolving view before your delighted vision!

Or, on to the river, through and past game in hundreds, and we there take up our post and "wait for dinner." We are seated on the high bank of the river, snugly hidden behind a bush quietly smoking a pipe, and watching, as only hungry hunters can or will watch, for a chance of a shot. But let me tell you that by this time the poetical aspects of the scene have, so far as we know or care, pretty well evanished, and the practical question of dinner is the great attraction; so that it is after having satiated the cravings of

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the inner man you think over and thoroughly enjoy the scene which has all this time been displayed before you. Up and down are the windings of the river, here silent and deep, flowing between reedy banks; there, swift and tumultuous, tearing over its stony bed; cranes and ducks flying and wheeling about; and on the flat stones and sand banks alligators "waiting for *their* dinners" also. There wait, and yet longer wait, till a low "hist" from one of the watchful natives sends your eyes from mooning over the flowing waters below you, over to the opposite side; and there, amongst the mimosas, you see, glancing along, the first head of the day. It proves to be a *female* Koodoo—a sign of good luck!—and graceful and "wide awake" she appears as she comes out on the open; many a look thrown behind —many a one before; her large ears moving quickly from side to side; a step as light as Venus when she danced with Adonis; a halt for a moment, and then a dash to the river, there to meet her fate. After that began to be heard the shouts of the natives, and thick and fast came the game. For half-an-hour the sounds of battle—for battle it is—wake the echoes around; then a silence while we count our trophies; and then . . . Ah! then, we take that "one step," and subside *to dinner!* There is nothing but fire, beef, and water; but I agree with Hawkeye in "The Prairie," "there's nothing to beat it if you're healthy and hungry!"

III.—A Zulu Marriage.

Among the Zulus marriage is a very elaborate ceremony, and etiquette is as strictly observed among them as at those fashionable affairs enacted at St. George's, Hanover Square. I have seen all classes of them married, and the forms and ceremonies are in all cases the same, the only difference

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being, as at home, more people, more food, and finer dresses, according to the rank of the parties. And, as the marriage question is occupying an unusual amount of attention at home, a description of a marriage ceremony abroad may not be uninteresting even to Belgravian mammas.

First, then, when the preliminaries have been agreed upon —*i.e.*, the number of cattle to be given in exchange for the bride, being settled—and that young lady's consent having been obtained, although, as in some civilised communities, that is generally a mere form, an ox is slaughtered, and a brewst of beer is prepared—the relations of the bride are invited to the feast, of which, however, she does not partake.

The bride's dress is got ready, and it depends upon the wealth of her people the quantity of beads and extent of coloured worsted and other finery with which she is decorated. She also receives in presents her household utensils, such as pots, gourds, spoons, mats, &c., and, if the father can afford it, a blanket. When all is ready the party sets out; it consists of the bride, a head man to "Endeesa" her (to have her married), young men—the number of whom depends upon the rank of the parties—and young girls, under the same conditions. They set out, frequently on a two or three days' walk—hospitality in a case of this kind never being refused, nor ever, as is sometimes the case with chance travellers, grudgingly given. When they arrive near the bridegroom's Kraal they halt, as it is against all etiquette for the bride and party (called *Emteemba*) to enter the bridegroom's home in the daytime.* When all are supposed to

* "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" (Matt. xxv. 6.) I have been told that in old times the custom in Zulu was thus:—The bridegroom went to the bride's Kraal, and took her away; but now it is reversed—much war having altered the position of women, and doubtless led to the change.

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be asleep they enter the Kraal, singing and dancing, no one daring to look out of doors. The huts for their occupation are empty, and in them they rest. Early in the morning, before any of the others are astir, they all go down to the nearest brook, where they remain—washing, dressing, and eating the food sent down to them, until about eleven o'clock, by which time the bridegroom and his party have taken their places beside the spot appointed for the dance. When all is ready, the young men of the bride's party come singing and dancing up, pass in procession twice or thrice round the bridegroom and his party, then they halt, and the spokesman begins a long story. For instance, he will say, "We are a party of Amaswazi, who are travelling through the country, and have just called to see how you are—you are a good-looking fellow;" and away they go. Presently back they come with the old man at their head, who says, "The young man you saw just now lied—we are an 'Emteemba,' and have come from so and so, who has sent his daughter to be married to you. She is a very good and clever girl, and her father hopes you will treat her well, and give her plenty of food," &c., &c., and whatever else he may have been told to say by her relations. Then away *they* go. After a short time the whole lot come singing up with the bride hidden in the middle, so that no one can see her. They stand fronting the bridegroom for a little; then the bride starts a song, which they all join in. When that is done they break away suddenly, and the bride is discovered standing in the middle, with a fringe of worsted or beads round her brow and covering her face. The men then lay aside their shields and assegais, and the dancing of the bride's party commences; the bridegroom and his party sitting still all the while. They have no particular song which they sing on an occasion

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of this kind, except one at the end, in which everyone joins, and which they call "Esehlabello," and in which they all clap their hands in correct time to the tune. The words generally have no signification, and vary very much. During the "Emteemba's" dancing, the bridegroom, and here and there a young man of his party "*Geea*," that is they spring out, jump about, and, to show their strength and agility, go through a number of antics—a sort of Kaffir "Houlaghan," but tameness itself compared with the classic "Eumenides" or the Parisian "Carmagnoles;" and another part of the ceremony is that two or three old women run up and down between the parties, wailing and shouting, and every now and then coming up to the bridegroom and swearing at him, calling him all the annoying names they can think of, and asking him how it is that such a stupid, ugly fool as he has managed to secure such a good-looking girl!

When the "Emteemba" has finished dancing, the bridegroom and his party begin their part in the dance, and it is a great matter of emulation as to which dances the best. The proceedings close towards evening, generally with a fight.

I omitted to mention that the bride, when the dancing of her party is drawing to a close, creeps up to the wives (if he has any) or mother of the bridegroom, and says she has come to stay, and hopes they will be good to her, &c., &c., otherwise she will go back to the father, mother, and relations who were so loath to part with her. They reply that they do not know—they are not sure—they will see how she behaves herself, and so on. She then makes a simulated attempt to run away, when she is at once laid hold of and brought back by one of the bridegroom's female relatives, who is watching for the opportunity.

In the evening, the bride, with her face unveiled, runs

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about the Kraal with a following of girls crying after her. She is supposed to be running back to her old home, and the girls are supposed to be preventing her!

Next day the bridegroom kills an ox, and there is a general eating and drinking match. The bride "*Hlonipa's*" (hides) from the male sex; but, in the afternoon, she comes out into the cattle kraal with some girls, and commences the ceremony of "*Hlambeesa*," literally, "washing." The nearest relatives of the bridegroom sit down, the bride takes some beads and water in a large gourd-spoon, and, coming singing up, throws it about the male relative; she then goes back and breaks the assegai which she carries in her hand. (No widow re-marrying breaks the assegai!) She then repeats the bead and water ceremony with the female relative, striking her at the same time with a stick, as a symbol that she takes authority as a wife from that time. No sooner is this done than she makes a bolt for the gate of the kraal, which is supposed to be a last attempt to return home, when one of the young men cuts off her retreat, and she then gives in. There have been cases, however, where the bride got out of the gate, which was a terrible disgrace to the young man who had been appointed to stop her, to the husband, and to all concerned; besides the expense, seeing that the whole ceremony had to be gone through again.

IV.—A Zulu Story of a Haunted Wood.

"Don't go into that wood." "Why not?" "Oh! because," &c., &c., and here came out a whole chapter of native superstition, which was altogether new to me, and may not be uninteresting to others.

To give the story literally as I heard it is well nigh impossible, from the difficulty of translating the innumerable

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idiomatic phrases in the Zulu language; but, as near as I can, I will give the narrator's experience, premising that, however much the narrative may resemble the ghost stories and fairy tales of other lands, it is essentially Zulu.

"Many years ago a tribe called 'Endwandive' lived hereabouts, a numerous and powerful tribe. There was no '*Nakau*' * then, and all those hills which you see were covered by their cattle. All the chiefs in the country, even the Zulu, paid homage to the Endwandive 'Zweeti,' who was loved by his people, and respected everywhere his name penetrated—and where did it not? At last came the bad time, when the country went wrong—when all the tribes fought against themselves till the rivers ran red, and even the corn took a redder tinge. The end of that was, that the Endwandive were scattered, their chief killed, and Chaka with his Zulus became king over all.

"While Zweeti lived he did everything like a king. When he wanted to kill any of his wives or girls he always had them taken to the same place, the pool below the falls on the Umkool. When any of his captives or the common people were to be the sacrificial victim, the wood over the hill there, was where they had to submit to the will of their chief; and his own relations were conducted to the wood before us on such occasions; and he himself was 'flung in' there after his death, and there he keeps his state now." "What do you mean," I interrupted, "by a dead man keeping his state; are there people living in the wood?" He replied, "Of course, Zweeti and all his people; only they are not quite people you know, they are Esemkofu." I asked,

* "Nakau," a fatal disease amongst cattle, which of late years has spread greatly in Zulu. It is supposed by many to be caused by the Tsetse fly.

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"What are Esemkofu?" "An Esemkofu is a person who has been dead, and has been raised again by witches, who cut off his tongue, and so prevent him from talking and telling secrets; he can only utter a wailing noise—'Maieh! maieh!' and whenever any one hears that sound, if outside, he runs away; or, if in his hut, he eats medicine. Yes! very few people have been bewitched by the Esemkofu, because they don't like their duty, and always give notice with their warning cry." "What do you mean," I exclaimed, "by talking such nonsense to me? Do you think—" "Wait a moment, don't be in a hurry, listen to what I have got to say, first; remember you asked me to tell you the story. The Esemkofu is a very different thing from a man who has been dead, and is sent back by the Mahlose." "Are there, then, two kinds of people raised from the dead?" "Of course, there are people who have died and come back again in the proper way. My brother was one, and it was through him I went into that wood and saw what I was going to tell you about." "But tell me first about the Mahlose; what or who are they, and where are they?" "They are all the people who have died, whose breath has gone out of them. I don't know exactly what they are, or where they are, but they revisit the kraals that belonged to them, *in the form of a snake;* and whenever we see it, we sacrifice a beast; or, if we are sick in the kraal, or unfortunate in hunting, we know that our Ehlose (or familiar spirit) is angry, and we sacrifice to it, when all comes right again! My brother died and was 'flung away' in the usual manner. We dug a hole and sat him up in it, put in his blanket, his dress, his sticks, assegais and mat, beside him, covered him up, and left him. Next day we saw him walking up to the kraal. Of course we knew he had been sent back by the Mahlose, and bade

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him welcome. He told us that he had been in a fine country, where the corn and sugar-cane grew thick and tall, and the cattle were as fat as fat could be; and that he met a cousin of his, who had died a long time before, who told him to go back immediately, that instant, 'because,' said he, 'you will meet some one else just now if you don't, who will give you food, and then you must remain an Ehlose for ever.' 'I remembered nothing more,' my brother said, 'till I found myself lying on that hill. I looked at my legs and arms, said "*wow!*" and came home, thinking all the way, ah! what a delightful country I have been in.'" "Then why didn't he stay there?" I asked. "He couldn't, you know, after the Ehlose of one of his relatives had told him to go back." "And suppose he had met the Ehlose of a stranger, what would have been the consequence?" "Why, of course, just what his cousin told him; he would have given him food, he would have taken it, and he would then have been obliged to remain. And that accounts, you see, for so few coming back, for if you think of the number of people who have died, and then think how small the chance is that the first man you meet should be a relative." "Ah! I see," cried I, "well, go on with your story."

"My brother went about the kraal, but he seemed continually to mourn for the good things he had left; would speak to no one, and wandered about as if he did not belong to us. At last it began to be whispered that he must be an Esemkofu, as he never spoke, but constantly wailed; and the question was mooted whether he ought not to be killed. I objected to this on the grounds that it was well known to be impossible to kill an Esemkofu, and, therefore, if we put my brother to death it would be but a poor satisfaction to find that, after all, he was a real man. At last, it was

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agreed that I should take him to that wood—the Emagoodo—which was known to be haunted, and, if he fraternised with the others, it would set the matter at rest, and we should get rid of him from the kraal. To avoid giving cause for suspicion, I told my brother to get axes to cut wood; without saying anything he did so, and away we went—I, with fear and trembling; he seeming to care for nothing. I had heard that the wood was full of Zweeti's people, and that the '*Bayete*' ('King of Kings'—the greeting to majesty), was often heard mysteriously soughing through the trees; but I was determined to do what I could for my brother, and so if there was danger in the attempt, I must run the risk at all hazards.

"We entered the wood. When we had gone about ten paces, a sound, as if the wind was rising and moaning amongst the trees, began to be heard. Yet it was not altogether like wind, but dull and heavy, as if you could almost feel it. I looked towards my brother, but he seemed unconscious of anything peculiar. I cut a wattle. Immediately the sound increased in density—came nearer us, round us, over us, under us, and, I may say, in us; and amidst it I seemed to hear half-broken ejaculations of the human voice. I looked towards my brother; he seemed wakening up, more life was visible in his face. Cheered by this I cut another wattle. No sooner had my axe struck the wood than immediately were heard on all sides exclamations of surprise and anger; the sound increased in loudness, and a heavy pressure seemed to be upon me. I could scarcely breathe, and felt as if something was fingering my axe and assegais. I looked towards my brother; he evidently was now alive to his situation; terror was in his countenance, and he looked beseechingly towards me. Convinced now that he

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was no Esemkofu, I shouted aloud for joy, and struck one more blow at a tree. With the blow there came a rushing, irresistible force—like a great river after mighty rains—and from the midst we heard the angry exclamation—'Wow, wow! who comes here? Do they dare us?' Resistance was impossible—we never thought of it; something we could not see, but almost felt, twitched the axes and assegais out of our hands; there came at us, propelled by some unseen but powerful agency, showers of stones and branches of trees; but not one struck us. We were swept out of the wood in less time than I take to tell it, and when we reached the open country the angry spirits became reconciled, their furious attack ended, and even the faintest sound was inaudible.

"My brother was, of course, rehabilitated in his tribe—the ordeal being held to be perfectly complete and satisfactory, his humanity being held to be proved to a demonstration. But my brother took me severely to task for having been so foolhardy as to dare to enter such a place, which I must have known was full of Esemkofu. I answered him nothing, although I might easily have vindicated myself by telling him that thereby I had saved his life; but I wished to avoid raising unpleasant feelings in his mind against those who were now his friends. Ever after he was his old self again; but both of us have carefully avoided going near 'the haunted wood' again, or indeed speaking of it to each other."

It is scarcely necessary to say that I entered the wood, that I cut wattles there, and that I saw or heard nothing of all their wonders. But that did not shake his belief in them in the slightest degree, and he merely remarked that the *inhabitants*, knowing me for a white man who cared nothing

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for these things, did not trouble themselves about me. The legend, I may state, is implicitly believed in by the natives to this day. The pity is that belief in such fables is not confined to the Zulus!

V.—Ool Bombo.

The most remarkable feature of this country is the range of mountains known as the Bombo—a spur of the Drachensberg, running as nearly as possible due north and south.

They are not particularly lofty, being at no part, I should say, more than 1200 feet above the level of the sea. But the whole range on the west side rises abruptly out of the great plains of the Amatonga country. It is like a huge wall running across a plain. On the east side the ridges roll from the top, surge upon surge, down to a level with the country at its foot.

The climate is magnificent, always pleasantly hot or cool; even the north-east wind, which blows so hot and dry, on the top is soft and refreshing, as, from the quantity of timber, there is always a certain amount of moisture permeating the atmosphere, through the action of the sun on its leafy storehouse. The natives themselves declare that there is never any winter in the Bombo country, and I myself have seen the grass green and succulent in what was the middle of the winter season, although there had been no rain for several months, and there was nothing unusual or peculiar in the weather. *Hlatikoolo* (the forest) is the largest in those parts: its name signifies this—*Hlati* (bush), *Ikoolo* (large). It spreads over the broken country, constituting the top of the Bombo for many miles, and contains splendid timber. There is a romance connected with it of a Zulu

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King and all his army having been destroyed there; and who shall say that the Zulus may not have their legends, as well as the Teutons in their Hartz Mountains and Black Forests? The people—as if by climatic influence—are a much softer race than the Zulus, of whom they are mightily afraid, being constantly subjected to "harrying" on the slightest pretence, or on no pretence at all, by their warlike and rather unscrupulous neighbours.

I believe that, if the Zulus would permit it, the natives (I was almost calling them "Bombo-zines!") would be very glad to have a missionary settled amongst them. They fancy it would be—and they are quite right—a sort of protection to them; and a finer field for missionary enterprise I do not know. It is a sort of neutral territory; the people call themselves, and are called by the Zulus, Makenkani (nobody's people). On the east and north there is the whole Amatonga nation; and on the west and north there is the Amaswazi—none of whom are so wedded to old habits and customs as the Zulu. They have no old glories to look back to—nothing to confirm the impression upon their minds, as with the Zulus, that the customs under which they conquered every one around them must be the best possible, and that therefore Christianity would be of no advantage to them. Another sign of greater civilisation is that the men take their share in cultivating the ground, and the women are held in much greater respect than with the Zulus and Kaffirs generally.

These people obtain cattle, the riches of the South African, from the Zulus, in exchange for the produce of their labour, principally tobacco. Famine is unknown among them, whereas it is frequent in the Zulu, where only the women and girls hoe, the men thinking it *infra dig.* to do it, except,

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under compulsion, to the King. In short, the Zulus are the Spartans of this Greece. War they delight in, hardship they boast of, and they have reduced the neighbouring tribes to the condition of Helots, whose superiority in the peaceful arts and the production of food, they point to as only deserving of ridicule and contempt. The only blot upon the former is their extreme bloodthirstiness; but even for that I can scarcely blame them, for it is the custom of the country, and they know no better.

The view is magnificent. For many miles on either side stretch plains covered with mimosa trees. On the east the river Pongolo is seen winding away northwards, and, in the morning sun, it glistens like a silver ribbon, while the mist hanging on either side constitutes the fringe. In the far distance are seen the low sand-hills on the beach, and beyond, to the horizon, the peculiar haze which marks the Indian ocean. To the north and west, at a distance of about thirty miles, begin the lofty broken hills marking the conformation of the Zulu and Amaswazi countries; and again the Pongolo, coming from the westward, winding its way towards the break in the Bombo, through which it turns to the north.

The people also are of kindly disposition—a common form of expression with them being "*sneenesakakoko*" (friend of my grandfather). It is a courteous phrase, without very much in it, but sufficient to mark character.

Another peculiar custom among them is that the *nephew* always succeeds to the chieftainship. On asking the reason why, they give no other answer than that "it is the way of the people." Their conversation is about cultivation, trading, &c.—*pacific;* that of the Zulus of deeds of arms, hardships bravely endured, and glory attained—*warlike.* The dis-

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tinction is plain and evident between the conquerors and the conquered. These work at their homes—those disdain it; and yet get the Zulu into Natal and regularly harnessed, and he is worth two of the other.

VI.—A Night Round the Fire.

The scene round the fire, which I have before spoken of, is unique. Nowhere else than in "Wild life" could you hear, with anything like the same zest, the stories and adventures which companionship of the kind bring forth. Fancy six or eight young fellows, brimful of life and energy, underneath a bush, gipsy fashion, a bright fire, a brilliant starlit sky, a gentle, warm, balmy breeze blowing, each one "hungry as a hunter," and all about to satisfy their vulgar appetites; fancy that operation completed, and each "blowing a cloud" of the Virginian weed, grown in South Africa. Then the "jawing" commences; old scenes and recollections are brought up and talked over, and adventures of all sorts recounted; and, where there is so much reality in this way, it is unnecessary to draw on the imagination, for, besides, "truth is stranger than fiction" in "Wild life" in South Africa. Thus the night wears away, and when a halt is called, we are all surprised when we find it so long past bed-time.

"I say, Dick, how long have you been out?" "About seven years." "And you, Bob?" "Eight." "Ah! I beat you both; I've been nine years at it. You've been at it as long as I have though, Tom." "Who, me? Well, yes, something the same, I think. Who'd have thought it, when I left England, that I'd have been all these years among these blessed niggers." "I propose Tom gives us the history

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of his life," cries one, and there is a chorus of "hear, hear," and cheers, from the others. "Well, boys, I've no objection, only I won't begin at the beginning, Tristram Shandy fashion; for, as the Irishman said, although I was present when I was born, I can't recollect a circumstance about it, and it's of no use bothering you with how I got over my teething and "the distemper," so you must be content with a start from the time I left old Trinity." "Were you at Trinity?" "Yes, of course; I'm telling you so." "What year?" "185—." "Well, I was close to you, at Jesus College." "By Jove! were you? Do you remember ——." A chorus of malcontents interposed here, and requested a truce to these college reminiscences till the story was finished. "All serene! here goes for an opening. My father, gentlemen, who was a clergyman—." "We could easily tell that by the life you lead." "Give that fellow some coffee, Dick, for he's never quiet unless he's gourmandising." "Well, my governor told me, when I came from college, that I was big enough and ugly enough to do something for myself; and I elected to see the colonies. I needn't tell you that one learns precious little at college which he finds of much use to him when he has to fight his way in the world. Latin, Greek, and mathematics are excellent things in their way, no doubt; but when you get adrift in the world, and bring your college training into the market, ten to one but you find some son of a Scotch ploughman or weaver beating you out of the field with these very weapons, sharpened at some village school, the name of which is not even in your geography. The fact is, laying prejudices aside—and they are deucedly strong—the Scotch understand what is meant by education far better than we English. Excuse me, gentlemen, for this divergence; but the truth is, I always

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get funky when I get on this track. Well, as I was saying, I fixed on having a look at the colonies, and at last I chose Natal. It struck me that, as we were both young, we might pull better together. I needn't tell you about the passage and landing, and that sort of bosh; and I suppose you will believe me when I inform you that I at last arrived at my destination, and no sooner had I landed and it was known that I had a little 'tin,' and meant farming, than I had to hold a regular levee to meet those who had land for sale. It is a curious thing in Natal, but so I was solemnly assured by all these most disinterested gentlemen, that all the land is good, and all the situations accessible and pretty; and when a fellow has ever so many acres offered to him in freehold at a sovereign or so per acre, and thinks what a grand thing it is to be a landed proprietor, he is not quite so particular as he ought to be—at least I wasn't." (*Omnes*—"We agree with you, old fellow, we've sailed in the same boat.") "Well, I bought some land—so much, indeed, that I barely left myself cash enough to build a house, buy oxen, cart, and plough, and had nothing to keep me till the crop was gathered. Never mind, I thought, I'll plough and I'll plant, and live on tick in the meantime. Well, I ploughed and I planted, but, my friends, allow me to assure you that—" "You never reaped, I suppose." "Just so, you've hit my case exactly. It's no use going over a long story, but I got into debt, and had to sell off. Then I found that the fine land and beautiful situation I had paid so much for would not fetch half what I paid for it, unless I could catch some flat like myself and take him in and do for him; but I was too hard-up to wait for that. So away it all went, and after paying my debts I was left with a few pounds, which I soon spent in that pretty colonial occupation 'looking about me.'"

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"Did you come into the Zulu then?" "No, no; hold on a bit and I'll tell you how at last I got to that refuge for the destitute." "No names, if you please, Tom; for it is the most gentlemanly and independent calling going, is hunting and trading in Zulu-land, and 'Wild life' there, is always *pure life*." "All right, old fellow; but don't interrupt me, if you please. Well, at last I found that I had 'looked about me' to very little purpose, and was left without a rap. I didn't like to write home and tell them that I had made such a mess of it so very soon; so I asked a few fellows, I had got to know a little, if they could put me up to how and where I might get something to do. They could tell me of nothing but a baker's; and, although you may guess it wasn't much in my line, I determined to give it a try and do my best. I got the berth, with £4 a month and board and lodging. I worked away at it for about six months, kneading flour, making fires, sweeping the place out, and doing any odd job that came to hand. I wasn't very particular, and although it might seem scarcely the thing for a swell from old Trinity, I did my duty honestly and manfully. I was always writing to the governor that I was doing remarkably well, but had determined to learn baking, as it was a most useful accomplishment in a new country! The good old fellow believed it all, and I hadn't to ask him for money. However, I got tired at last; it was such devilish hot work, with the thermometer up to anything; and, hearing of a situation at a farm, I determined to apply, principally for the purpose of seeing if other people were any more successful than I had been. I got the place, and spent six months there, digging drains and that sort of rough work, and going into Maritzburg to have the ploughs mended. We used to dig splendid drains, then plough over them, and plant crops, which the

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locusts consumed. The M.'s gave it up at last as a bad job; and, as I had saved a trifle, I bought a few goods and came into the Zulu. You know all about me ever since, and there is one thing which, if you don't know, I'll tell you—*I've never regretted the step!*" "Hear, hear! I vote Tom a testimonial in the shape of a cup of coffee." "Bother! there's none in the kettle." "Throw something at that Kaffir and waken him up to cook some more." "Ah! Tom's case was nearly mine," says Dick, "only letters of introduction did for me." "How was that?" "Why, my friends made themselves so busy, and got me such a lot when I left, that I found myself in clover when I arrived here—at least as long as the money lasted. I had so many people who 'took an interest' in me, advised me against this and against that; this was doubtful and that was not sure; that I hung about idling till the tin went done, and at last found out that my truest friend was old W——— —to whom I had no letters, by-the-bye—for he gave me tick for a lot of goods, and it was thus that I came into the Zulu. You know old W——— surely?" "What! he that had the bet with B——— as to *who would sing the most songs?*" "That's him." "Which won," asks Bob. "Neither; they kept it up for three nights and two days, and then made a drawn battle of it." "Oh! nonsense." "It's a fact, though; ask Max there." "Yes," says Max, "it's quite true; another time too he made a bet with another queer stick as to who *should sleep the longest;* but when old W. went off he looked so death-like that the others got frightened and wakened him up, for which he refused to pay the bet." "And quite right too." Well, I am not so clear about that, for you see it was done for his benefit and by his friends to save his life, as they thought." Chorus of "Oh!" Turning to one of the party who is recovering from a touch of fever, and is lying

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alongside the fire wrapped in a blanket: "How are you now, old fellow." "Middling." "I think," says one, "Fred ought to turn a little *pail* this round, considering how often he has been reported to have 'kicked the bucket!'" "Yes," says the invalid, "I expect they will have me done for this time also; they seem determined not to believe that I'm alive." "No, I'm jolly sure they wont; but what are you to do when you return to your friends?" "Well, I suppose I must tell them that *I've been 'born' again!*" "That's not a bad *Natal* joke, and its evident you're getting better, my fine fellow."

A howl better known than liked is heard. "Hallo, there's a wolf, throw him a bone." "Yes, and put some arsenic on it first; you have some, haven't you, Max?" "All right, there's some in the waggon chest; take care though, as it isn't very well tied." "Look here," says the fellow who has mounted the waggon, "Max evidently means to poison us instead of the wolf; did you ever see such a careless beggar?" and he brings out a crumpled piece of paper, and displays it in approved Dr. Marigold style, "Here's what the arsenic or strychnine *was in*, but *now* it is mixed with the dishes, knives, forks, spoons, biscuits, beef, &c.; in fact, our pantry and store-room are worse than a score of Pritchard's." Grand chorus, reprobatory of Max, who takes it very coolly, and says he daresays Dick has just spilt it, "his fingers being all thumbs," but never to mind, as he won't use any of the things till he has cleaned out the chest. The wolf, however, has the bone thrown to him, and the conversation is just recommencing when "rumble, rumble, rumble," is heard above the clatter. "There goes a lion—hang him! do you mind when they cleared out my oxen at Puganyoni?" "Ah! and what a go we had at them with

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the Zulus." "Yes, that was a day." "What was it?" asks Bob. "Why, at the kraal the waggon was at, they were terribly troubled with lions; one night they broke in and killed six people and some goats. After that the niggers kept watch, having a fire on each side; notwithstanding that, they were daring enough to kill a lot of my oxen, which were tied up to the yokes. Next day the Zulus asked me to shoot them, to which I cheerfully agreed, especially as I was to be paid an ox for each lion shot. We went out, a regular army of us, and found the lions on the other side of a canal-like river. I fired and wounded one, who instantly charged, but the Zulus finished him in the water. It's no use going over the whole affair in detail to you fellows, who know all about that sort of thing, but we had famous sport." "Didn't you give him another shot?" "We had no time; those weren't the days of double-barrelled breech-loaders; and if you didn't do the business the first shot, you had to take your chance of a charge, and sometimes dodge, or cut and run." And so the conversation goes on, and thus the night wears away. I have been able to give but a faint representation of "A Night round the fire"—the fun and bye-play I cannot picture; indeed, most of the jokes would look very poor upon paper, and I daresay were not very bright, but we laughed at them from pure, healthy happiness of heart, in such a manner as would have delighted the big-wigs of *Punch*, had the jokes been theirs.

VII.—A Runaway Match.

There are several "Gretna Greens" for the Zulus. Those nearest the Tugela fly to Natal; those high up also get into Natal, across the Buffalo river; and those near the north,

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cross the Pongolo to the Bombo and Amaswazi countries. In no instance, however, do they fly to the north-east to Tonga land, the natives of which they hold in utter contempt, and describe as "dirty old women and witches." I may be excused for interpolating an instance of this. The Tongas are split up under a great many small chieftains, who all of them "put their hands" (pay homage or fealty) to the Zulus —some paying tribute to one chief and some to another. Not long ago a Zulu chief got permission to kill a small Tonga chief and his people, who had bewitched one of *his own Tongas* to death. He sent a small army, but when they arrived they found the whole district deserted, the Tongas having by some means got information of what was coming, and fled. Thus disappointed, the Zulus were returning home, when they stayed for a night at another Tonga's called Mangaleesa, who paid tribute to Masipula, another great Zulu chief. By some means the cry got up that Mangaleesa had given information of their coming to the other tribe, and during the night the Zulus set to work and killed the chief and most of his people. When I heard of this I asked if Masipula would not be very angry at having this source of revenue destroyed. "Yes," I was answered. "Would he not fight with Mapeeta?" "No! do you think the King would allow a dead Tonga to make work between two big people of the Zulu?" And that was all his regret!

To return to my story, from which I am a "runaway" myself. Angry and pursuing fathers, and danger of broken limbs from overturning coaches, driven recklessly by drunken postboys, were the principal risks incurred in "the good old times" by an attempt to get "o'er the borders and awa' wi' Jock o' Hazeldean," or somebody else, to get Hymen's chain rivetted by the blacksmith of "Gretna Green." In these

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degenerate times of railways, telegraphs, and reform bills, I don't know how they manage these things at home, never having ventured on a trial; but here in the Zulu a "Gretna Green" journey is attended with hardships and dangers sufficient to damp the courage of the most devoted lovers. In the first place, if caught, the man is killed to a dead certainty; but even should they escape from their pursuers, they both run a good chance of death in a flight to the North.

One night, while lying on one side of the hut, with about a dozen Zulus on the other side, who had come to *Ott-e-banhla* —a figurative expression, meaning literally to "heat themselves at the fire"—I being considered to be the fire, dispensing light and warmth around!—all chattering away, my attention was attracted by one fellow who had found an acquaintance in one of my hunters, and was describing to him how he had won his wife. I have inadvertently called them Zulus, but they were Bombo people—this one, however, was a Zulu, who had fled with his sweetheart and settled there. He described it capitally, and, one by one, the others became silent and listened to the story, so congenial to their nature.

Runaway matches, when they do happen in Zulu, come with a rush. So long as the young man has his girl to himself he is content; but, when a regiment has permission to marry, it takes all the supply in the country, of marriageable girls, to meet the demand of the dusky warrior Cœlebs' in search of wives, and thus the other young fellows are deprived of their sweethearts, and have consequently to wait till others grow up, unless they adopt active measures to overcome the difficulty by "a runaway match." The following is the little episode:—

"I had had two sweethearts, and both were taken away

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by 'Toolwan' (the name of a regiment): so when I got the third I determined not to lose her. After a good deal of persuasion on my part, she agreed to run away with me, and there only remained to be arranged the way it was to be managed, and whither we were to go. We spoke of Natal, but the great extent of Zulu to be traversed frightened us; consequently, although we had friends there, we agreed that it would be better to strike north for the Bombo, the distance being so much less, and the country more thinly peopled. It was decided that we should meet at a brook about ten miles from my kraal, and there make a start together. I got up in the morning and wanted to take my blanket, but my mother asked me where I was going to. I told her that I intended to visit some friends in the opposite direction. 'Why then,' she said, 'don't trouble yourself with your blanket, or people will say you're afraid of the cold, for young Zulus don't carry their blankets about with them when they go visiting.' To avoid suspicion I had to leave it, but I caught up a bit of girls'-cloth that was in the hut, and ran off with it laughing. On the road I had to pass some kraals where there were friends of mine, one of whom met me at the gate and insisted that I should go in and drink beer with him; and, as that is an invitation which no one thinks of refusing, I was obliged to go in, although very anxious, as you may suppose, to proceed to the place of meeting. While in the hut they asked where I was going to; I told them to a kraal where there were friends of mine. 'Why,' said they, 'this is not the road.' I answered, 'No, but I'm carrying this cloth to a girl.' They wanted me to stay all night, but I refused, and went away as rapidly as I could. I think, however, they knew what I was about, they 'chaffed' me so slyly.

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"I at last arrived at the place of assignation, and found my girl, true to her promise, anxiously waiting for me, but very much frightened at my long delay. I however soon soothed her by explaining the cause of the delay, and then, leaving the usual path, we started across the country.

"Night fell before we arrived at the last kraal ere you enter the long stretch of uninhabited country running to the Bombo. We were very hungry, I having had nothing that day but the drink of beer, and my poor girl nothing whatever; so we determined to try for some food. We dared not ask for it, because, as you know, they would have seized the girl and taken possession of her, whilst they would have killed me.*

"So I hid her, and went to see whether there was a chance of stealing any. The kraal, fortunately, was not very well fenced, which enabled me to creep quietly in and go upon my hands and knees, feeling for a pot with some mealies in it, as I knew there must be some about at that time. I could hear the people talking in the huts as I crawled past, and I was in momentary fear that the dogs would discover me, but fortunately they did not. At last I found what I was in search of, and took them to my girl, when, after having satisfied our ravenous appetites, we started again on our journey, carrying the remainder with us. You know the kraals I speak of. They are situated on a high hill, from which you descend to the wooded flats of the Bombo. Well, when we had got about half way down, my heart suddenly told me not to go further, and I said to the girl, 'Let us go back a little and stay till morning.' She replied, 'No; let us get far away before morning;' but I refused, and went

* Such is the law, and it is rigidly carried into practice, as a girl is a very valuable "chattel" in the marriage market.

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back. The influence of my Ehlose was strong that night. We had not gone up again but a few steps when a lion commenced roaring within a few yards of where we had stood—quite close, as close as that door—and answering him, others at the foot of the hill made up a pretty chorus. 'Wow!' said I to the girl, 'get up this tree.' I helped her up; then took post at the bottom with my shield and assegais. It was a pitch-dark night, and I could hear the lions snuffling and growling all round about me, and a more unpleasant night I never spent. Morning came at last, when we ate the mealies in sight of the kraal we had stolen them from, and then marched off merrily for the Bombo; for our hearts were full of happiness, because we had escaped not only from the Zulus, but also from the lions; and we felt that our difficulties and dangers were now near an end. When we arrived near our destination, Lamban, the Bombo chief, married us, and gave my wife a pick, and an axe, and a hut to live in; and here we are settled as Makekani for the rest of our days."

The last words were given with a half sigh, as if, amid all his happiness in the land of his adoption, a feeling of home sickness would steal over him, and induce him to regret that even "a Runaway match" should have been the cause of his expatriation from his beloved Zulu-land.

VIII.—A Buffalo Hunt in the Water.

There is one red day in my calendar, which will never fade from my recollection—a day upon which we started with quite a small army of natives with a firm resolution to "do or die!" For years afterwards the Zulus spoke of it as an era in their hunting life, and I myself often look back upon it as a day worth any fifty in a town.

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We were all marching along in single file, "and the boldest held his breath for a time," for there was not a word spoken; when, suddenly, to our right was heard the thundering noise and vibration, and was seen the dust raised by the stampede of a herd of buffaloes. It was a call to skirmish, and was answered with much greater promptitude than that of the bugle. In a moment the Hlangi* was alive with people, running in all directions, some toward the sound, some ahead, some behind, and in five minutes' time my hunters' guns spoke out, and two fine animals "bit the dust."

In the confusion I got separated from my hunters, having followed another herd on my own account, with a tail of about twenty Zulus. After walking about two miles we lost the track, or rather gave in, as we had passed all the thick clumps of bush, in which the natives expected the buffaloes to have taken refuge. "It's of no use going further," said they, "for they have crossed the Pongolo." This made me look towards the river, and there they were, sure enough, on the sand in the bed of the stream; but nearly on the other side of it. The river is about seventy yards wide, with high reedy banks, principally shallow, but with deep pools here and there. At the ford, from constant crossing of game, the banks were very much broken down; and, for a distance of several hundred yards, this was the only place where large game, like buffaloes, could get out.

I ran down, under shelter of the reeds, and fired at a splendid bull which stood nearest the bank on the other side; the commotion was instantaneous and tremendous. "Ba-a-a-a!" cried the poor animal as he fell; those behind pressed forward, those in front wheeled round, thinking the shot came from the bank nearest them, and at last the whole

* Country covered, but not very thickly, with minosa bush.

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herd of about three hundred plunged into the deep water below the ford, and tried in vain to ascend the steep banks on either side. The natives dashed across the river further down and guarded the other bank, and the noise of my firing having brought my hunters to my assistance, there we had them fairly dominated in a sort of pond, some parts of which were shallow enough to allow them to get a footing.

We soon fired away all our bullets, and then we took to the assegai, and engaged them at close quarters in the water. The scene which ensued baffles description—the excitement and shouts of the natives, the bellowing and madness of the game, the whole pond being in one whirl of constant motion —the buffaloes being bad hands at the water. You would see one old bull facing defiantly three or four enemies who were pegging away at him, up to their shoulders in water, while another would gently swim up in the deep water behind, and send his spear home to a vital part, then round goes the bull and down goes the native; the bull swims about a little, then gets his depth again to have the same process repeated, till, being utterly exhausted and mortally wounded, he becomes an easy prey to the spoiler. Once, when about a dozen of them were swimming up under the the reeds, one fellow tried to lean over the bank and stab one *en passant*, but the earth gave way and down he plunged amongst them head foremost with such a yell; in a few moments he reappeared, much to our amusement, careering on buffalo-back down the river, doubtful about holding on, but fearing to let go, and roaring as if he were being carried off by a water kelpie. Another, drawing cautiously near to the reeds, was suddenly met *vis-a-vis* by an old bull, which had somehow managed to struggle up the bank, and, as he turned to run ignominiously, he received such an impetus

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from the infuriated animal as sent him clean over into the deep water, fortunately none the worse for the plunge, if we except the dreadful fright he got. These slight sketches of a few of the incidents of the day may help the reader to imagine something of the extraordinary and exciting scene, but it is impossible to paint or describe it. At last, however, we stood upon a sandbank, thoroughly exhausted, and, because we really couldn't help it, allowed the remainder of the herd to go. They struggled up, one here, one there, completely blown; and in a quarter of an hour all was again silent on the river, and, except for our trophies, there was nothing to indicate that there had so recently been "a buffalo hunt in the water."

IX.—A Few Odds and Ends about the Zulus.

If any of the cattle paid for a wife die during the year, they must be replaced. If the wife should die during that period, the cattle can be reclaimed; but that is generally arranged by a sister being sent—as expressed in their own figurative language—"to raise up the house of her that is dead."

Intimately connected with, and in fact arising out of, marriage amongst the Zulus, is the custom of "Hlonipa." When a mother in-law meets her son-in-law, she will not speak to him—she will hide her head and breasts that suckled his wife. If she meets him on the road where she cannot turn away, and she have no covering, she will tie a piece of grass round her head as a sign that she Hlonipa's. All correspondence has to be carried on through third parties. A wife will not mention the name of any of her husband's male relations; she will not even say the name of

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her husband's father if you ask her; and any word in which the sound of her father-in-law's name occurs, she will alter; and so also will a whole tribe alter any word in which the name of their dead chief occurs; for instance, one of the King's (Panda) wives will not say "Enzani" (what are you doing?), but "Enkani," because Panda's father was "Enzenzengakona," and they rather injure the sense than risk the euphony. One chief's people will not say "Manzi" (water), but "Mata," because their chief's father's name was "Manzini." The higher the rank the more strictly is the etiquette observed, and in consequence the language is ever altering, as they are continually manufacturing new terms, and puzzling the most learned pundits in the Kaffir language.

Another matter I would touch upon is polygamy. I am not quite sure whether it may be considered out of place in sketches of this kind; but as it is a matter of the most vital importance to the colony, and as I have had peculiar advantages and opportunities for gaining a thorough acquaintance with Kaffir habits and feelings, I am inclined to think that I shall be excused for not keeping my light hid under a bushel.

Much has been said and written, especially in the colony, on this subject; and one portion of the press has, without regard to time and place, constantly advocated its abolition. It is scarcely necessary to say that I agree with it, in so far that *polygamy is an evil;* but in abolishing a long-rooted custom you must take the same care as in transplanting a long-rooted tree. Do it roughly and inconsiderately by the strong hand in the one case, and the tree fades and dies; in the other the people *fight* and die. The simile holds good still further, for in the one case you seek to remove, for the

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purposes of improvement, use, and ornament; in the other case the alteration would improve and render more useful; and I fancy that there can be no greater ornament to a country than a savage people civilised *and* Christianised—mark, not *vice versa*—by those who have come over the sea to make it their home. Why, then, in the name of common-sense, take a course which would kill the tree and exterminate the people, and during the process would produce incalculable misery to all? Whenever an instance happens of a girl being compelled to marry a man she doesn't like, it is blazoned forth with all pomp and circumstance; every item of cruelty described in heart-rending language and most sensational manner, and the whole wound up by an indignant protest against, and an imperative demand for, the abolition of polygamy, as if, forsooth, there were nothing of the kind ever heard of in civilised England, and that "forced marriages" were peculiar to South Africa. There is a distinction without a difference in the *modus operandi*—the one people using the stick, pure and simple; the other, cruelties more refined and subtle, but none the less cruel for all that. The Zulu girl is spoken of by rabid anti-polygamists as a mere chattel with no will of her own, and liable to be sold to the highest bidder. It is the same in Zulu as in England—the greatest fortune stands the best chance; but amongst the middle classes, if the girl refuses an offer, her parents, with few exceptions, do not attempt compulsory measures.

Supposing that an attempt were made to abolish polygamy and the purchasing of wives, there would be three distinct classes of opponents amongst the natives to be met with and disposed of. The young men would say "Yes, abolish the practice of payment, and let us take as many wives as we

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like; but what would be the use of one wife only? Supposing she falls sick, what a pretty fix we would be in, for who could do the work?" The old men would say, "No! our wealth consists in our daughters; we paid for other men's, why then prevent us from getting cattle for our's? Our position in society depends upon the number of our wives; why then prevent us from obtaining as many as we can pay for? Is there any harm to you, in plenty of wives for us?" The women would be the bitterest opponents of all; they would say, "I will not marry a poor man, who will only have one wife. Why should I? when I can marry so and so, who has twenty; besides, one wife makes hunger in a kraal." Looking at the question in its whole bearings, carefully and candidly, without prejudice one way or the other, and being thoroughly acquainted with the symptoms and effects of this disease of the body-politic, I prescribe as follows:—Tax each wife beyond the first, but not so heavily as to raise a spirit of resistance; the proceeds of this tax to be applied by Government to establishing good schools throughout the country, where the native children would be taught trades, as well as letters; and I am satisfied that the natives would offer little or no objection to the tax, if the purposes to which it was to be applied were explained to them. As Paramount Chief, the Governor has a right, by native law, to claim what children he requires for his servants. Let the Government then, acting on this law, which the natives will not object to, exercise a gentle despotism, and compel as many children as can be taught to be sent to these schools; let them even pay each pupil a trifle, which would be well laid out, and have the children bound for a term of years. Let *civilization* be the great thing aimed at in their teaching, and let the lesson be

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sharply and unmistakably taught; thoroughly impress upon them how completely *inferior* they are to us; and, when the conceit is well taken out of them—for, while they are proud, they are very sharp—*then* "train them up in the way they should go." Avoid by every means "humanity-mongering," and that pernicious sentimentalism which teaches and preaches that all men are brothers, and on an equality; but "Educate, educate, educate!"—not "Agitate, agitate, agitate!"—for the *gradual* abolition of polygamy. Missionary work is all very well, and no doubt good fruits have been produced occasionally through the efforts of *judicious* missionaries; but it must be obvious that an *educated* native is much more likely to perceive the truths, and appreciate the beauties of Christianity, than the untutored savage; and yet the system goes on, like a useless salve, which glozes over without healing the sore, so apparently indeed, that "Missionary Kaffirs" have become a byword and a reproach, and are considered the greatest rascals in the colony!

The Kaffirs are very epigrammatic in their speech, which arises no doubt from the meagreness of their language. I will quote one instance which struck me particularly when I heard it. We were coming home after a ten days' walk; the last morning we started without anything to eat, and, while tramping along, one fellow made the remark that he was hungry, and it was a long way to the kraal we were bound for; then we had silence for a little, when suddenly another turned and spoke—"Bah-pa, yes; travelling is belly." "Yes," says the other fellow, "belly!" and no more was said; but what more was required? I couldn't help laughing at the quaintness and completeness of the little dialogue; but the poor fellows didn't see the fun of it.

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The whole Zulu nation, as at present constituted, is broken up into little tribes; the remnants of those conquered by Chaka. Each tribe has its "Esebongo," or name of thanks; for instance, one tribe is called Emtetwa, or scolders; another Niaow, or foot; another Zungu, or weariness; and when the chief makes a present of anything to one of his people, they will say, "Yes, father; yes, Zungu;" or "Yes, Emtetwa," as the case may be. Each of these tribes has its peculiar habits and customs; for instance, one, "Mat-e-enja" (dog's spittle), will not eat goat-flesh, because they always leave a goat on the grave of their dead. When any one dies they bury him, and over his grave they spread out his mat, blankets, &c., and on the latter they place a goat, then go away and leave it. They say the goat never deserts the spot, but grazes about, and on the fourth day dies. If they eat any part of a goat unawares, they are seized with epilepsy and die. Even the young children in the kraal, who are too young to know anything of this, when a piece of goat-flesh is given to them, will not eat it, but carry it in their hands for a little, and then throw it away; and, be it remembered, that meat is their greatest dainty!

The greatest difficulty in writing about native superstitions and customs is, that although you may describe the peculiar custom or superstition itself, yet you cannot give any satisfactory reason for it. If you ask a Kaffir why he does so and so, he will answer—"How can I tell? It has always been done by our forefathers." They have a custom which was at one time prevalent in Scotland—viz., piling cairns of stones at certain spots as mementos of particular events. I remember, on one occasion, travelling along with the waggon, when the leader of the oxen picked up a stone, spat upon it,

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and then threw it upon a heap of others; then the driver got down and did the same. A few yards further on there was another heap, where the same process was repeated. I inquired why they did it, when I got the answer quoted above. I asked if it was not because some witch had been killed there? The reply was—"Very likely, but we don't know; only, wherever a heap like that is seen, we must add a stone to it, otherwise something unpleasant is sure to happen." Another peculiar custom is, that when any big man marries his daughter off, he always sends one or more handmaids with her, according to rank, who are called "Umshanells" (broom). The husband may marry them too, if he pleases, but the offspring of this "morganatic marriage" does not take the same rank as the others.

Their superstitions are legion. I despair of enumerating them. In hunting, if on starting they meet a female of any kind, they consider themselves certain of success; but if it should be a male, they are just as certain of having bad luck. Certain kinds of animals and birds crossing their path are lucky, and others the reverse. When they kill game of any kind, they immediately tie a knot on the tail, in order to prevent the meat from giving them the stomach ache! If, when hunting, they fire twice or thrice without killing, they will turn back, saying their Ehlose, or familiar spirit, is bad that day, and therefore it is of no use wasting powder and shot. If they sneeze, they don't say exactly "God bless you," but something very like it, such as "Yes, father; may my way be clear, and my path smooth," or something of that sort. Dreams they are devout believers in, and they will curiously turn and twist any event of the day, so as to make it coincide with the vision of the night. In one tribe, whenever a mother leaves her child for a few moments, she

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will squeeze a few drops of milk over its head, breast, and back; in another, she will spit on its hands; in a third, she will put a piece of clay on its head—each of which is considered by the operator as an effectual charm and protection while "The baby was sleeping" in its mother's absence.

When in battle two men are fighting, their snakes (Mahloze) are poetically said to be twisting and biting each other overhead. One "softens" and goes down, and the man, whose attendant it is, goes down with it. Everything is ascribed to Ehlose. If he fails in anything, his Ehlose is bad; if successful, it is good—a very convenient doctrine, which I recommend to Dr. Manning's attention, as in no case is blame attached to, or acknowledged by, the man. It is this Thing which is the inducing cause of everything. In fact, nothing in Zulu is admitted to arise from natural causes; everything is ascribed to witchcraft or the Ehlose.

Their system of government is peculiar. The king is presumed to be proprietor of everything—people, land, and cattle—all being at his disposal for gift, for life, or for death; and this is actually the practice, under certain recognised rules or laws. No one can be killed but for some offence, although, of course, if the King wishes to kill him, the offence is usually not difficult to find. The cattle of any one killed become the property of the king, but there are certain recognised portions which go to his captains, and from them again to their people. If the king wishes to make war, he is supposed to do so of his own accord, yet the consent of his captains is required. He is despotic, but his despotism must not transgress known laws; in fact, as it has been well said by the Rev. Mr. Shaw in his "Story of my Mission," "The chief or king is all powerful to preserve things as they are, but not to alter; as the king governs

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the nation, so does each chief his people, and each head man his kraal."

All the tribes in South Eastern Africa seem to have had one common origin, and it would be interesting, as far as possible, to trace their descent. The data are neither positive nor extensive; but the more I see of their habits and customs, the more strongly do I incline to the opinion, that they originally, and, comparatively speaking, at no very distant period, migrated from the Northernmost parts of Africa, and I would even go as far as Asia for their origin. The question of the lost ten tribes of Israel is too abstruse and dark a one for me to enter into, and besides, it would far exceed the limits of these Sketches, to give such a minute description of their little ways and peculiarities, which would be utterly uninteresting, except for the purpose of supporting such an ethnological hypothesis, and I therefore, in the meantime, merely suggest the idea, and leave to a future and more appropriate occasion the elucidation of it.

The natives have absolutely no traditions as to religion or origin, except the Ehlose, and one confused idea about Inkulumkulu, which may be translated "the big one of all." The first man, who they say "tore them out of the reeds;" *Uhlanga*, literally "reed," they use for "custom." For instance, any peculiarity in a tribe they account for by saying it is our "reed" or *custom*. They never try to arrive at the causes of things; even the names of their kraals or their chiefs, or the king's kraals, they can seldom give you an interpretation of. They say "it is a name." "But what is the *meaning* of the name?" "How should we know? it is just a name." You ask again "What do you think the sun is?" "Oh, it is just the sun." "Yes, but what do you *think* it is?" "How should we know, the sun is the

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sun, and the moon is the moon—they shine." One fellow, however, said he heard there was a great fire somewhere in the sea, where the sun and the moon rise from; and that a spark sprang from the fire, stuck in the sky, grew and grew till mid-day, and afterwards faded away, and that was the sun! The moon they thought was a hole in the heavens. What the firmament was they could not comprehend.

X.—A Kaffir Hunter's Story.

To "Wild life," with all its freedom and enjoyment, there is, not unfrequently, a tragic side, caused in many cases by quarrels between Kaffir hunters. When a batch of them are sent away from their masters with guns and ammunition, many a tragic scene is enacted. No cognisance can be taken of them by any court of justice, the quarrels and crimes usually taking place out of the colony, consequently they establish rough courts amongst themselves, and administer a sort of Lynch law; the only two punishments recognised by which being a thrashing, and what is called the last penalty of the law. No one who is not intimately acquainted with the ways and habits of the Kaffir hunter, and who has not frequently mixed with and lived among them in "Wild life," can know anything of these incidents; for when, on returning to the colony, inquiry is made about any missing man it is the simplest thing in the world to place the blame on the broad shoulders of an elephant or a buffalo, and no more is said about it. I speak now, be it understood, of an earlier period of the history of the colony than the present, when the whites were few and far between, and Kaffir lives, owing to the feeling induced by recent wars, were thought

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of small consequence; and besides, as lives of both blacks and whites were risked every day in many ways, the loss of one was an incident merely, and nothing more.

Those unused to "Wild life" are very apt to consider stories of this kind exaggerated; and more than probably I may get the credit of exaggeration; but, as such has been the fate of even the greatest of those who have gone before me, in describing savage countries and "Wild life," I am content to take my chance in such goodly company, merely premising that what I describe in these Sketches I have either seen with my own eyes, or have every reason to believe in their truth.

Many times have I heard the hunters, in talking to one another, say that so and so was dead; and, on being asked what he died of, the answer would invariably be "I don't know," but said in such a peculiar manner that the questioner would immediately respond with an appreciative "Ah!" long drawn out. I had noticed this several times, and never could manage to get any explanation, until at last I prevailed upon one who had been in my service for several years, and the result of his confidence was the following story:—

"There were fifteen of us crossed the Tugela together, and Dugusa was our captain. We were bound for the Umsuto, the river near Delagoa Bay, where we had heard elephants were in plenty, while nearer at hand they were scarce and wild, having been so much shot. You must know that the Amatongas, the people down there, are a very cowardly lot; for, whatever may be the case now, in those days they would submit to anything from the hunters, who would take their girls for wives, and eat up the food in their kraals, and for payment would thrash or shoot them. The consequence was that when the hunters came to the kraals

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the inmates used to run away, so that at last they could get no one to assist them in carrying the ivory out.

"Our master when we left, seeing this difficulty, gave us some beads and knives, and warned us to behave properly to the people, pay for what we could with meat, and when we failed to kill any animals, to use the goods he had given us; and he wound up by saying that he would hold Dugusa responsible, and that he would be sure to find out if we did anything wrong, as he would be down in the country himself in the winter.

"On the road we began talking about our instructions, and all agreed to follow them out, except one fellow, who had been down there before. He said he meant to be comfortable, and would take some wives when he arrived there. Dugusa told him he should do no such thing. 'Who will prevent me?' 'I will.' 'Then I'll go off by myself and leave you.' 'You shall go without your gun, then.' And this was the beginning of ill-feeling between them, which was occasionally breaking out all the way to the Umsuto. None of us liked the man, and several of us warned Dugusa to be cautious, and keep a good watch on the fellow; but he only laughed, and said, 'Wait till he really does something, and then you will see if I don't put him to rights.' Poor fellow! when that something was done, it was too late.

"We reached the Umsuto and built our hut, which was no sooner done than it began to rain. The captain of a lot of hunters is only captain while they are hunting, or in giving directions about the district to shoot in, and how to hunt it. After the hunt, and in the kraal, his authority depends very much upon the kind of man he is, and the amount of deference which the others may be inclined to

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pay him. It may be said of him that he has only a voice, albeit a potent one, in all matters except hunting; but in that, as representing the master, he is all powerful. While in our hut, of course, we were all thrown together like cattle in a kraal, and with just about as much comfort. It is at these times that bad blood is engendered and aggravated, which, in the excitement of a hunt, with the deadly materials in one's hands, frequently breaks out with tragical results; and so was it in this case. The two I have spoken of quarrelled and scolded day after day, so much so that we all predicted that something serious would be the result. At last the weather cleared up, and we were all started off to try the bush, which was close by. Our instructions from Dugusa were that two were to remain with him, and the others were to go right round the bush, dropping two at regular intervals, until it was surrounded, and then all were to enter simultaneously. Just as the last two were getting to their place, we all heard a shot, and immediately the trumpeting and crashing of elephants. They broke out in a troop, not having been separated, and got away with only a flying shot or two sent after them. Dugusa immediately came running round, angrily inquiring, 'Who did this?' and soon found out that it was Umgona, the fellow I have been speaking of, when he at once felled him, and the others having closed in on him and taken his gun from him, he was prevented from doing further mischief. He rose up bleeding and muttering vengeance, and walked off to the hut, we following close at his heels, expecting to see the quarrel renewed when he arrived there. But, no! he had washed his face and seemed very penitent, asking for his gun back, and promising to behave better for the future. Dugusa gave it to him, saying. 'Ah! I thought I would

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mend him.' But we all had our doubts about it, although we said nothing.

"It came on to rain again, and the river rose very high. We were all crowded together in the hut, cold, wet, and hungry, and by no means good tempered, when one of us, happening to go out, saw a file of elephants making for the river, with the evident intention of crossing. He came back instantly with the news, and Umgona said he would go and watch them. Dugusa agreed, but told him to leave his gun. 'No,' replied he; 'no one walks without his stick, so I will take it with me, but will be careful not to frighten them.' All agreed, warning him to be cautious, which he promised to be. After he went away the others began to get their guns and ammunition in order, when, just as they were preparing to start, they heard a shot. 'Umgona again,' cried Dugusa, and rushed out, we following at some little distance. We saw Dugusa run up to Umgona in a threatening manner; we saw Umgona raise his gun and fire; we saw Dugusa fall, and we heard the bullet whistling past us. We arrived in time to prevent Umgona from throwing Dugusa into the river, to which he was dragging him, not having seen us coming up. Dugusa was dead! What was to be done? We first tied the murderer, who maintained a dogged silence; and we counselled with one another as to what should be done. Some proposed to take him to Natal; others objected, on the reasonable grounds that we could not take him through the Zulu country as a prisoner, and that, if we once let him go, we should never see him again; others, again, proposed that he should be handed over to Dugusa's relations, who were with us, to do as they liked with him. This was objected to by some, because, they said, it was throwing the duty of his punish-

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ment on a few, which they were all bound to execute. At last, after a great deal of talk, it was agreed that we should do nothing that night, but tie him up and watch him till the morning, when we should again deliberate what to do.

"Next morning, before the sun had risen from its bed in the sea, we had resumed the discussion; and, after long and anxious deliberation, it was resolved that the culprit should be given up to the friends of Dugusa, and that they should carry out the sentence of death, to which we unanimously condemned him. They therefore took possession of the prisoner, and, after a short consultation amongst themselves, they proceeded to carry the sentence into effect in a manner which, to us, accustomed to see many a dreadful death, seemed the very refinement of cruelty. The living murderer was taken and bound to his dead victim, face touching face, and hand tied in hand, and then slowly, and in solemn silence, the dead and the living, clasped in this horrible embrace, were carried to the bank of the river. We heard one fearsome cry, and the swollen waters closed over, and buried the victims of this double tragedy!"

XI.—Making the Most of it in "Wild Life."

Among all the benefactors of humanity, I reckon Charles Dickens one of the chiefest; and among his many delightful characters who really "point a moral and adorn a tale," Mark Tapley is one of my special favourites, because over and over again, when, in "Wild life"—aye, even in civilised life—I have been beset by apparently inextricable dangers and difficulties, Mark's philosophy of common sense, self-reliance, and good nature has come to the rescue, and carried me through it all victoriously.

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It is really wonderful how comfortably one can get through the world, and how little is positively necessary for enjoyment, if a fellow lays his mind to "make the most of it," and, like Mark Tapley, resolves to be "jolly under any circumstances." In "Wild life" I find unfailing solace, in wet weather, in my books and my pipe, and "many a time and oft" have I (in my Livy), albeit as hungry as a hawk, made a sumptuous repast off the delights of Capua, and the hardships of the Saguntines and Tarentines have induced me to endure my own miseries with more equanimity. It affords great fun, too, to stand up in the waggon and, book in hand, gravely spout Shakespeare to the natives. If you keep your countenance well, they will take it very seriously, and when you have finished they will, like your learned critic at home, sagely nod their heads, look wise, and say, "It is good, very good, only—*is he a missionary?*" One line my Kaffirs have got hold of, which they seem to enjoy exceedingly, because, I suppose, "it feels grand," as poor Artemus Ward said. "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?" They seem to have a glimmering of the meaning of it, and they lug it in on every opportunity, with studied dramatic effect, especially to the Zulus, who generally appreciate it, and say, "Yes, it is very nice;" and then my fellows are quite proud at being able to display such very superior knowledge. The query has frequently suggested itself to my mind on such occasions: "Is there not a good deal of this ignorant pride and show otherwheres than in Zulu-land?" I wot there is; and as I "cram" my Kaffirs, so are others "crammed" by the banks of the Cam and the Isis, and elsewhere; and with very similar results too!

Then, when the raining powers are omnipotent, you esconce yourself under the awning of your waggon, and pull

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away at your favourite meerschaum, watching the smoke as your imagination shapes it into all manner of eccentricities, and commence to "build castles in the air." Now, this sort of thing I consider to be decidedly luxurious, and a very jolly way of enjoying the *dolce far niente;* and I cannot help saying commend me to "Castles in the Air," for I look upon the privilege of building them as a great, glorious, and *free* institution. For instance, now, while in the position described, I think over these Sketches—something noteworthy I have that day seen, and am turning over in my mind how it may be best described. From one thing, I am insensibly led on to another; from composing these Sketches to transcribing them; from transcribing to posting them; and to their reception by the editor, and there my fancy runs away with me entirely. I picture to myself a liberal cheque, pleasant thanks and profuse praise; the fame of a Dickens or a Bulwer; people wondering who wrote that first-rate thing "Wild Life," and myself walking through the throng, proudly conscious of being "the great unknown;" and, for an hour or two, "Lord bless you," as Tommy Traddles says, "I'm just as happy as if I had them!"

I don't think either that these imaginary building speculations are in any way hurtful to anybody; for my part, I always find that the waking to reality—and, mind, you must wake to it some time or other—spurs me on to try and realise the pleasant dream. Therefore, I'll never, without protest, hear a word against *Chateaux en Espagne;* and, if anyone will give me such a property *in reality*—I'll—I'll—why, I'll send some one to look after it, and remit me the rents, whilst I indulge in "Wild life" in the Zulu, and otherwise, as it seemeth good to me. But if I can't be a landed proprietor in the country of "pronunciamentas," of active

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revolutions and passive debt, of bigoted religionists and exemplary queens; then, with the "Castles in the Air" which, with the help of my pipe, I can build in my waggon, and the stern realities of this work-a-day world, I shall learn to be content.

In "Wild life" everything is free and easy, and the absence of starch is something perfectly delightful. In your intercourse with the natives, only a simulating prude would pretend to be shocked; but "to the pure all things are pure!" and, although *appearances* may be against them, there is nothing immodest about the natives, because of their entire ignorance of anything like obscenity or grossness.

I feel impelled to say a word or two *en passant* about Starch. Possibly it may be the effect of the climate, but I don't like starch. I dislike it on Dr. Johnson's principle; I can't say I *hate* it, but I don't like it. I dislike it particularly in my clothes; it seems to give a false position to everything it touches, whether it be a man, or a lady's dress. For instance, there is Mr. Meff. Istoffyles, yellow's the white of his eye, he has a down look, a flat nose. He is known to stick at nothing to effect his purpose, lies and swears to it, falsifies statements, makes use of his own power and that of those whom he can influence, to oppress any one who may have the honesty and courage to expose his dishonest nature. Yet, by sheer force of "starch," this man is not only tolerated in society, but is even looked up to as a sort of moral Turvey-drop! A *starched* beard and hair, ditto coat, waistcoat, continuations, and demeanour, cover present rottenness and scurvy antecedents. But, bother starch, and all its votaries, for they are "always crossing my path!"

It is no doubt a perfectly gratuitous assertion on my part to say that printing has been of immense benefit to mankind.

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Of course it is needless to attempt to prove such a self-evident proposition; but I wish, nevertheless, to record my own personal gratitude to the inventors, for it is impossible for those who travel in a savage country, far away from the haunts of men, to prevent this feeling from frequently recurring to their minds. I don't speak of books merely, or of popular works, but of every, or any printed thing, for in "Wild life" the merest trifle is often a God-send, and is valued accordingly.

It is not so very long since that, while travelling far in the interior, with absolutely nothing in the shape of a book, or even a missionary magazine to read, I was so fortunate as to have a piece of beef sent to me wrapped in a *Daily Telegraph* newspaper. It was really food for both mind and body, and "I speak the words of truth and soberness" when I say that I devoured the paper with even more relish than the meat which it enclosed, although, sooth to say, my larder was reduced to its last extremity at the time.

"The great pennyworth," had rather too much of the *couleur de rose* in some places, as may naturally be supposed, from the purpose to which it had been applied, but was rather the better of that than otherwise, because it rendered the task of deciphering more difficult, and thus protracted the pleasant occupation; and as, for this reason, I could not bolt the savoury morsel, I was compelled to "read, learn, and inwardly digest" it the more leisurely; and, looking out for a shady nook, I set to work to enjoy the intellectual feast, and commenced operations in a systematic manner.

Starting from "the Telegraph dial," I went straight on through the theatre advertisements, enjoying "in my mind's eye" the syren notes of the *prima donna*, and took a peep into the somewhat grotesque mirror which is professed to be

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held up to Nature on the stage, and in which it would be somewhat difficult to "see oursel's as ithers see us." I discussed the editor's politics, and was astonished at his descending to such Billingsgate in his abuse of Mr Disraeli, and "concluded" that the Asian mystery was past the comprehension of even the clever editor of the *Telegraph*. I then proceeded on and on till I arrived at the *imprimatur*, and again and again returned to my feast; speculating, as I went along, over the various advertisements, picking out the estates I should like to buy, the furniture with which I should plenish "that desirable mansion," and the pictures and vertu with which I should decorate it; the books I should like to read, and the tours I should like to take; and, in imagination, I seemed to enjoy them all. I wondered at the various notices in Chancery, and whether, under another name, there might not be a prototype of "Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce." The law and police courts induced me to philosophise upon the comparative advantages and disadvantages of savagedom and civilization, and I came to the sage conclusion that "much could be said on both sides!" The "wind-bags" of Parliament, and the "spouters" at that institution for letting off the steam—the public meeting—made me think that if less notice, or none at all in many cases, were taken by the papers of your bore with the *cacoethes loquendi*, we would be less bothered with them; for it is unquestionable that the vanity of knowing that "a chiel's amang them takin' notes, an' feth he'll prent them," is the inducing cause of more than a half of the speechifying with which this age is afflicted. The letter of the Paris correspondent amused me exceedingly, with its self-complacent egotism, so pleasant withal; and the ubiquitous Sala too, playing with words and phrases as a Japanese juggler does with his magic tops and butterflies!

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Before the day was half over I feared I had exhausted the sheet; but it happened that I noticed a corner turned down, and flying at it greedily, my anxiety was rewarded with this one line:—

"Where is Spikins?"

This rather curt advertisement, which if the proverb holds good must be *witty*, afforded me employment for the rest of the afternoon. "Methought," as the *Spectator* used to say, that "Where is Spikins" might cover a multitude of feelings; and that, under this simple query, what a tragedy, what sorrow, what love-lorn plaint might be hid; or it might be some comedy or broad farce. However it might be, I managed to construct a very nice little romance, *a la* Wilkie Collins, abounding in the most improbable and astounding sensational situations, but which, although quite satisfactory to myself, I fear would be "laughed at consumedly" by your readers; so in the exercise of a wise discretion I shall neither trouble them, nor risk my reputation, by giving even an outline of the "Wild life" I led Spikins. Moreover, Dickens is the only man I know, who can make a readable story with characters having the most ridiculous names.

I now conclude, trusting that these rough Sketches may give some idea of what we see, what we do, and how we enjoy ourselves in "Wild life" in South Eastern Africa.

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TRANSVAAL *VERSUS* ZULU.

(Leader in NATAL HERALD, October, 1869.)

IN the issue of the *Mercury* of the 23rd October appeared a communication from their Utrecht correspondent, giving the Transvaal version of the present embroglio with the Zulus regarding the boundary question. Now, as the Zulus have no "Own Correspondents" of any public print, residing amongst them, it is but just that their side of the story should be laid before the colonists and the mother country, as, in consequence of Boer misgovernment, and that inordinate lust of land by which they are actuated—especially when it is in the possession of black races—trouble will, we are afraid, ensue on our north-eastern frontier, and we may be drawn in, as we were with the Basutos; in fact, we shall be compelled to interfere, to prevent the results of the quarrel spreading into our own colony. The information we now lay before our readers we have taken considerable pains to procure, and we think it may be depended upon as correct. It has been obtained from those, whose occupations have detained them for some considerable time at the head-quarters of the Zulu Government, who know the language and the ways of the people, and who have often had occasion to admire and appreciate the friendly feeling displayed and *felt* towards the British, and to note the utter contempt and dislike of everything Boer, which are the characteristics of the present generation of Zulus, and of their ruler Cetchwayo.

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In considering this matter, we should remember that, although Panda is nominally King, yet for many years (to a great extent before, but altogether since, the battle of the Tugela in 1856) Cetchwayo has been virtually so, and by what is considered a legal title in the Zulu. He is the Prime Minister of his father, or, perhaps more correctly speaking, Grand Vizier. What he says is law, as if the King had said it. He is an acknowledged power in Zulu, and, speaking apart from his legal status, he has such power that, although he has, with rare policy and self-command for a savage chief, continued to accord to his father all the outward tokens of Royalty, he could at any moment, and in any way he chose, remove him and reign in his place. Again, we must consider the conditions of property in land to the Zulu. The land belongs to the nation and the King is trustee. No man can hold it as his own and dispose of it at his pleasure;—he may squat, but that is all, and is liable to be removed for misbehaviour. The King, properly speaking, cannot allot any land without the consent of the tribe in Council, though in some small matters he may do so—say to a single family—without thinking it necessary to consult his people, and without their thinking it worth while to go against him. The Zulus have no idea of selling land away from their control. When they speak of so-and-so having *bought* a piece of land from the King, they invariably consider that it is only *the right to live on it* during good behaviour, which has been sold, and they never say, so-and-so has purchased the land, but "a place to build on;" this of course only applies to the whites, who are the only buyers. Now, bearing this in mind, let us give a little history of the transaction. The Utrecht Correspondent of our contemporary says that it was a regular purchase and sale, that cattle were

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given in payment, and the deed of transfer signed by Panda and all his Indunas, that "Kooboolo" (Kebùla) was sent to deliver up the land, and that boundaries were pointed out and beacons set up. But what was the true state of the case? About 1858 (the date mentioned) the lung-sickness was sweeping off the cattle in the Zulu country. Panda sent a message to the Boers, saying that he was hungry, his cattle were all dead, and he had nothing to eat. This is a common thing amongst the natives, and is a token of friendship: a return would become necessary, if ever the donor asked for anything in the same way,—it is what is called "*gupana*." The Boers, in answer to his message, sent him fifty head of cattle and some sheep, saying "here is a mouthful of beef for you." (*Exata* was the word used, which is a piece cut off a roasted strip, of sufficient size to put in the mouth). These cattle were put with those belonging to one of his head kraals ("*Um-dumoezulu*"—the thunder of Heaven, and, by implication, of the Zulus), and they very shortly after died of the lung-sickness. Not long afterwards there comes a message from the Boers—"We also are hungry—we are hungry for land—we have no place to live on—we are too crowded—allow our people to live on *your* land" (not *sell* us land), "the Blood River, the U-bivana, and the U-pongolo." On the principle of "*gupana*" the King could not refuse, and besides, as the upper districts are comparatively thinly populated, he thought there would be no harm in allowing them to squat. He accordingly sent some Indunas to tell them so—Kebùla very likely amongst them, but Si-ry-o (Assegaio) was the head one. The Boers immediately said to Si-ry-o, "Show us our beacons." Reply: "I do not understand you." "Show us where we are to live." Reply: "Oh, wherever you like

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about here." "Make an '*incwadi.*'" Reply: "No, that I can't do, I had no instructions from the King." Notwithstanding this they took Si-ry-o's hands, forcibly placed a stick in them, and made him make a mark! They then proceeded to drive in stakes for beacons, and marked off about one-third of the Zulu country as belonging to them! When Cetchwayo heard of this high-handed proceeding, he immediately sent a party, who drove the Boers away and tore up their beacons—but those few who chose to squat peaceably in the Zulu and near the borders, in terms of his father's permission, he did not meddle with, and there they are to this day.

Ever since then, the Boers have been demanding this land, and Cetchwayo and the Zulus, as well as Panda, refusing to give it, alleging that it was a cheat from beginning to end, and that they cannot part with the land on any terms. "But," say the Boers, "you have got our cattle;" and the Zulus answer that *they* got permission to squat, but not to erect an independent state within ten miles of the "*Mahlabati*," the original nest of the Zulus, sacred to the King and his military kraals. "But here," say the Boers, "we have a paper showing that the King and his Indunas agreed to the sale of this land." "We know nothing about your papers," reply the Zulus, "nor their contents. We never meant to sell the land; we never said we would do so, and we won't do so now," and so the parties separated for the time. Still, however, there is this constant irritating message-carrying about the land, and at last the Zulus gather together to hold council as to what is to be done. The first cry is for war, and they hold a council of war and decide how it is to be carried on should it break out; let us hope, however, that this may be averted. They then decide that

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they will first of all make a fair offer to the Boers. They say, "This affair seems to have been a misunderstanding altogether; the King thought he was only asking you for a bit of beef when he was hungry. You thought you were buying a tract of country. To end this matter we will pay you back. You gave the King fifty head of cattle and some sheep in 1858: they all died, but that is not your fault; they might have bred with you. We will therefore give you back 1,050 head, the *odd thousand* for their produce, and we trust you will accept this and end the matter—if not, we suppose we must fight, and we are quite ready."

Thus at present stands the affair. The Zulus have reported the proceedings to our Government regularly (they consider themselves tributary, or rather, under our guidance, as regards all their foreign relations), and we trust they will make sufficiently strong representations, to prevent the Transvaal meddling with the Zulus, whose only wish is to live on very good terms with us, and to be at peace with all white men.

We shall never be free from trouble of this kind until Britain agrees to extend her authority over the whole of South Africa. The Boers are no more fit to govern the native races than they are—what shall we say? well—to govern themselves!

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THE NATIVE CUSTOM OF "HLONIPA."

Read by the Author before the *Natural History Association of Natal.*

(Reprinted from the NATAL MERCURY.)

WHEN last in Durban, Mr Sanderson requested me to prepare a paper on "Hlonipa," to be read before this Association. I promised to do so, and have now come before you for the purpose of fulfilling my promise, to the best of my ability.

It was a difficult matter for me, being utterly without experience in this sort of thing, to judge how to render the subject most interesting, and most in accordance with the customary style of papers read to an Institution of this kind. But I decided that I had better do it in my own way, and trust to the interest of the matter itself, and to your leniency for any shortcomings there might be in my treatment of it.

The study of Kaffir habits and customs is a very curious one. To my mind, it would take a lifetime of close application to make one thoroughly acquainted with their modes of thought, their peculiarities of speech, their untranslateable idioms, and their superstitions—the last of which are legion. Were I to endeavour even to number them to you, I am afraid I should occupy more time than you would be inclined to spare me; but in a paper of this kind, though supposed to be only on one subject, I may be excused if I merely indicate a few of the subjects I refer to.

There are two different kinds of superstitions—those connected with witchcraft, and simple omens, lucky or unlucky.

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The former are the most deeply rooted, because (besides being actually afraid of the consequences to themselves of witches living amongst them) they have the motive of interest to support their belief. The plunder of a dead sorcerer is always shared—in different proportions, however—amongst his slayers; and no one in the country (conscious of his own freedom from witchcraft) ever fancies, until his fate comes upon him, that he himself stands a chance of being put to death for a witch. They allow, however, that sometimes people are "smelt out" who are not witches; but in this case they consider that the doctors only act as a necessary engine of state, and each one who talks to you is free from any idea that he may fall under the envy or displeasure of the King. He lives and goes on his way without fear, believing (by the way, a thoroughly Kaffir idea) that "whatever is, is right!"

There are also the omens connected with every occurrence in life—hunting; starting on a journey; eating; marrying; or even simply moving about the kraal—there is always a something, from which the natives infer whether they will be successful or not in their journey or their hunt, or whether something evil or good is going to happen. In a hunt, various birds or animals crossing their path, or even seen, are ominous of success or failure. On a journey it is the same, but especially as to whether they will be lucky in procuring food at their destination; and at kraals, rats, cats, dogs, and even things inanimate, are supposed to influence their destinies, or at all events to bring about pleasure or pain.

Dreams especially they are devout believers in, and many a hunter will leave his work and hasten home—perhaps 150 miles away—to ascertain whether some bad dream was founded in fact or not. If he does not go so far as this, he

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will, at all events, spend some time and money in a visit to the diviner, whose interpretation is always satisfactory for the time.

Again; I have often noticed a good hunter who has been unsuccessful for some days appear one morning quite radiant, announcing that he is certain to kill that day, as he had dreamt it; and—he does so! It is curious, and shows how deeply-rooted the belief is, that the fact of having dreamed, gives him the confidence necessary to be successful.

It is also curious to observe how a first-class hunter—a brave man and a good shot—will, after having missed, or failed to kill, for two or three shots, go on in an unbroken course of failure for weeks, until at last he goes to the "doctor," who tells him the cause—nearly always that some spiritual relation of his is dissatisfied; whom, having appeased by sacrifice, his hunting succeeds as before. Or else he goes to some known medicine man, who prescribes for his gun, so as to relieve it from the spell which some evil-disposed person has cast, or caused to be cast, upon it.

Everything in nature is under the power of "*isinvanga*"—rain, storms, sunshine, earthquakes, and all else, which we ascribe to natural causes, are brought about or retarded by various people to whom this power is ascribed. Every rain that comes is spoken of as belonging to somebody, and in a drought they say that the owners of the rain are at variance amongst themselves: and, of course, if they can find out the one who stops the way, they kill him!

There are many idiomatical expressions which, literally translated into English, sound ridiculous; but one who understands their language cannot help admiring how expressive the phrase or the word is. For instance, "*unesisila*;' you have dirt or are dirty—but it means that you have

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done or said something, or somebody else has done so, which has bespattered you with metaphorical dirt—in the Scriptural sense, has defiled you. It is nearly the same as our expression "his hands are not clean," but only it is stronger; as, in saying so, we but refer to some failing of the man, but they, when they say so, mean that he is radically bad.

I have spoken, too, of their peculiarities of speech, and may mention one or two instances to show what I mean. Fat, in English, is fat, whatever it may be on. We say a fat man or a fat cow. It would not be correct to say so in Kaffir. A fat cow is *nonile;* cow fat is *amanoni*, but only whilst it is eatable; afterwards it becomes *amafuta*. A man is *kulupele* if in good condition; if very fat he is said to be *zimukili*, which latter I take to be a word related to *hlonipa*, as they will sometimes say of cattle also, that they are *kulupele* (though they will never use the other word, *nonile*, to a man), and are ashamed to use the same word in speaking of their chief (fat is always a sign of position), as they do in the case of their ox.

Again; speaking in English, we would say young grass, or last year's grass; and, if older than that, it would require a sentence to describe it. But, in Kaffir, young grass would simply be *ihlungu*, old grass *isikota* or *umlalane*. The first, I take it, is derived from the appearance of the ground, the black ashes seen through the young grass looking like *isi-hlungu*—snake medicine, or medicine to give deadliness to a man's hand or weapon; and, as it purges the cattle, they call it *ihlungu*.

The second means literally "it is licking," and I fancy is derived from the peculiar motion of the cattle when eating succulent, well-grown grass. They gather it with their

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tongue and throw their mouths forward as if licking the ground. The interpretation of the last I am not quite so sure about, but I think it comes from *lala*, to sleep, and as the Kaffirs use it, means that it has missed, or slept over, the regular grass-burning.

The Kaffir language I consider much more copious and minute, as well as concise, than our own, in terms relating to things material—which they can see with their eyes—but is not fitted for sustaining a philosophical or metaphysical argument, and that naturally so.

Again; there are all the customs connected with the conduct of children to parents, and of parents to children; the law of inheritance as regards cattle, goods, daughters, and wives; the apportioning of his cattle by a man, who has children beginning to grow towards manhood, so that each hut or wife has its cattle, and which the children of that wife look upon as the "cattle of their house," *enkomo's akwabo;* though they, of course, belong to the father. The man himself has also cattle, but when he marries he perhaps draws upon these apportioned cattle; and in the case of a man of large property, where the one wife's portion is sufficient, the new one becomes *umlobokasi okwabo* —belongs to that house, she and all her children. In the case of a poor man, where he has to take cattle from various houses, the *umlobokasi—i.e.*, the one just *lobola'd*, or married —goes into the house of her from whom he took the first cattle.

Then there are all the customs connected with marriage and childbirth, and the ceremonies which are observed; the conduct of the bride after marriage; the laws regarding buying and selling, and the putting out of cattle to graze; the proper forms of politeness observed amongst themselves,

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both to strangers and relatives; and much more which I dare say might, in proper hands, be interesting, but which I refrain from speaking of to-night for three reasons:—1. Because I doubt my own powers to make them so; 2. Because they would require a paper of no ordinary length to themselves; and, 3. Because I wish to get on to the principal thing I intend to speak about to-night, which is the custom of *Hlonipa.*

The name is derived from the word *enhloni* (shame), and means that they are ashamed, or are too polite, to use the names of great people, or such others as they pay respect to, in the common speech of every day.

There are three kinds of *Hlonipa*—the *family*, the *tribal*, and, in the case of the Zulus, the *national.* The first is confined to the women, as far as speech is concerned. They will not mention the name of their father-in-law, and they hide, or appear to hide, whenever they come in contact with their son-in-law. She says it is not right he should see the breasts which suckled his wife, and she will not call him by his name, but by the title of *Umkweniana*—equivalent to son-in-law; or, more generally, relation by marriage. If she meets her son-in-law in the road, where she has nothing to cover herself with, and no means of getting it, she will break off a piece of grass and tie it round her head, as a sign that she "*Hlonipa's;*" and if a son-in-law comes suddenly upon his mothers-in-law, he is expected to give notice that he is there so as to enable them to cover themselves up. It would be a sign of great want of respect or of politeness should he come suddenly into their society when uncovered, without giving notice.

All the females in any way related to the girl's family will call her husband *Umkweniana*, but never by his name; and

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when he has children grown up they will call him father of so-and-so. They think it not respectful to call him by his name, and this is the case also with all young persons to old ones. The son-in-law too will not call his mother-in-law by her name, but simply mother, and the wife is generally called so-and-so of so-and-so, child of her father.

Also, all those who are in any way related to the husband will not drink milk at any kraal connected with the wife, and the same of the wife's relations as regards those of the husband.

This custom I think very likely to have been established to prevent the relatives, to whom food could not be refused, eating up the contents of the calabashes, and so leaving those of the kraal without any of the food which they are fondest of, and which is their stand-bye in times of hunger.

The higher the rank of the parties the more strictly is the etiquette observed. At the King's kraal it is sometimes difficult to understand his wives, as they *Hlonipa* even the very sound of the name of the King's fathers, his and their brothers back for generations. They will not say *wenzani* (what are you doing?), but *wenkani*, because the sound of the z comes in *Enzenzengakona (Senzangakona)*—Panda's father. The same with water—*amanzi*. They call it *amandambi*, and the wives of the King's sons, for instance, will never call me by my Kaffir name *u'Lpondo* because part of the sound is in Panda, but *Utshibo*, which is *Hlonipa* for horn. This is also the case with *Mhlo'nkulu*, the girls whom the King has gathered together at his kraals. They are only *liable* to be the King's wives, but they *Hlonipa* even in consequence of that liability.

Speaking of the King's wives and *Hlonipa*, puts me in mind of something I wished to say, arising from a paper read

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before this society. Some time ago, when in the Zulu country, I got a *Mercury* containing a notice of Mr Wyndham's address on the game birds of Natal. He there enumerated four different kinds of partridges which I knew, but said there was a fifth which the Kaffirs called "*mahope*," and which he remembered having shot in the Zulu country. I did not know of this variety, and made many and strict enquiries about it. At last I found that *Ehope* is the *Hlonipa* for the generic name of "*Ejuba*"-pigeon; *Mahope* is, of course, the plural; they "*Hlonipa*" *Somajuba*, a brother of Panda's.

So deeply rooted, and so strictly observed, is the custom "*Hlonipa*" that the worst oath they can address to a woman or girl—it is only applicable to females—is "*O'mka ninazala*," which means that she does or will bear children to her father-in-law. The woman to whom this is applied immediately throws off her blanket, or cloth, and takes no care about *Hlonipa*, because, as she argues, if this is said to me of him of whom I am so afraid, or pay such respect to—*i.e.*, *Hlonipa* so strictly—what is the use of my continuing to do so. She will tell all her female relations, and they will gather together and go to the man's kraal, or if they cannot do that, to any kraal, and kill a beast; the liability and wrong lies at the door of him who has sworn at them. This ox or cow will be eaten by old women or little children, but by none of a marriageable age:—men are always marriageable, so there is no necessity to except them. It has the "*insila*," which has now gone off the woman who was sworn at. If you remember what I said about the phrase "*U-nesisila*" a few minutes ago, you will see that this is another illustration of its meaning. The women take the gall and squeeze it over themselves, and then the affair is at

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an end, so far as they are concerned. If the women cannot get at any cattle readily, as is often the case in the bush-country, they will go into the hut of the offender, or if he lives far away and has escaped into anyone's hut, break the dishes, throw his clothing away, after pulling it to pieces, overthrow his hut, and all this without risk to themselves, as the offender has to make good the damage.

If a husband addresses this name to his wife, or, in fact, to anyone, no matter how close the relationship, it is always cleared away by the sacrifice of a beast.

On the other hand, if a woman swears by "*Mamezala*," you may always believe her. She says, "so surely as I shall not do this thing is what I tell you truth." If she speaks falsely the opposite party would then without risk say, "Oh then you do this. You are *nesisila*." And if you say to a woman, don't do such a thing, and she persists, then say that is, or will be, equivalent to *Onyokozalo*, and she will desist at once. But it is dangerous to play with this, as if she is doing what is evidently right, although you may not wish her to do it, she will at once say you have sworn at her because you have spoken so strongly without reason.

I may here explain that *Mamezala*, *Unyoko Zalo*, and *O'mkaninazala*, mean the same thing, but only different persons. They are *I*, *thou*, and *they* take their mother-in-law's place.

Again; if a man or a woman in quarrelling with a woman turns aside, and looks disgusted, and *Tshaka*, *i.e.*, spits through their teeth (from this came "*Tshaka*," the Zulu king's name), it amounts to the same thing as if they had said the words—as this being a sign of the utmost disgust, the person doing so is supposed to have reason for what he does—I mean that he considers her *ninazala*. There was a

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case of this the other day which I cannot do better than mention, as it illustrates the strength of the custom. Some of the girls belonging to one of the King's kraals were washing in a river. A stranger woman was there, with whom they had high words. In the course of the quarrel she turned aside and spat through her teeth. Immediately the girls left the water and went to the King's cattle. They picked out a fine ox and killed it. Nothing was said, except that the husband of the woman had to make it good, whereas in another case the penalty for killing the King's cattle would have been death.

The *Tribal Hlonipa* is a much simpler affair. It is merely that no individual of any of the tribes which now constitute Zulu, will use the name of their chief or his progenitors, as far as they remember, in the common parlance of every day. As, for instance, the *Zungu* tribe say *mata* for *manzi* (water), and *Inkosta* for *Tshanti* (grass), and *embigatdu* for *umkondo* (assegai), and *inyatugo* for *enhlela* (path), because their present chief is *Umfan-o inhlela*—his father was *Manzini*, his grandfather *Imkondo*, and one before him *Tshani;* the national *Hlonipa* is all the tribes omitting the King's name, as also Cetchwayo's, whom they now also *Hlonipa*. For instance, the root of a tree they call *nxabo*—whereas the true name is *impando*. Also the hill now known as *Entabankulu*, was *Empandwene*. Neither do they now use the word *Amacebo* (lies or slander), because of Cetchwayo, but *Amakwata*, which is equivalent in *Hlonipa*. They do not, however, carry it so far as the women, as regards omitting the very slightest similarity in sound.

And now comes the question of whether or not there are any rules by which they are guided in *Hlonipa*, and how it arose in the country.

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It is always a very difficult matter to get at the reason for, or cause of, a thing, from a Kaffir. They say so-and-so is so. And if you ask how it is that it is so, the general answer is simply "because!" And if you press them hard, they take refuge in saying that "it is the custom of the country." If you ask questions, they will agree to anything, and in such a manner, that I have often been deceived, thinking that I had at last arrived at the truth. Therefore, I say that one without a personal knowledge of Kaffir ways will really never get at the truth of their habits, laws, and customs, as you are obliged, in a manner, to depend greatly on your own experience, in putting together what you hear, and so arriving at a true result; and, generally, as regards the derivation of words, you have to decide for yourself altogether, as the Kaffirs have no idea of, and take no interest in, any such thing. A name is a name, and, if you ask for an explanation, they tell you that it is a name, and that is all they know about it.

With this preface, then, I now, after many years' knowledge of them, and one or two years' enquiry as to this particular custom, say to you that they have no rules to guide them in *Hlonipa*, and I claim that the practice is one of great antiquity, as the language, at this present time, almost presents the phenomenon of a double one. There is scarcely a word in it applicable to a proper name—at least as far as I have enquired—which has not its corresponding *Hlonipa;* and in a case in which it might happen so—I have never heard of one which did—those interested should gather together and decide what they were to say.

As one of Panda's sisters, who is an old woman, and well versed in the etiquette, described to me—some might propose one name, the others might object, saying that it was

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not a nice one, for no other reason that I can discover, and at last they would agree to call him so and so.

If they could, they would find a word as near as possible to the meaning of that which they had laid aside, but not even that of necessity. As for example, *impise* (a wolf), they call *engadule*, because he is a great traveller—to *gadula* means to wander—or *umdela 'btonga*, one who despises sleep, because of his nocturnal habits; *utshani* (grass), they call *inkota*, as being near to the name of a particular age of grass, *isikota*, which I have explained before. *Idtsbe*, a stone, they call *egaio*, which may be translated "the grinder," because they grind their corn on stones. But on the other hand they call *imhlisio*, the heart, *inkeddamu*. *Inhlela*, a path, *inyatugo*, *inkomo*, a cattle beast. *Emai*, *intshumpa* and *emetshe*—*manzi* (water), *mandambi*, *mahta*, *macubane*. In all these latter *Hlonipa* names, I can discover no connection at all with the real ones. And a greater proof, and one which to my mind is incontestible, is that all the different tribes in Zululand have different *Hlonipa* terms for the same words. Thus *mandambi* is the King's kraal *Hlonipa* for water, because of the same sound as in *manzi* being in *Ensenzangakona*, the name of Panda's father. *Mahda* is the *Ziangu Hlonipa* for water, because of *Manzini* the father of their present chief. There is no difference in dialect in what is now Zulu, nor has there been for the last forty years—perhaps longer, for what I know. The only difference at all is the *tefula*, the using the Y for the L confined to the *Xumalu* or *Endwandwe* and the *Emzansi* or *Emtetwa* tribes; therefore if they had rules to guide them in *Hlonipa* the different tribes such as *Emtetwa*, *Ubtelesi*, *Endwandwe*, *Mambati*, *Zungu*, *Zulu*, &c., &c., &c., having been mixed so long under one authority, would all use the same term—

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whereas they do not do so: and that has caused the language to be not only a double one, as I have said, but, in the case of multitudes of words, they have three or four to express the same meaning, which, by the admixture of tribes, are known all over Zululand. Or, say that the living under the same authority, and the mixture of tribes, has nothing at all to do with it—I mean the fact of there being separate rules, for each tribe may be so in spite of that—I think it still incredible that so many small tribes, all speaking the same language, not differing in dialect like the Amaswazi and the Amatonga, and living close together, should have different rules for *Hlonipa*.

I will give yet another proof, and that is the *Hlonipa* word for *inkomo* (cattle beast) amongst the Amambati. *Onkomo* was the chief of that division before their present one Diekana. About the time he was killed by the Emtetwa chief Dingiswayo, was the time when whites began first to be heard of, or rather known. The great thing amongst whites is well-known by the natives to be money, and no doubt it was so at the time of his death, as cattle are valued correspondingly amongst them—are in fact their "*mali*." They now call them invariably by that name—*Hlonipa-ing* their dead chief Onkomo.

It is well known that there is a fashion in *Hlonipa*, as in everything else amongst whites and blacks; and there are those who set it. If a certain kind of bead or colour of blanket is adopted by the King, or his sons and daughters, it is immediately in request all over the country by those who are of rank and importance enough to risk the wearing them. So it is with *Hlonipa*—and as an instance I may give Cetchwayo. It began amongst his female relations and Ikulonkulu girls at his own kraal, and then spread to the

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King's kraals, and so as the natives put it, it began to be known all over the country that he was *Hlonipa'd.* One man in talking to another would innocently use the word *Amacebo*; the other would stop him saying "Don't you know they *Hlonipa* him now?" "No," the other would reply, "what do they say?" "They say *Amakwata.*" And thus though there are other *Hlonipa* words for *Amacebo* (slander), which, in the case of another, they would use without scruple, yet, as it is the King, they enquire about it, and thus it gradually spreads, till all use the same word.

I don't know whether what I have said proves my argument, viz., that *Hlonipa* is a very ancient custom among them; that it is very strictly observed; and that they have no rules for their guidance, as to the adoption of a word in the place of the one ordinarily in use. If it be not so, I must beg you to remember another thing I have touched upon in this paper, viz., that there is much, which one who is well acquainted with Kaffirs and their ways knows, but yet is unable to write about, much which, if I may so put it, he knows intuitively, but yet is unable to offer proof of; and I would beg of you to believe that I would have stated nothing here unless I was tolerably sure, in my own mind, that it was correct.

I have made this paper as short and as concise as I could, being afraid that, if uninteresting when brief, had I lengthened it by an infusion of words, simply for the sake of occupying a little more time in its delivery, I would have rendered it weaker than it is even now. And, for what want of interest there is, pray consider that it arises from my manner of treatment, not from the matter itself, which is by no means uninteresting to a Natal audience.

I have another reason for making this a short paper, and

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that is because, although I have written all that I know on the subject, yet, amongst those who hear me, there will no doubt be many who understand the custom, and will wish for further information which I may have forgotten, or perhaps am unable to give; therefore I have left time, without running it too late, to answer any questions I can, and to avow my ignorance as to those which I cannot elucidate.

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THE TSETSE FLY.

[The following is published, as an Appendix to the Essay on "The Tsetse Fly" *(Glossinia Morsitans)*, by ST. VINCENT W. ERSKINE, Explorer of the Limpopo River, South Eastern Africa, which was read before the *Natural History Association of Natal*, August 8, 1870.]

Since writing this essay, I have been favoured with further remarks from Mr Leslie, as undernoted :—

"December 16, 1870.

"I am not at all satisfied with the commonly-received idea as to the deadliness of the *Tsetse Fly*, neither am I, as I daresay you have seen, satisfied with your explanation of the causes of death to cattle in countries infested by the fly. I heard yesterday that Capt. Elton, on his journey from the Tati to Delagoa, had four pack-oxen, and they have escaped.

"My theory, that the fly is deadly, but goes in droves, and so cattle driven a *short* distance through bush may escape, by not falling in with any of these droves, I thought a good one; but this long journey of Elton's, if truly reported, upsets that.

"It appears to me—and it is a common Kaffir saying—that the fly affects those places most where the zebras are plentiful. I know places in the Zulu country where cattle are sure to die if *kept there* any time—say a few days; but they can be safely *driven through*, even although they eat on the way. I know another place, which I knew to be bad, where I lost an ox this time, although they were never outspanned and never halted. In the former district, there are no zebras; in the latter, there are plenty.

"Elton, I believe, says he saw the fly settle in hundreds on his oxen, and there were no ill effects. I am puzzled what to think of it.

"It is very easy to upset any other person's explanation of the cause of death of cattle in these districts, but it is very difficult to construct a theory; and more so to give a decided opinion that will hold water."

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"December 20, 1870.

"Perhaps you are aware that if the Tsetse settles upon your hand, although it leaves no mark and you do not feel it at the time, yet it will cause a sore, itchy feeling; and a slight scratch will leave a mark.

"The symptoms of Tsetse are not always the same. Cattle will sometimes die, *fat*, in a few days. At other times they will linger for months, getting thinner and thinner, and never appearing to get a bellyful, though they eat voraciously to the last—even when they cannot get up from weakness, they will eat all round where they lie. It may be that the former are badly bitten, or in some way have absorbed more of the poison—the latter not so badly.

"Certain roots which the Kaffirs know—of the nature of febrifuge—are very bitter, are good for this disease, whatever it is. So is salt. But nothing, that I have heard of, is a certain cure. Sometimes, however, they recover, especially if they are not subjected to wet, cold weather, in their weak state.

"There is no doubt whatever about what I told you, as to the 'Unakane,' *i.e.*, Tsetse fly, having spread in the Zulu country, driving out cattle from places, where they had thriven from time immemorial.

"I think I have now told you all I know about the Tsetse.

"Yours truly,

"DAVID LESLIE."

Note.—I publish these remarks so that readers at a distance may understand the arguments likely to be used in combating any theory as to the death of cattle from other causes than that of the bite of the Tsetse fly, in spots unhealthy for cattle.

Individually, I have no theory as to the cause of death, but suggest the greater probability of it proceeding from some exceptional poison in the vegetation or atmosphere prevailing in those spots.

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The theory appears to have originated with the *original Zulus*, and is only known amongst their offshoots—the Amaswazi, the Mahlamene or Umzeila's people, and the Matabele. Dr. Livingstone mentions that neither the Portuguese nor other inhabitants of Africa, to the north of these tribes, have any such theory as to this extraordinary cause of death in cattle, and he appears to have adopted it from them. I have reason to believe, from experiments made upon dogs, that the disease will yield to the administration of quinine and purgatives.

ST. VINCENT ERSKINE.

REMARKS ON MR ST. VINCENT ERSKINE'S PAPER ON THE TSETSE FLY.

Read by MR LESLIE before the *Natural History Association* at Durban on Monday evening, 8th August, 1870.

With great courtesy Mr Erskine put me in possession of his paper on the above subject, in which I see he combats the received idea that the bite of the fly is fatal to the ox, the horse, and the dog.

I, unfortunately, know something of the Tsetse, and although I have never studied or examined the subject scientifically, yet there are some parts of Mr Erskine's paper with which I cannot agree.

Page 19:—"Then comes the other side of the question: But where cattle lived at one time there is now the fly and there are no cattle? because, I will answer, the smiling picture which was made out of a dismal wilderness, was suddenly changed, destroyed at one fell swoop, by some reckless and blood-thirsty tyrant, the cattle were swept away, the men killed, the women taken captive, the huts burnt, leaving 'not a wrack behind,' and the wilderness is again restored

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to its primitive and undisturbed quiet. The buffalo returns to his haunts, and the giraffe . . . . . and again appears upon the scene the Tsetse fly !"

For some years after Panda became King of the Zulus, the country, between and about the junction of the black and white Umvolosi, was thickly populated and full of cattle.

There have been no wars whatever in Zulu-land since his accession, exeept the battle of the Tugela. But Mr Erskine's "client" has been the "reckless and blood-thirsty tyrant" that, gradually creeping up from the northward and eastward, swept away the cattle and "left not a wrack behind." And, more than that, during the last three years there has been a great prevalence of easterly and northerly winds in the Zulu country, and the consequence has been, that where no *unakane* (Zulu name for the Tsetse) was before, *i.e.*, up on the grass lands, for ten or twelve miles from the borders of the bush country, no cattle can now live.

Page 26 and 27 :—"At present certain Kaffirs are willing, for a moderate consideration, to take their cattle through the fly country, and, they state, that they seldom lose any, in consequence of their giving them medicine (or *muti*). This medicine, containing a number of Tsetse mashed up. Of course,* the fly has nothing to do with the curative properties of the *muti*, which is probably. . . . . Here I might mention that it is said 'districts infested by the Tsetse can be safely passed through in the night.' . . . . The natives have introduced cattle to spots which were several days distant from healthy country. . . . ."

* Why, "of course ?" I am aware that natives do run cattle through infected districts. But I also know from them that it is a lottery—sometimes they escape, and sometimes they die—and I account for this, by the fact of the fly

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attaching itself to game in swarms. It is not spread all over the country, like the house fly—some on every tree and bush—but keeps together in droves. The natives' cattle, sometimes, do not come across any of these swarms and escape. When they do meet them, they die.

I do not say that Mr. Erskine is wrong in his conclusions, but I should like to hear his ideas on the above few facts.

DAVID LESLIE.

ANSWER TO MR LESLIE'S CRITIQUE ON MR ERSKINE'S PAPER ON THE TSETSE FLY.

1. Mr Leslie, from the very precision with which he points out the spread of the fly, namely from the northward and eastward, would seem to demonstrate most strongly that the cause of death is not a fly, which ought to spread itself promiscuously in all directions, together with the game to which it attaches itself.

Why should the fly extend only northward and eastward? Does the game extend only in this manner? Would not this particular spread of unhealthy country, perhaps, be more likely to occur from spread of certain vegetation, favoured by the special climatic influences mentioned? Would not the spread of vegetation, in the slow and circumscribed direction, defined by Mr Leslie, be more probable than that of an insect, constantly referred to in works of travel, as well as by Mr Leslie in query 2, as *migratory?*

2. Dr. Livingstone expressly states that the limits of the Tsetse fly are sometimes sharply defined, and, as I said, the Kaffirs being willing, for a moderate consideration, to allow their cattle to be bitten by the fly, it is proved that the

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medicine cures the disease under discussion; any part of it being composed of fly, mashed up, it is shown that fly infests the country; therefore, Mr Leslie's statement, that the cattle do not come across the fly, is not in "point." Abrupt cessation of suitable soil, or "exposure," might explain the limit of the vegetation, in the latter; and partial poverty of soil, and limited vegetation, in the former, Under favourable conditions (perhaps "easterly and northerly winds") the weed might be able to propagate to its extraordinary bounds, and geological faults, or "thinnings out" of formations, might define its ordinary limits.

Prevalence of particular winds might be the cause of an unusual amount of miasma or epidemic.

ST. VINCENT W. ERSKINE.

September 1st, 1870.

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KAFFIR CHARACTER AND CUSTOMS.

Read by the Author before the *Natural History Association of Natal*, 20th April, 1871.

SOME months ago I had the pleasure of endeavouring to interest the members of this Association in a peculiar Kaffir custom, which I had reason to believe was not known to many. And in writing of that Institution—for such it is—I mentioned *en passant* the laws, habits, and modes of thought and speech of the Kaffirs. To-night I will try, as best I can, to explain some of these to you; and it is my wish, if possible, to combine with this explanation something which may be useful to masters and mistresses in their treatment of their native servants.

There can be no doubt about it, that, if you *understand* a man, it is easier to deal with him, and this applies equally to your friend or your labourer. It is with the latter class I have to-night mostly to deal, though I think it perfectly possible to have *a friend* amongst the natives. There are many of them as thorough gentlemen in their way, as we are in ours.

I do not know that I can do better than refer you to my former paper on "*Hlonipa*," and request you, when you hear this one, to bear in mind what I have there spoken of. I said that I thought it would take a lifetime to make one thoroughly acquainted with their modes of thought, their peculiarities of speech, their untranslatable idioms, and their superstitions, and I also mentioned the customs connected

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with the conduct of children to parents, and of parents to children—the laws of inheritance as regarded cattle, goods, daughters, wives, &c.—the proper forms of politeness observed amongst themselves, both to strangers and relatives —the rules by which they went in marrying and paying for their wives, and much more, that it is impossible to compass in one paper, but as much of which, as I can, I shall endeavour to make plain to you as I go on.

The Labour Question.

We continually hear the cry of "want of labour;" and there is no doubt whatever that this same want has a baleful influence upon the progress of the Colony. But we must remember that these people, amongst whom we live, are independent of us; they are our peasantry, not our serfs. It is not an absolute necessity that they should work. At home this would be hailed as a healthful sign, and wages increased accordingly. Here, by some reason or other, it is decided that because there are 17,000 whites who require labour, and cannot afford to pay more than a certain sum, the 250,000 blacks ought *nolentes volentes* to furnish it!

Many people say that it is a shame to see so many thousands of able-bodied blacks amongst us so lightly taxed, that they can afford to work a very little, and rest a great deal, whereas we are fainting for want of the labour which they can supply; that after they have bought a wife, they can sit down for the rest of their lives, and live on the produce of that wife's labour; and their only remedy for this anomalous state of things seems to be—double or treble the hut tax, and compel them to come out.

I agree that it is sad to see this state of things, but it

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cannot be altered in a day. We must either take their children and educate them, so that the next generation shall have some idea of the principles regulating labour and taxation, and so imbue the natives with new habits and knowledge—and this can be done, if gradually and carefully done by Government—or we must carry things with a high hand, force them into civilization, and be prepared for the preliminary war which will infallibly break out. The natives might pay something more—grumble and pay—and we might for a time be a little easier as to labour. But as the cultivation of our land increases, the lack would surely come again, because the Kaffir will only work until his own simple wants, and his requirements for paying his taxes, are satisfied; then go to his kraal as before. To rectify this, we should have again to put on more taxation, and the ignorant uninstructed savage would look upon us as the horse-leech's daughter, whose constant cry was—"Give, give!" It is not generally known, but I think I may say, without exaggeration, that hundreds of heads of families are at this time going back into the Zulu country, rather than submit to the restraints and taxation now imposed upon them. These people are out of our control; are disaffected towards us, and leaven the tribes around with their disaffection; and herein lies an increasing danger, which must be carefully watched and guarded against, for it is a serious one; and we must be careful not to ignore it and "live in a fools'-paradise" by shutting our eyes to it.

A Kaffir, although fond of money, and perfectly well aware of the power and luxuries that money brings him, will not sacrifice all his old habits for the sake of the 10s. or 12s. a month he gets from his master. In time those habits and traditions may be cast aside, but that will only result

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from education, and from a careful, "steady," honourable policy towards them. It must be the dropping water which will wear away this rock. A strong current will only cause turbulence, breakers, and danger.

Suggestions for Governing the Kaffirs.

It perhaps may be that the discussion of matters touching on the Government of the Natives would be out of place in an Institution of this kind; but everyone who knows anything of native character and habits, will know how difficult it is, in speaking of them at all, to avoid touching on this question; and if I were addressing an audience in another country, who were only interested ethnologically, I might content myself with an ethnographical paper. But here—where everything connected with the races amongst which we live concerns us deeply, and nothing more so than the proposition as to how we are to do good to them, and receive benefit from them, which I take to be the essence of good Government, when the educated man is the governing power, the savage the governed—I think I may be pardoned if this controversy creeps in. In civilized nations it is now allowed that the very essence and refinement of governing is to interfere as little as possible, or not at all, with the liberty of the subject—not even to restrain him from doing evil to himself, or to compel him to do himself good, but to trust that to his own nature, to his surroundings, or to the influence of public opinion. It is only when what he does, causes damage or loss to his neighbour, that the law steps in, protects the sufferer, and punishes the ill-doer. In a homogeneous nation benefits are of a necessity reciprocal; injuries equally so.

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If a man becomes rich he has more money to give away, or spend, thus benefitting in a greater degree the objects of his charity, or those with whom he deals. If he loses his money he has less to spend, and those whom he has aided, or those with whom he dealt, feel, in their different proportions, the injury he has suffered. To go to higher illustrations. The genius who has created a noble statue, or a splendid painting, receives benefit in fame and wealth; but he gives to those who can appreciate his creation, and who give him his money and his celebrity, that "joy for ever" which they receive from gazing on a "thing of beauty,"—a magnificent work of art. An author does this in a still higher degree, inasmuch as a painting may be destroyed, a statue broken and forgotten: but a moral sentiment, a noble thought, has immortal life, and although the work in which it occurs is lost, yet it lives in the minds of the people, and endures for ever, fructifying and leavening "not for an age but for all time." When a poor man works for a rich one, the benefits are equalised. There can be no difference of interests in a nation like Britain, and, therefore what is good for one must be good for all, when we escape the snare of class legislation.

Here it is not so; for with us there is a decided antagonism. We, the dominant race, are insensibly led to feel that the natives ought to be our hewers of wood and drawers of water; and it is in the very nature of those we have to govern to believe, that we have no other object in view than to get as much as we can out of them, and on their part to evade, in every possible way, giving any return for the benefits they receive from us. There is no reciprocity here, simply because they do not see that what we propose for their benefit is really so. Therefore, there must of

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necessity be class legislation; and the essence of good government in this Colony would be, to do good to the natives, and to receive in return an equivalent benefit and no more.

To understand how to set about this work, then, and to give us the right to criticize those who are attempting it, it becomes necessary that we should know something of the laws, habits, and customs of the people amongst whom we dwell—something, in fact, of their character. If I know nothing about sugar, for instance, it would be presumptuous in me to say So-and-so was a bad buyer; and if, repeating only what I was told, I should first find out whether my informant was himself qualified to judge. And if I knew nothing about the qualities and requirements of a coffee-tree, I should not be surprised if I got a bad crop. Therefore, if I am equally ignorant of the people who serve me, it would be more just to say, not that they are bad servants, but that I did not know how to manage them. Again, if I had bad land, and could get no other, I should have to be content with the crops it gave me; but if I thoroughly understood its capabilities, I should not blame myself or the land, because the returns were disappointing, but should try and improve it. So with Kaffirs. You must rest content with what you can get from them; but to know what that is, you must first *know them.* When you have acquired that desideratum, you may the more easily improve their working powers, their honesty and civility.

Marriage Customs.

I will endeavour to-night to impart to you a portion of the little I have learned, during my rather intimate and

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extensive intercourse with them, about the natives with whom we daily mix, with the hope that it may be of interest to you as members of this Association, as masters and mistresses of households and plantations, and as British people who hold in their hands the destinies of the savage nations of South Africa.

I think I may reasonably begin my endeavour to delineate their manners, temperament, and customs, at those connected with marriage, as it is a good starting point for an exposition of Kaffir character.

It is a mistake to imagine that a girl is *sold* by her father in the same manner, and with the same authority, with which he would dispose of a cow. There may be a few instances of such things being done, but they are the exception, not the rule. Amongst people of high rank it is not etiquette for the girl to choose her husband. She will take a pride in saying that such as she has no choice; and that she is of sufficient position to be compelled to go where the chief or the King sends her. Amongst the middle class the young men have always their sweethearts, whom they know will marry them immediately they are in a position to claim the fulfilment of their promise. They are, as a rule, faithful to them; and if any other richer suitor send a couple of friends, with one or two young heifers, to the father, to "*Tubula*" (*i.e.*, "shoot the daughter"), if she refuses, they are quietly sent back. Perhaps a more literal translation of this phrase would be "hit her hard," as the interpretation "shoot" has only been applicable since their knowledge of fire-arms. The word is here used in a joking sense. The heifer is the "arles-penny," which, if accepted, clinches the bargain—*ergo*, he has shot, winged, crippled her, so that she can't get away from him. I know of many men, with plenty

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of cattle, who are obliged to remain bachelors because they can't get a girl to accept them.

When the parties are agreed, great preparations are made. Both sides have new dances and songs, and it is a matter of emulation as to which shall excel. The bride has always ready a stock of mats, spoons, dishes, &c., which she has been preparing; and her father gives her a blanket, and cattle according to his rank. But no girl ever goes to her husband without one beast, which is ever afterwards looked upon as the ox of the "*Amadhlozi;*" the loss of which by death would be considered a token of desertion by the protecting spirits of her father's house; and the slaughter of which, in the event of any calamity such as disease or barrenness, is an acceptable sacrifice.

When the eventful day has arrived, the bride and party—the higher the rank the more followers—set out for the bridegroom's kraal; which, however, they will not enter until it is night, singing and dancing as they come. There are certain huts prepared for them, and "no one looketh upon their approach." If the pair live close together, the party of the bride will go straight to the spot appointed for the ceremony. If not, it is as I have stated above. Early in the morning they go down to some stream, wash and dress, and, about mid-day, come up and begin the dance, the bridegroom's party looking on. When both sides have finished, which may or may not be the first day, a beast, which belongs to the bride's party, is slaughtered by the bridegroom. At night the girl goes wandering about the kraal, with a following of her own sex, but relations of the man's. She is crying for her father's house, where she was well treated. Now she is coming into a strange household, where she may be ill used, and has the certainty only of

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hard work and childbirth. She is supposed to be trying to run away, and the girls to be preventing her.

Next day the husband, his brother, sister, and friends, take their seats in the cattle kraal, and the second and last part of the ceremony, "*ukuhlambisa*," takes place. The bride comes in with her party of girls, carrying in her hand an assegai—which, by the way, she has carried all through. One girl bears a pot of water, and a calabash spoon; another some beads. The bride pours some water into the spoon, as also some beads. Then, coming up, singing and dancing, she throws it over her husband. She repeats this with her brother and sister-in-law, striking the latter at the same time, as a symbol that she from that time takes authority over the girls in her husband's household. Immediately this is done she breaks the staff of the assegai which she has all along held in her hand, and makes a run for the gate of the kraal as a last effort to get away. If she is not stopped by a young man appointed for the purpose, it is looked upon as a great disgrace, and the husband has to pay a beast to get her back. "*Ukuhlambisa*" means, to give wherewithal to wash the hands. I think it is a symbol that on that day she has washed away all her old life. The marriage rites are then finished. No widow when re-married breaks the staff of the assegai.

The principal idea in a Kaffir wedding seems to be, to show the great unwillingness of the girl to be transformed into a wife. When an English girl is married, it is incumbent upon herself, her bridesmaids, and all her female relatives, to shed tears abundantly, as if the great event of their lives were one of sorrow and woe! Just so with the Kaffirs. The whole ceremony is based upon this assumption. A modest girl will omit nothing, but fight tooth and nail for

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all the observances. Hence most of the charges of cruelty we were entertained with some time ago; and which only showed ignorance of the native customs.

For some time after marriage the wife will not eat sour milk. She was paid for with milk-giving cattle, and she could not eat her own purchase price. She would be "*nesisila*"—would have dirt, would be defiled. But after a time she will go home to her father's, taking the broken assegai with her, and come back with a goat, a sheep, or a beast, according to the rank of the parties. This is slaughtered, and the "*isisila*"—the dirt or defiling principle—goes off the milk into the dead animal, and henceforth the milk may be eaten! In native metaphorical phrase—"she has cleaned her spoon." Each wife in a kraal has her separate hut, her independent household.

The Training of Children.

It is part of Kaffir law that, if no children result from the union, the wife may be returned, or compensation claimed. The latter is often done; the former very seldom. It is also the case that if any of the cattle, which have been paid for her, die within the year, they must be replaced. This custom causes much litigation, as a man may, through prevalence of disease or a bad locality, have to go on paying for years. This is also the case in bargains amongst themselves. If a man buys a cow from another, or gets one given him by his chief, and she dies, the seller or the giver has to replace; but as this is no object to them, it may be years before this is done.

When a child is born, all in the kraal eat medicine, *i.e.*, something to protect them from any evil influence. They

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do the same on the occasion of a death. The little one is for the first two or three days fed upon sour milk. It is not until the third day, at soonest, that it receives its natural sustenance. Kaffir children's training is a very hard one. They roll about in the sun or the rain, they scramble for what they get to eat, they sleep in the huts without covering, and the result is that only those of hardy constitutions survive. I never yet, even in a single instance, inquired of an old Kaffir woman who had had children, but I found she had lost one or more of them in this way.

When they become a little older, say about eight or nine, the boys' first duty is to herd the calves; and the girls to do any little odd jobs about the kraal which their mothers may desire—principally fetching water—and you will see a little thing tottering along, not much bigger than the pot or dish she carries on her head. How well and gracefully these Kaffir girls and women carry burdens in that way! I have seen them with a round clay pot, holding about six gallons, full of water; they twist a little grass into a ring of about three or four inches in diameter, place that on their heads, on it they place the pot, and away they go, up and down hill, and along broken ground; they will stop and turn, but never put a hand to it; and yet they never break or spill!

This I may safely say is all the training native children get. They learn other things, such as—the females, mats, dress, pot making, and hoeing; and the boys hunting and cow milking—of themselves. The natives have no idea of "training up a child in the way he should go." If a girl or a boy refuses to do anything they are told, the parents simply say that he or she is not old enough yet; in a few years they will have grown up, and have more sense!

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The Kaffir Character.

The natives have no idea of morality whatever. A lie is useful in daily life; but they admit that it is awkward, if found out; if successful, it is considered rather a clever thing than otherwise. In trading with them, you may make up your mind that all they tell you is untrue, and act accordingly. Give no heed to their representations as to the age of a cow, or the value of any article. But yet, in "a deal," if you adhere to the truth, "it bothers them entirely." Your own natives, on the other hand, if they like you, will lie for your benefit as strongly as the opposite party against you; and both sides think it all fair trade.

The natives have been brought up in one fixed idea, viz., to do as little as they can for anybody. They have been used to work for the King and their chiefs without pay, and the shirking feeling has been bred in the bone; therefore, though we, with our notions of what work ought to be, cry out against the laziness of the Kaffirs, and grumble at the trouble they are to us, yet I do not really think that it is so much their fault as their breeding, which they cannot overcome in a day. The dislike to steady, constant work, is inherent in them. Hoeing from morning till night is especially irksome. For a rush of work and then a long interval of rest, Kaffirs are good; but for steady manual labour, as we understand it, they require constant supervision. But, again, this supervising is a difficult matter. It is not easy to get the right quantity of work out of a native and yet have him to like you. It is not to be done by constant "nagging," nor yet by the solitary system, which I have heard has been adopted in the colony; I mean posting them out here and there, so that they have

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no opportunity of speaking to one another, and it is supposed they must therefore work; but it is only to be done by the constant presence of some one who can understand their language and their habits, who will neither bully nor joke with them, who knows how to put in a word of commendation when deserved, and, on the other hand, to give them a short, sharp admonition, when necessary, with a threat of punishment in case of repetition of the offence, which threat must always be carried out. It is a difficult matter to say what is the best form of punishment for a native, but I incline to the old plan, which I have heard freely described as "hitting him over the head with a hoe!" If you fine him, he suffers loss, and the punishment rankles, and he feels as if he had been injured; whereas if you thrash him, after it is over he is no worse, but would not like to have to go through it again. If he is in the wrong, twenty to one he will not complain. Never let a woman lift her hand to a Kaffir; it is a disgrace to him; I say nothing of what it is to her. Let her complain to some male relative or to a Magistrate; but—keep her hands off!

I have often heard people complain of the disobliging nature of the Kaffir. If you ask him to do the simplest thing, when he is not in your employ, the answer invariably is, "What will you give me?" Naturally so, I think. They are not our equals, neither do we live amongst them. We do not visit at their homes, and do them little kindnesses. The only relation, betwixt the generality of whites and blacks, is that of employer and employed. The one tries all he can to get as much as possible out of the other. There is no idea of reciprocity. I hear nothing but "tax as high as possible" on the one side, and "ask plenty wage" on

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the other. We never attempt to teach them in any way. What they learn they pick up of themselves, and they do not often pick up much good. We try to get at their purses just now, because we are poor, and they are supposed to be comparatively rich; but we ought to have the manliness to say that it is necessity which presses us on to this course. I never yet heard that protection to the exile, be he white or black, was a thing that he must pay for in Britain, or in a British colony.

It is often said that the Kaffirs are arrant thieves: well, perhaps they are so, in a way. That they cannot be trusted with anything, I don't admit. If you show a native that you distrust him; if you are constantly on the watch against theft; if, on something being mislaid, you don't take the trouble to look for it, but, priding yourself on you own care and method, at once tax the Kaffir with having stolen it; if you constantly express the opinion that your sugar is diminished, your wine lessened in quantity, your meal not so much as there was yesterday, and every day ask your Kaffir "Who has been at my wine, my sugar, or my meal?" why then you had better put everything under lock and key at once, because your native will most certainly steal some when he gets a chance. On the other hand, if you can raise courage enough to say, "Here, Tom, see this meal, sugar, &c., well, mind you look after everything, as I am going away," I think, without doubt, your goods and chattels would be taken care of. Trust him, and, as a rule, he will be faithful; show that you distrust him, and he will give cause to justify the feeling. There is one thing, however, you may make up your mind to, and that is—there are few Kaffirs who will not leave the impress of two fingers and a thumb in the sugar-bowl; for, like others, they have a sweet tooth!

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Their moral principles are very low. A theft, a lie, or even a murder are all very well, providing the first two are not found out, and sufficient provocation is given for the last. The value they put upon life is so little, that the killing another is consequently not thought by them such an enormous crime as with us. If a man has given sufficient provocation, it is his part to see that he does not get killed for it.

The natives are not bound by their law to give up anything they may have found, which has been lost by some one else. The loser should have taken better care of his property, is their moral theory.

I have heard also of their cruelty. Yes, they are cruel, as we look upon it, but, like the dogs in Watts' hymns, "it is their nature to." We ought to try and teach them better, instead of vilifying them for what they cannot help —or, rather, for what they do not see the wickedness of. We might as well censure the alligator, for stowing away the man he has drowned, in his larder in the reeds, until he becomes properly tender, and then eating him. We shudder at the cruelty of the death, but we do not blame the reptile's *modus operandi.*

Again, I may refer to the many scenes of confusion and recrimination between the Kaffir and his master, which arise from a want of knowledge of the language; and I cannot give a better example of what I mean than the word with which a native often prefaces a speech wherein he has to express a difference of opinion. "*Amanga*" literally means "lies;" but, idiomatically, it is the most polite form of contradiction. It is equivalent to our "I beg your pardon, I must differ from you." How often have I heard a white man say, speaking of some conversation with a native,

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"Why, the first word the so-and-so fellow said, was that I lied. Didn't I warm him! He won't do that again." No, I should think not. You may take it for granted that a Kaffir will never be deliberately insolent without cause. If you speak to him properly he will answer you so, but if you habitually speak harshly, and in an angry voice, you will "raise his corruption," and get insolence in return. People speak of Kaffirs being so far below whites, while they act as if they considered them of a higher nature; for, if Englishmen were spoken to in the way that many masters and whites generally speak to natives, it strikes me there would be a breach of the peace in a very short time; but then they are only "*adjectived* niggers!"

Every employer of Kaffir labour ought either to study, or have some one about him who has studied the customs, feelings, and nature of the natives. He would then know what to expect from them, and never be disappointed; because, on that knowledge he would base his calcultions, and his conduct to them.

I say that the Kaffirs are—when you know them and they know you—notwithstanding all their shortcomings, a kindly, hospitable race; and in time, with good management, good training, and good treatment, will become good subjects, good workers, and faithful friends.

Kaffir Etiquette.

Their forms of politeness are very strictly adhered to, and are many. When a stranger arrives at a kraal, he will most likely—if in the daytime—find the owner sitting out by the gate, and he will *kuleka* (salute); he will say *umgane* (literally "friend"), but it is a respectful salutation. If he is his

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superior he will place his assegais at a little distance, advance, and sit down, saying nothing until he is saluted in turn. Presently the head man will say—*Saka bona*, abbreviation of *ge sa u gu bona* (literally, "I will see you," equivalent to our "good morning!"), and all round, one by one, will give him the same greeting. He will answer to each one separately—*Yebo* (yes, I agree); after that, conversation may go on. If the owner is not at the gate, but in his hut, even although the visitor did not come to him, yet he will not leave without going up to salute him, as it might be said that he was sneaking about the kraal. If it is his chief, or any other chief's kraal, he will find the captain or head man under the chief, and after saying "*umgane*" to him, will express his wish to see the great man, or explain his business. The captain then takes him up, and he "*kulekas*," giving the chief his proper title, such as "*Zungu*" for the head of this tribe, or "*Ubtelesi*" for the head of that one (he is *the Zungu* or *the Ubttetesi*, just as a Highland chief was *the* Macnab or *the* Macpherson), accompanied most likely by *Baba* (father) and a portion of his "*isibongo*," or name of thanks. If he is of sufficient consequence, the chief will salute him in return, and ask what has brought him there; if not he will sit outside the hut, nothing being said to him, until he sees an opening, when he will begin his business. I should like to explain the "*Isibongo*," or name of thanks. It is a very curious custom. When a Chief or the King gives a man anything, or agrees that he shall do something that he wished to do, he thanks him. He will go outside, and walk up and down for perhaps ten minutes, shouting out all the praise he can think of. This "*Isibongo*" is taken from some trait or traits in a man's character, from his bravery, his strength, or his comeliness. For instance, I can quote a portion of one

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—"You who stick a man running." [The word used is "*hlaba*," which means to throw the assegai into anything, in contradistinction to "*gwaza*," holding it in your hand and stabbing with it.] This does not sound like any very high praise, but the interpretation of it is that he is very liberal—that a man has not to stand and ask, but that, even as he runs past, he will throw him something of his own accord. When the native is brought into the presence of the King the same ceremony is gone through. He gives him all his titles, and sits down outside the hut. It is not etiquette for an inferior to stand in the presence of a superior. He must squat down. They reverse our idea. They say, "Is he to overshadow the chief?" When he takes his leave of any one he has been visiting, he says "*a usaleke*," or "*eakake*," literally "please remain and build;" but, inferentially, it means "remain healthy and well, extend your kraal, may you become great." A curious piece of thanks from a native is, when he tells his superior to "*umana*," literally stand still, or stand up, but it means that he hopes he will take root and grow, and always be in a position to give him presents or protect him as he has done that day. The Kaffir's idea is, that those of high rank are the dispensers of bounty to those of lower position, for which the latter render them service. It is exactly our "work and wages" under another name. The chief is only supposed to give, not to pay, yet by custom, he is bound to do it.

It is not etiquette to give you beer, without first tasting it. I have heard many whites say, "Bother them, putting their dirty mouths into the pot;" but I think it a loyal custom, similar to the office of "taster" in the old feudal times; and it is meant to insure you against there being "death in the pot." While any one is eating, you must not spit, but you

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may blow your nose as much as you like; and there are no handkerchiefs amongst the Zulus!

To the King, or to his sons and daughters, the cook will never say that the meat, which he had cut up for him to roast, is all done. That would be a great breach of etiquette, and he would be asked "Are the King's cattle, then, all done?" He will say, "I am tired," or "I won't roast any more." With few exceptions, everything that is unpolite amongst us, is so amongst them. There are gentlemen and snobs amongst all nations; and to speak to a well-born, gentlemanly Kaffir, who has reason to respect and like you, is really a pleasure.

There is wit and fun amongst the natives, too, though I am afraid you will have to take my word for that. Being on Kaffir subjects, it would take too long to translate, so that you should understand. I will mention two instances, however. A hunter was boasting of what he had done against the buffalo, with his assegai, before he got his gun. He spoke of two or three doughty deeds, and at last said, "Go to such-and such a kraal and ask who it was that took the buffalo's eye out with his assegai." Of course, the answer to that was inferred. One of his hearers who had been staring at him, open-mouthed, said, "Was he coming *at* you, then?" "Look at this fellow!" said he, addressing the audience; then, turning, said, "Are the buffalo's eyes *behind* then?" Another:—In the roads we go in the Zulu Country, the waggon often sticks fast, and when that happens you naturally bully your driver, though very likely it is not his fault. The other day my old driver was on the Berea, and I pointed out to him the sea, on which I was soon to be journeying, saying, "That is my road now, Klaas." "Ah!" he said, "take care you don't stick fast there too." The

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joke was, that the ship might get into a hole, and require a lot of pulling to get it out, like the waggon.

There is poetry in their natures. Many expressions of theirs have struck me, and I will quote two or three of them to prove what I say. A man was boasting to another that he never had had a day's illness in his life. "Ah!" said his friend, "the spirit of your father has been watching over you so far; but, when he turns about, he will beckon you to follow!" A girl sings a song, the burden of which is, "You have put a heavy burden upon my shoulders—a greater one than I can bear." The burden is envy—envy that they should have sweethearts and she should have none! The stars they call "the children of the sky, born by her to her husband the sun!" Am I not right when I say there is poetry among them?

KAFFIR COSMOGONY.

There are many other matters of interest in Kaffir character, laws, and customs, but they must, if worth while, wait for another day. Meantime I have given you so much which is dry and hard of digestion, that I think I had better end with something lighter in the shape of a Kaffir tradition as to the origin of men and animals, and the habit of eating, and how people came to be born and to die. It appears that first of all there was one *Umvel'nqanki*, which, being interpreted, means "the one who first made his appearance." It is said that he came out of the *Uhlanga*, which is literally "reed;" but it is understood as a custom, or the origin, time of origin, or place of origin of all things; as in the case when *Inkosi Uhlanga* is spoken of, it means that he is the representative of a line of kings from the

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beginning. This *Umvel'nqanki*, after coming on the scene himself, *brought out*—whether he *made them* or not is not stated—men, women, animals, corn, and all the fruits of the earth. At first, and for a time, it is related that black humanity lived without eating or drinking, without multiplying or dying. Corn and pumpkins grew and reproduced their crops, without tending by man. The people saw them growing in large gardens, but did not know that they were eatable. Feeling no hunger they never attempted to use them as food. Cattle, sheep, and goats roamed wild, with all other beasts of the field; no man tended, no man paid any heed to them. People lived happily, without wants, and never died. This innocent and unsophisticated state of affairs went on for a long time, but how long is not stated. All were happy and without fear of anything. At last, however, to the great consternation and dismay of every one, there appeared upon the scene *a little baby!* This was something out of their experience. While ill in her house, the mother of the child complained of a curious feeling, a gnawing pain in her stomach which she had not felt before. Those around knew not what to do, but at last another woman said, "I will give her some of that stuff growing out there," meaning corn and pumpkins. This she did with the idea that she would kill her, because of this strange thing that had happened. She did give her food, and, after a while, the sick woman, instead of dying began to grow well, and even fat; then the people first learned that food was good, and they ate of it. After a while they found, or killed (I am not sure which) some beef. This they also found was good to eat, and so they set to work, to try and bring the beasts of the field into subjection at their kraals. The buffaloes and all wild animals, however, were too many for

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them, and remain in the bush to this day. Cattle, sheep, and goats alone, allowed themselves to be driven and herded.

I am aware that what I have written is rather confused, as far as regards my first having said, that the people *never die*, and then that the woman gave the other food with the idea that she would *kill her*. But I must tell the story as it was told to me. And, again, I know how greatly it would add to the interest of this tradition if I could say the popular belief is that it was in consequence of *Umvel'nqanki's* anger at the child-bearing and food-eating that the following messages were sent. But there seems to be great uncertainty on this point. The only portion firmly rooted is what I have related, and what follows:—

When *Umvel'nqanki* had finished his work, and saw that it was good, he sent two messages: one by the "*Entulo*," or little stone-lizard often seen—some blue and some flame-coloured; and one by the "*Unwabo*," or chameleon. The first message was by the latter, and its purport was that the people should not die but live for ever, or, as some say, that "they should die, but rise again!" The "*Entulo*" he sent afterwards to tell them that "they should die and *never* rise again!" The chameleon started, but loitered by the way, eating a little purple berry *(ubkwebesane)*, and the "*Entulo*," who came on behind, passed him and delivered his message. When the chameleon came with his, the people, not knowing how sore death was, refused to listen to him, saying they had accepted the word brought by the "*Entulo*." And it so happened, through the slowness of the chameleon, and the alacrity of the lizard, that death came to all men! There is a great deal in this Zulu tradition, that is like, and yet unlike, our Bible history of the Creation and Fall of Man.

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THE ZULU WORD FOR "LIFE."

(NATAL COLONIST, 27th April, 1875.)

OUR readers will remember an interesting discussion in our columns in the year 1871 upon a question of no small importance to missionaries, and all who take an interest in the adequate rendering into Zulu, of a word of no less moment than is the word "Life." The discussion was joined in by the Bishop of Natal, the Rev. H. Callaway, M.D. (now Bishop of St. John's, Kaffraria), the Hon. Mr Shepstone, Secretary for Native Affairs, the Rev. Mr Döhne, and others, including the late Mr David Leslie, who in his boyhood had acquired an intimate knowledge of the native language and habits of thought, and was therefore by no means the least competent of those who took part in the discussion to throw light upon the question at issue. At our request Mr Leslie, then about to return to the Zulu and Amatonga Countries, undertook to make further enquiries for us, and embodied the results in a letter which circumstances have hitherto prevented our publishing. It is now proposed by his uncle, Mr R. M'Tear, to issue a volume of the more interesting of the Literary Remains of our deceased fellow-colonist, and we propose therefore now to give to the public the letter in question, and to follow it up by one or two other papers prepared for us by Mr Leslie shortly before he left Natal. The following paper on *Ubomi*, far removed as it may seem from matters of daily concern, will yet be found to contain much that will be of interest to philologists, and something, too, to interest

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the ordinary reader who has any curiosity as to the habits of life and modes of thought of his fellow-men, even of low stages of civilization.

Among the papers, with which we propose to follow this up, will be some further remarks on the custom of *uku Hlonipa.*

"UBOMI.

"USUTU, July 29, 1871.

"DEAR MR SANDERSON,—As you wished, I have made many enquiries here into the Tonga idea of '*ubomi,*' and of the word for 'Life.' The Zulu I knew pretty well before, but I have gone further into that too, with Zulus I have with me. I find that Tonga and Zulu agree. There is not much difference in their language except in pronunciation; certainly that is very different indeed, and renders them unintelligible for a while to one who only knows Zulu.

"I have read the letters of the Bishop, Mr Shepstone, Dr Callaway, and Mr Döhne, and regret that on some points, (speaking of course of the Zulu and Tonga), I must differ from them all. I shall not answer the various points they raise, as it would take me too long; but simply give you the result of my enquiries; tell you what I know, and my reasons for coming to the conclusions I do; and then leave you to draw yours.

"The word '*ubomi*' is taken from the verb '*oma*' (to dry), and means that a thing 'has dryness.' In its peculiar signification it is derived and applied as follows:—They say of a rich man or a chief that he has 'eaten *ubomi,*' because he has killed so much meat, that it has dried up and got maggots in it, while hanging in the hut. He cannot eat it fast enough. Thus it has come (long before

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Chaka's time) to signify 'happiness,' as a Kaffir understands the meaning of the term;—'plenty of meat, beer, and wives.'

"They use it in both ways. Simply for maggoty meat, they would say '*Le niama i no bomi;*' but when speaking of a man, they would put it differently (for a reason I will give presently):—'That man is a king,' '*udlile ubomi,*' 'he eats maggoty meat'—idiomatically, 'he is happy,' or perhaps more strictly, 'he has all the elements of happiness.'

"I have never heard the phrase '*unobomi*' used in speaking of a man (though of course it may be so amongst tribes with which I am unacquainted), and I think it is not so used, in the Zulu or Tonga countries, for the following reasons: because the natives tell me it is not so; because I have never heard it (you know they have been my constant and only companions for nearly five years, and I have always taken a great interest in their language and customs); and because of the derivation of the word. When a man has just died and anyone asks 'Is he dead?' the answer would very likely be '*Ow, u si omile.*' In telling another of a hunt, a native would say 'The white man fired and the buffalo disappeared behind a bush—I ran round to see the result; I found it long dried up' *(na funiana kate i si omile).* It is, if I may use such a Hibernicism in terms, the superlative of dead, but is only used immediately after death, as much as to say 'there is no chance for him now.'

"I have never heard, nor can I find on enquiry, that '*ubomi*' has ever taken any other idiomatical meaning than 'happiness' as explained above, but I do find, and I think so myself, that to say of a man—a sick man, for instance, who was supposed to be dead—'*unobomi,*' would—though not good Zulu or Tonga, as spoken in their countries—be

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nearer akin to confirming his death, than affirming that he was alive. This is the reason I promised, a few lines back, to explain why they always say, in speaking of a man, '*udhle ubomi*' and not '*unobomi.*'

"Dr Callaway speaks of the Zulus *Hlonipa-ing* the maggots in the meat given them by Chaka, taken from the cattle killed as a 'peculiar sacrifice,' '*Esumzimu,*' as much as to say 'the cattle of Umzimu.' Now '*Umzimu*' is derived from '*enzima*" which has another signification than the common one of *heavy.* It means, when applied to a man, exactly what we express in our phrase 'he carries weight with him.' "*Umzimu*' are nothing more than the Amahlose of Chaka, Dingaan or Enzenzengakona, or any of the King's ancestors—'Amahlose, who carry weight with them.' It is, perhaps, not generally known that the natives do not consider the visible part of their chiefs' Amahlose, *i.e.*, the snake—the equal of that of common people. The Ehlose of Chaka and other dead kings is the Boa-constrictor, or the large and deadly black Mamba, whichever the doctors decide. That of dead Queens is the tree Iguana. To return:—the King eats certain portions of these cattle, but the principal portion is cooked, and given to the Amabutu (soldiers), who, before receiving it, *te ta*, *i.e.*, petition for health and success, with the slow and solemn dirge of the '*Rau Oh*'

"I don't think the Zulus *Hlonipa-ed* the maggots in Chaka's meat, but he had so much of it that I daresay some got maggoty, and when one said '*izimpetu,*' another would say 'no, this is "*ubomi*"'—*happiness*, or, as they would explain, if asked for a definition, '*gu busa.*' (*Busa* is used for *governing*, but literally it means to be *made happy*, as '*ubomi*' is the abstract quality of happiness—idiomatically.)

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This is a matter of court etiquette, not of Hlonipa. Even now in the Zulu, no man will say of maggoty meat given him by a superior in rank, '*enezimpetu*,' but '*ino ubomi*.' At all events, I have told you what I have learned.

"Now for the word 'Life,' and first for the 'physical life of men and animals.'

"As to the abstract thing—the principle of life implanted in us by our Creator—I don't think they have a word which expresses it; therefore translators would have to make one; perhaps take a compound one or a phrase. In that case, they would, no doubt, take a word or phrase the nearest to it. The natives say that every thing alive is only so by reason of its heart. '*Zi hamba nge enhlezio*,' or '*abantu ba hamba nge enhlezio*.' In speaking of a man's lifetime, they say '*nxa gu sa hamba*' (while he is going or alive). If a man is very ill, and at last thought to be dead, a doctor will come and say '*Qu, enhlezio ikona*' (no, the heart or life is in him), and this without reference to feeling the beatings of the organ. Therefore, I think if 'life' was translated '*enhlezio u gu hambisa 'bantu*' (or '*muntu*'), it would be peculiarly applicable, and very little explanation would be needed to enable the natives to understand what was meant. I think it will be some time before '*ubomi*' is naturalized, amongst the Zulu and Tonga generally, as expressing 'life."

"The expression which has been quoted—'God is life'—is a much more difficult one to deal with, and leads us into a wider range. I have not the slightest pretensions to be a theologian, but I take this to be a figurative promise that God is life—to men, to those who believe in him, is the giver of immortal life—altogether a different thing to the other 'life' I have just been writing of. To a Kaffir who has no idea of life after death, beyond his crude ideas about

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the Amahlose, who has no religion whatever, the words quoted above are an utter blank as to any meaning; so here again we have to find others which will require as little explanation as possible. It may be said that if '*ubomi*' signifies happiness, what better happiness can we have than immortal life? and that, therefore, it is peculiarly fitted to express the meaning of the words above. If '*udle*' or '*ehla*' could be fitted to it in the translation, it could be done, but '*ubomi*' by itself is only 'worms'—it is by the addition of '*udle*' or '*ehla*,' 'eating the worms'—that the idea of happiness is attained. Then again, even if that is done, it would only express to the Kaffir mind the sensual happiness of good living—the very thing the missionaries wish to prevent. And if they went on to explain in what, to Christians, the happiness of that better life consists, there would most likely be a general scattering of the congregation, utterly ignoring that definition of happiness, or eating *ubomi*.

"What I have now to say, I say with all respect to the men who have devoted their lives to teaching the heathen, and with due diffidence, as to my own knowledge of the subject, but you have asked me to tell you all I know and therefore I do it.

"When I speak with the Kaffirs on these subjects—(we often have arguments)—I say, 'No, you are not quite correct when you say that we don't believe in *Ehlose*. You are like a man who is still travelling in Zulu, but has lost the path to the kraal he is bound for. We differ with you greatly; inasmuch as we say that there is only one Ehlose, the Creator of all things, who was, and is, and ever will be; whereas your Amahlose are only a remembrance of men who have been overpowered by death. You look to them for everything, you say you only hold your life by their permission

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—if they could not live themselves, what power have they gained by dying?' It is needless to go further. You will understand what I mean when I say, that if 'God is life' were translated 'God is the only Ehlose,' a Kaffir would very easily be made to understand what was meant. It may be said that the natives would say, 'Oh! then you believe in the Amahlose too?' Well, perhaps they might; still, I think, that would give the apostle (which a missionary is supposed to be) a natural opportunity of speaking to them of that which he most desires to speak,—their creation, their life, their death, and their hereafter.

"There is another form the natives use in speaking of a man's life or death. One man will ask another from a distant part, of the '*ukona*' so-and-so? The answer will be '*ukona*' or '*gaseko*'—he is, or he is not—he is alive, or he is dead. Therefore, if in using the phrase 'God is life,' it is meant that animal life only exists by the pleasure of God, then it might be translated '*a bantu ba kona ngo Titxo.*'

"Yours very truly,

"DAVID LESLIE."

"P.S.—I have come across a little piece of etymology, which, I think, may interest you. You, no doubt, as well as myself, have seen a portion of the country on the other side of the Zambezi (I am not sure which), marked as inhabited by '*Landines.*' The meaning of the word never struck me till the other day, when I heard one native address the other as '*Ilandi.*' I have often been told that the 'Landines' were Zulus, and 'Ilandi' is a thoroughly Zulu word, and, to my mind, affords a curious circumstantial proof, of the migration of the southern natives from the north. Ingenious

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evidence of this kind is often wrong, but you may take it for what it is worth. The verb '*landa*' means to follow, or to go for anything, *e.g.*, '*Umlandeni*'—'follow him.' '*Landa induku ami*'—'go and bring my stick.' '*Amalandi*,' therefore, means 'followers.' The natives, in their southern progress, no doubt separated at the Zambezi, some remaining behind. The aborigines would ask those that were left, 'When are you going after your brethren?' The answer would be, '*Zi za u ba landa*'—'we will follow them,' and so they came to be called 'Amalandi,' the followers! I need scarcely say that 'Landines' is only a mispronunciation, and consequent mis-spelling of the word 'Ilandi.'

"Again, curious mistakes are often made regarding the names of places. It is well that these should be corrected, as otherwise original native names will be corrupted into something without sense. For instance, the custom is to speak of the *Maputa* River. Now, the name of the river is the '*Usutu*,' and that has a meaning. It is taken from the word '*suta*,' meaning to be full-of-food, and is applied because they say '*usutu 'l minia manzi*,' 'The Usutu which swallows all the water.' Nozingli's country is the country of '*Mabudtu*,' who was the King who founded the kingdom, or as the natives will express it '*wa 'l pemba le liswe*.' '*Pemba*' is to 'kindle a fire.' We are accustomed to speak of the island of Inyack which has no meaning whatever. The true name is '*Unyaka*'—'the year,' but why that name has been given to it I don't know."

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NATAL SCENERY—KAFFIR MUSIC AND A TIGER HUNT.

(Extract from a Private Letter to a Gentleman in Glasgow—in GLASGOW HERALD).

How I wish you could be taken up and set down here, at this present moment, *per special baloon*, or other Asmodeusian conveyance. I am writing at 10 o'clock at night, and my ears are assailed by the Kaffirs singing, by all the world like a chorus of porkers—the old ones *grunting*, and the young ones *squeaking*—they would damage your tympanum "in less than no time." You look in at the door of their bee-hive-looking hut, and you see them hard at work, *perspiring* at the music—some singing the words of the song, the others shouting, screaming, whistling, and making other unearthly noises—but all done in the most perfect time (indeed, they are a lesson, in this respect, to some of your precentors at home), and all this seen by the uncertain light of the fire, which, fitfully gleaming on their dark and excited faces and figures, makes them look like a parcel of ——, and gives you a sort of phantasmagoric vidimus of pandemonium! You look out of our back door at the Berea, and you see hills and mountains, bush and plain, river and lake; with the knowledge that the one is the *habitat* of tigers, wolves, and other *feræ naturæ*, and the other of alligators and hippopotami. You look out of our front door, and you see the town of D'Urban, and the magnificent bay of Natal, with the outer anchorage in the Indian Ocean—forming the most glorious panorama it is possible to imagine.

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By the bye, I had almost forgotten to tell you of my tiger adventure. One night lately a tiger came to our neighbour's, and walked off with a goat, into the bush behind our house, but it did not quite finish it that night. Mr F. set a gun for it, and next night the tiger returned for his supper, when pop went the gun, and broke his shoulder. Both Mr F. and I, hearing the gun go off, resolved to make "a voyage of discovery" into the bush, which is very dense here, to see the effect; and getting two Kaffirs and a lantern, and being armed with a double-barrelled gun (one barrel only being loaded with buck-shot), away we went in Indian file, and frequently on hands and knees; one Kaffir leading with the lantern, I next with the gun, Mr F. behind me, and the other Kaffir bringing up the rear. When we got to the spot, the Kaffir in front with the lantern suddenly drew back, and cried, "There he is! There's the tiger!" I was blinded with the glare of the lantern and could not see distinctly; bnt Mr F. looking over my shoulder, said, "I see him—I see him. Give me the gun, and I'll shoot him in the head!" I gave him the gun, but, instead of damaging his *os frontis*, he hit him on "the head's *antipodes*," "and the consekens of the manœuvre," as old Tony Weller says, was that the beast got up with a roar, which made the Kaffir in front beat a precipitate retreat, in doing which he knocked me over, dropped the lantern, and the light went out. I lost my helmet, Mr F. his cap, and the Kaffir the lantern; and having a wholesome dread of losing *something more valuable than either*, we didn't lose a moment, I can assure you, in getting out of the bush, and the difficulty, at the same time. Fortunately the tiger didn't follow us, as I suspect he was stunned with the shot, otherwise I am afraid it would have been a rather awkward

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job. Next morning three of us, with a whole lot of Kaffirs, went down to find him, and directly he saw us he bolted. I fired at him, but my gun snapped; he then turned—"his soul in arms, and eager for the fray," open-mouthed, and roaring terribly. Mr F.'s gun snapped also; but luckily Mr P.'s went off, and just grazed his cheek as he was leaping the fence at us. The Kaffirs ran "like winking;" indeed we never saw more than two out of the thirty after that. I put powder *in the nipple* of my gun and a fresh cap; and going up, caught sight of the tips of his ears; directly he saw me, he crouched for the spring. I took a sight at the top of his head, and, with a steady aim, fired, and shot him dead as he was springing over the fence. Although I killed him, the skin belongs to Mr F., as hunter's law here is that he who gives the animal the first wound, however slight, gets him, whoever may kill him.

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A BORDER RAID.

WHEN I was a boy I used to make great friends with our watch-dog, "Rover." After reading "The Tales of the Borders," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," or "The Seven Champions of Christendom," I would go out, and with him rehearse the different "passages of arms." Rover, I think, understood the matter quite as well as I did, and enjoyed it as much in his own way. The usual proceeding was somewhat as follows:—After, in fancy, driving the enemy's cattle, I would make a stand at the Border, mount my horse, Rover, and shout, in the most approved manner, opprobrious chivalric language to my pursuers. Armed with a pitchfork, I would charge to meet them, and the result was a general capsize by the bringing up of Rover's tether; then he, erst my horse, now my foe, towsled me most unmercifully. As gallant knight should do, however, I regained my feet and drove my enemy to his cas-kennel.

In those merry days, when everything glittered in the light of romance, when the hardships and discomforts, which the Knights and Raiders must have endured, were unknown or unthought of, how little did I think that I should one day, in an opposite quarter of the globe, be engaged in a veritable Border Raid. If chronicled by Froissart or Blind Harry, and the time removed a few centuries back, I have no doubt it would read as well as the usual specimens of this kind of romance. But now-a-days, in matters like this, there is little of the "Away false traitor!" style of conversation,

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and more of the "You, be d——d." Thus it is difficult to make it wear a romantic appearance.

As a specimen of "Wild Life," however, of an existence where your hands have to guard your head, where you have to be your own law-maker and law-enforcer, I hope it may be interesting. Fortunately, at home in England this state of affairs is unknown; but, on the other hand, fortunately, I think, for our youth and enterprise, there are countries where Anglo-Saxons may learn the lessons of self-dependence, and receive the physical training which fits them for their position, as natives of a country, whose Empire is so extended and of such variety.

I had been hunting with a friend, D——, about the River Pongolo, which is at the northern end of the Zulu country, in Eastern Africa. I had with me about fifty Kaffir hunters, and the extent of territory we ranged over was very considerable. We were pretty close to the so-called Transvaal Republic (a small Dutch Boer State, which the British have allowed to establish itself in the interior), and part of the district—say about as large as a good sized English county—was claimed by a Boer, as having been given him by the Swazi King—a tributary to the Zulu power. This man was a Pariah amongst his own people, and one who carried out

> "The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That he shall take who has the power,
> And he shall keep who can."

I had frequently been warned by the natives that he would give me trouble, either by shooting or robbing my hunters. However, as two could play at that game, I was not particularly troubled. The way we managed was this:—My friend and I pitched our headquarters in some spot tolerably accessible

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to waggons, and from there the hunters radiated, bringing back their hides, horns, and ivory as they had collected sufficient, or as their ammunition gave out. We all of us lived upon meat and pure water, and took plenty of exercise for vegetables. Some of the men would be 30 or 40 miles away; but, as I had possession of the country by mandate from the Zulu King, I had no lack of natives to carry the spoils any distance. Generally there were four or five hundred hanging about for the sake of the meat.

One evening, after the fatigues of the day, my friend and I were lying under the trees, by the fire, listening to the songs of the natives, and watching the re-acting of the exploits of the day, when two of my hunters made their appearance in sorry plight. They were unarmed—"like women"—and altogether looked very miserable. After a great deal of difficulty we managed to get a coherent story out of them, something as follows:—It appeared that they had met this famous and dreaded Boer, who had, at first, been very kind and chatty with them. They had sat down together—they and the Boer, two of his sons and his son-in-law. They had fed and smoked together, and, while in the full swing of confidence and friendship, he requested them to show him their guns. This they unhesitatingly did, and then he immediately ordered them to begone; beating them severely when they lingered about. They came away at length, informing him that they would go and tell their master, and he replied that their master and the King at his back—*i.e.* of the Zulu—might come and—behave ourselves in a way we were not likely to do!

Now this would never do. I had not only lost my guns, but I had been insulted in the persons of my natives. My prestige was gone, and I was bound to recover it. Besides

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this, I must say that a somewhat savage feeling had grown up within me. My "corruption" was raised at his message. However, for the time I simply told the men that I would see about it; bullied them for being such fools, and turned away.

For days after, there was great surmising amongst the natives as to what I would do. I kept very quiet until I had reported the affair to the King, who very simply told me that, as the Boer had begun it, I had better go and "Xova Xova" him, an expression meaning to mix the malt with the beer by grasping it with outstretched fingers, time after time—a very strong figure of speech! He recommended me at the same time to be careful, so as not to have any "shooting around." "You know," said he, "that white men have a stupid prejudice against that sort of thing, and I don't want any 'talk' with the British or Transvaal Governments." Promising to be as wary as possible, I went my way.

About a fortnight afterwards, behold my friend and I, at the head of some thirty good men and true, on our way for a Border Raid. We had a large retinue besides, and our proposed expedition made more noise in the country than pleased me. I was told that our friend "Koonclana" ("Conrad" Kaffirised) was on the look-out, with all his clan about him, and therefore thought it better to spend a month in hunting, about one hundred miles from his location. I felt sure the natives would not tell him of my whereabouts, as they both hated and feared him; and thus time would be allowed for his fears and suspicions to die away.

After a month's thorough good sport, we started for his place. As in all expeditions of that kind in that country, the gun was the only provider. And, as is always the case,

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being particularly hungry, we could shoot no game. On the third day we arrived at a Zulu village, within about 20 miles of his location; and then my friend and I got a good feed of milk and Indian corn, though my poor fellows had nothing. "Never mind," said they, "we shall get plenty to-morrow. Eat, master; if you are satisfied, we are full!" Next day, before sunrise, we were off in light marching order. On arriving at Conrad's house, we found that there was no way of surprising him. There was no bush about. All was open round the house, and I felt sure that, if we were seen, the enemy would retreat to the house and stand a siege. We did not know how many they were; and we knew that there were more of his people within a short distance, so that we had no time to spare. Remembering my injunctions, to have no bloodshed, I was in a dilemma, but, at last, my hunters came forward, and we circumvented the rascal.

They proposed that we whites, with the most of the men, should remain on the hill where we were, and that eight or ten of them should lay aside their guns and bandoliers, and, appearing as Zulus simply, should go down to him, as a party in pursuit of a runaway girl of their own tribe. So said, so done, and away went my forlorn hope, trusting principally in their own pluck, but also trusting to the effect of the surprise. I gave them strict orders to come back if they found their scheme impracticable without danger; in no case to lay a finger upon the women and children, and to be careful that they did not hurt the men. All this I was most anxious about, since, although good and brave men, they were but savages after all. I must do them the justice to say, however, that in the very heat of triumph—resistance there was none—they remembered and obeyed my orders.

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They went down and acted their part to a miracle. The Boer was mending a gun just inside his own door. One of his sons lounging about; the others were away. Little by little some of my fellows edged in, crying to one another to come and see how guns were made, others disposed themselves about the son, and, at a given signal, seized them; while one or two guarded the old woman, who, seizing a spade, seemed very much inclined to come to the rescue. I had told them to shout for me, if successful. Instead of that, they commenced firing off the loaded guns of the Boer's which were in the house. The result of this was, that we thought they had been discovered, and pelted down the hill as fast as we could, everybody carrying a couple of guns each, and expecting to meet the remains of our forces in full flight.

When we arrived, we found the Boer sitting on the ground, tied hand and foot, but none the worse; the son held by a couple of my men; and the old woman dodging backwards and forwards with her spade. My natives were shouting, jumping, and dancing, in the full swing of triumph, and many of the people of the country, who were by this time gathered about, looking on and enjoying the thing amazingly.

The next thing was to get something to eat, and I must plead guilty to having cleared the house of whatever was eatable. Starving men have little conscience, but we did him little harm in doing so, since we got scarcely anything but meat, and of that there was abundance in the country round. A jar of stuff was brought to me which I thought was Kaffir beer, and, in the hurry, it was not till I had taken a good drink, that I discovered it was yeast! Immediately afterwards, I found some honey, and, not thinking of consequences, I ate a quantity of that. It is scarcely

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necessary to say that I soon felt like the Yankee who took the component parts of a seidlitz powder in large quantities, and at different times!

Well, when we had finished recruiting famished nature, we addressed ourselves to the business of the day, and held a palaver. I found the man as abject now, as he had been coarse and brutal before. His wife came with a little child in each hand, begging that I would leave her a couple of milk cows for their support. The son pleading guilty, and saying that he had warned his father of the consequences, when he robbed and beat my natives. Altogether, I believe that I should have come away empty handed—had I not overheard my natives whispering, "Now he has them in his power, he's sure to do nothing, and we shall have had all this trouble for nothing."

On this I spoke to the old lady. "My good woman, I don't come here to rob you, but to teach your husband a lesson. He must not fancy that he can rule the roast and rob with impunity. I have had a great deal of trouble over this affair, and my people must be paid."

I took twenty head of cattle, and one to kill. His guns and ammunition I also took away. It would have been too dangerous to leave them. My fellows had begun the sack of the house, but I argued against this with the butt-end of my gun, and not even a spoon was taken away. We marched back to the Zulu kraals that night, doing a distance of 40 miles in the day, besides the attack and capture of the Boer. We were met by the natives everywhere with great praise and rejoicings. The only dissatisfaction being thus often expressed—"Why did you not kill the evil doer who sells '*Tshefu*' (arsenic) to people to kill one another?"

After eating the cow that night, we again marched,

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and in three days my friend and I, with two Zulu boys, reached the waggons; the whole of the natives knocked up; their feet having given way. We, however, walked it out. At the waggons we lay on our backs for a week doing nothing but eating continually. There seemed to be a void somewhere to fill up. On the seventh day I turned to D——, saying, "I think we had better be on the move again, I am beginning to feel a little indigestiblefied!" D—— agreed with me, and so we went on to fresh fields and hunting-grounds new.

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AFRICAN TRAVEL, TRAVELLERS, AND THEIR BOOKS.

(SAINT JAMES' MAGAZINE, February, 1874.)

IN books of travel, especially in those which contain a great admixture of hunting adventures, the tendency is, of necessity, to glorify the author. It is not that he has that object in view, but that he writes of successful exploits, both in travel and sport, with much greater pleasure and *verve*, than he does of failure. Such books cannot help being egotistical, and it is really an excusable fault.

Everything centres round the traveller and sportsman. It is with his eyes we see, it is by his ideas of things we are compelled to judge. We enter into his enthusiasm. We sympathize with his difficulties and dangers. We starve, we thirst, we feed and are full, with the hunter. We watch distant mountains; we listen round the camp-fire at night to stories of distant lands and tribes. We long to visit them, equally with the explorer, and we do so in the pages of his book.

How carefully, then, ought such books to be written! The great fault of most of the kind lies, not in the egotism itself, but in the style and prominency of it. The wanderer in Africa is the central figure, with most grand accessories. He is the one, which stands in relief against a vast but hazy background, only visible at all through the rents in the mist, caused by his movements. This background is a continent teeming with animal life; a land of rivers, mountain, and plain, on a dim but magnificent scale. Elephants, lions,

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rhinoceri, alligators, and buffalo, pass in wild panorama, and, at the sound of a gun, disappear into limbo. Savage tribes perform their war-dances, fight, kill, and are killed. In their wild dresses, with strange shouts and gestures, they pass and repass. Trees and plants, fruits and flowers, afford shade, nourishment, and pleasure to the traveller; while the climate and the heavens, by day and by night, fill up a picture, which, by a good painter, is superlatively grand. And, in reading a well-written book of travel and adventure, it is only by the impression made upon us by the surroundings that the central figure is evolved into view. He has had the art to make us forget himself, and thus to evoke at last our greater admiration. In such works the egotism is unfelt. The writer, in dwelling upon the strength and prowess of wild animals, the grandeur and inaccessibility of mountains and rivers, the manners and customs of races unknown to Europeans; interests readers of all kinds, and, at last, brings them to think, how staunch and enduring must have been the man, who has seen and done all this. Those are the successful authors, and deservedly so, who render us grateful for description of country which is interesting in itself, and who do not seem to demand your admiration of their prowess in visiting such a region, yet hardly take the trouble to describe it.

The volumes to which we give the palm as books of travel and adventure are those of Sir Samuel Baker and Mr Chapman (the latter of whom, alas! has taken his last great journey). There is imparted a charming mixture of knowledge and excitement, and in the works of neither are they themselves prominently brought forward, otherwise than the necessity of the story requires. Notably in the volumes of these two travellers, others, black as well as white,

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have their full meed of praise for their pluck and endurance allowed them. One of the daily papers, in July last, had a short article upon the "stereotyped" remark of British sportsmen in India, when the half-armed, or no-armed, native ran away from a tiger or other wild animal, and the Englishman, with his double breech-loader, stood fast; that the Hindu "was wanting in the stamina necessary for encounters such as these!" There is one line which might be stereotyped for insertion in the shooting adventures of most African Nimrods, and that is "on looking round" (and remember this is always at a most critical moment) "I found the native had bolted with my second gun." This, of course, renders the escapes (which are always accomplished) more wonderful, and the poor native gets an undeserved bad character. We have travelled and hunted in Southern and Eastern Africa, and our experience of natives is very different to this. No doubt, if you come a stranger into the country—one whom they have never seen before, and may never see again, one in whom they have no interest, other than the hope of getting a little meat, who knows nothing of their habits, or even their language—it is but natural to white and black, to allow the well-armed stranger and alien to stand the brunt of the danger. But if these same men are your own servants, and have been well treated, they are too apt to go to the other extreme, and treat you as they would a child. Many times we have seen men of the Zulu tribe thrust themselves into danger to save their master.

Sir Samuel's descriptions of country, of people, and of hunting, are all graphic, and most readable. They bring before you the scenes which surrounded him, and the dangers which he surmounted, without in any way pushing forward his own part in them.

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Mr Chapman's is a book full of information of a pleasant and useful character. That he was a most daring and successful hunter there is no doubt (the writer of this knew him well), but he preferred giving us what he had learned in geography and natural history, fearing that the public was satiated with lion stories, and he gave us a charming book.

As records of slaughter pure and simple, which rouse the destructive tendencies of our young men with plenty of money and little to do, Gordon Cumming and Baldwin take the lead. Keepers' game-books, with a little embellishment as to fur and feather, and notes of the places in which the birds or animals were killed, would read as well, only that their scenes would be laid in a country which boasts no dangerous carnivori or pachydermata. Still we are not inclined to condemn this class of book. If it tempts people to go out on a crusade against wild animals, whether in Africa or India, it leads them to a better life than wasting health, time, and money in London. They gain by the change, and become men, in the strongest sense of the word.

As an example of the steady, practical traveller who wastes no time in sport or romance, who is a thorough specimen of the Utilitarian in his travels and their results, we have Dr Livingstone. His books put us in mind of nothing so much as the business catalogue of an old-established, steady-going publisher, which includes a little "sensation." There is no going out of his way to cater to the public taste. He tells what he has seen and done, and if you don't like it, you may, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, "lump it." But certainly there is generally enough, and much more than enough, in his books to hold the

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attention of the public closely riveted. What Dr Livingstone describes, he describes well; coldly but clearly, as matters of business ought to be done. The public seem to have the idea, that all other travellers travel for their own pleasure, give us very readable books, but are scarcely to be depended on. Here, they seem to say, we have a man who is well used to the business; who knows what we sober old geographists want, and who will give it us. Egyptian Pashas, Equatorial Gorillas, Turkish Hadjis, and Armenian Dervishes, may be very interesting, but we prefer our steady old friend, who has catered for us so long.

Captain Galton's is a wonderful book of its kind. The amount of research shown in its pages is enormous. Yet we must decide that it is only fit, as it mostly purports to be, for those who travel for amusement, to whom money is no object, and time less. It is utterly impossible for an exploring party, which has a wild, uninhabited country to go through, to carry such stores and magazines as he recommends. We are writing, of course, of what is portended in this article; that what we say is true, will be seen farther on.

Besides the books which treat of sporting, *solus*, there are often very good articles in such papers as *The Field* and *Land and Water*. They give much information regarding the habits of animals, as well as the modes of killing them. Notably some papers on rhinoceri, leopards, and lions, signed W. H. D., "Upindo," &c.

We have, as we have said, travelled much and long in Southern and Eastern Africa, and have always taken an interest in the country and the natives. The consequence is, we cannot help arriving at the conclusion, that, notwithstanding all which our travellers have written, we have not yet a book of travels such as there ought to be.

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How much there is to describe in Africa! What a vast field for science! What scope for the ethnologist, the natural historian, the philologist, the botanist, the geologist, and the geographer! Who will, who can, give us all this as it ought to be given, to complete our knowledge of this still little-known country, of its character and products, and of the manners and customs of its people? No one man can. It is impossible. The scientific societies ought to join in despatching an expedition, consisting of properly-qualified men, who have a thorough knowledge of these subjects, and who are able to compile solid information into a readable book. The interest in such a quest would be immense. Government ought to contribute. The public would do so freely; as witness the munificence of Mr Young of Kelly. Men who love science for its own sake, are never backward in volunteering their services, even though life may be risked in carrying out their plans. Large sums of money would, no doubt, be required. Years would also pass before the survey was completed; but the result would be a standard book for the present, and of reference for all time to come. How much benefit would also accrue to the natives from the knowledge that we were doing such a work! The anarchy which exists behind and around the Portuguese settlements, could do so no longer. If the attention of the civilized world was drawn to it, Portugal must alter or give up. She has not the power nor, seemingly, the inclination to improve matters; but she would be compelled to give place to those who have both.

It is not necessary that Britain alone should carry out this exploration. Science is cosmopolitan. Germany, France, Italy, and Portugal, would no doubt gladly contribute both men and money. What there is a paucity of in one nation,

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may exist in superabundance in another. Portugal in Europe is, and always has been, honourably anxious for pre-eminence in all that is good, and of use to mankind. It would be of great service to her, and to humanity, were her emissaries to see what goes on in her Eastern African possessions, in the company of men of other nations, of unbiassed judgment and undoubted integrity—men who would not be content with official reports, or judge by official civility, but look for themselves into the state of the people and tribes around.

Such an expedition, well organized and well led, could go through the length and breadth of Africa, and, with care, might experience but few of the usual dangers and hardships. It would have the support of money to any amount, which is the sinews of travel, as well as of war; and the more quietly and unostentatiously it went about its work, the less liable it would be to interruption. The peculiar "madness" of white men, other than Portuguese, is beginning to be well known in Africa; namely, that many of them simply travel for knowledge and not for profit; and, as a consequence, they are cheated, laughed at, and not molested. Thus both sides can afford to laugh, as both sides win. We are now, however, not so certain as to what will be the treatment of travellers in Northern Africa. The fact of Sir Samuel Baker having first appeared as an explorer, and then returned with an army, will spread through the countries around a fear that all others may be spying out the land for the same purpose; and we doubt very much whether the *ultimate* results of Sir Samuel's expedition will be of so much benefit to mankind generally, as to make up for the obstructions which we fear will be thrown in the way of science and missionary enterprise—the true and lasting civilizers.

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Speaking of such an expedition as this, naturally leads us into the subject of African exploration, as carried out under the fostering care of the Royal Geographical Society. It is deplorable to see such a *fiasco* as the great Livingstone relief party, under Lieutenants Dawson and Henn; and yet we do not altogether blame the young commanders. Who, at their age and in their position, would refuse such a chance of renown as this leadership offered? Who would have self-abnegation enough to say, "No, you had better get some one more acquainted with this sort of thing. We are afraid we have not sufficient experience; and we know nothing of Africa." We are no admirers of Mr Stanley's rather offensive depreciation of others and glorification of himself; but we must allow that his strictures on the Royal Geographical Society are not altogether devoid of truth. One great mistake is made, which is this. No exploring party can possibly be strong enough for defence, in the event of a serious attack; therefore, none ought to be rich enough to excite the cupidity which infallibly leads to such a result. An example ought to be taken from Livingstone himself. How much he has accomplished with so little means! It may be said that he is *sui generis;* but it is not so. Any man who throws himself heartily into such work, ought to be prepared to go with staff and scrip; his instruments and medicines, the only real necessities; his knowledge of native character, his high resolution, and undaunted heart, standing him in place of all else. An expedition which might be mistaken for the baggage-guard of an Indian army, which is laden with patent rifles, patent saddles, food, tents, and pontoons, which is an endeavour to take the comforts, and even the luxuries of home into Central Africa, is ridiculous. It might by this time have been recognized that, whatever

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amount of *luggage*, parties of this kind have started with, the principal work has been done with very little. A man's guns, his medicines, and his instruments, he can get better in London; but for all else, it is wiser to go with the money, and buy what he wants at the place from which he starts. It ought not to require demonstration that, at Zanzibar, goods necessary for inland travel are more likely to be got of the right quality and kind than in Cheapside. It is on these grounds that we have expressed such an opinion of Captain Galton's book as appears in the foregoing.

A little knowledge of the seasons, in different parts of the world, would also be advisable, so as to avoid sending out expeditions to arrive at the beginning of the rains; as was the case with that of Lieutenants Dawson and Henn, and the true reason, to our mind, for its breaking up.

We know many men who have started on long expeditions in Africa, covering distances in wild, unknown, and inhospitable countries, which would bear comparison with those of our great travellers who are Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society, but who think very little of it; so little, in fact, that it is difficult to get them to advert to their exploits. We are quite aware that it is a very different matter to conduct or take part in a scientific exploration, to simply travelling through a country on business with which all the natives are acquainted; but still we adhere to our opinion that it is easy to do, if a knowledge of the natives, the country, and the difficulties, is possessed by the leader, who above all things ought to be somewhat acclimatized. In support of this we refer to Captain Frederic Elton's exploration of the Limpopo. We might well take example by military matters. In the conducting of an army there is one commander-in.chief, but many subordinate ones. Each has his defined station and his share of duty.

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If such a combined expedition as we advocate is ever despatched, it would be well that the leader of it was one who is acquainted with African travel, even if he had no scientific attainments. Or if that be thought *infra dignitate*, make him "sailing-master." It is not necessary that a man should have been all over the continent, to enable him to travel in any part of it. His experience in one part, will serve him well in another, as witness Dr Livingstone himself. It is a mistake to accept it as a principle, that men who have done well in another quarter of the world, must do equally well in Africa; the conditions are so different. Just as correctly might we say that he who is a good dancer, must be a good musician. African travel is of itself and by itself. Were there no other proof of this, the mere fact of it all having to be done on foot, would be sufficient.

Let it be borne in mind, that we do not for one moment wish to depreciate the work which has been done by men who travel in the interests of science. The hardships they endure are no doubt very great, such as would deter any but those who were supported by a genuine enthusiasm for and love of, exploration, or an honourable ambition to associate their names with the advance of science and civilization. They endure hunger and thirst, rain and sun, heat and cold; are exposed to dangers from disease, wild animals and savage men. Still, these are but olives to their wine. Dr Livingstone has said that, after long association with black men, one forgets that they are black, and accepts the colour as a matter of course. We know this to be true from experience. So it is with the *disagrémens* of travel. That which, when we first encounter or read of it, feels, or sounds, insupportable hardship, comes to be taken as a usual occurrence. It is as in some of our every-day amusements in England, the danger is good fun, while in the pursuit or

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execution; the brush or the prize is an honour, the prospect of which only adds zest to the game itself. If the scientific explorer has not this feeling he will never succeed. The hunter and trader has it in full force. He loves the life, and his success enables him to pursue it.

Englishmen, above all, ought to be greatly interested in, and, as we admit they do, support African travel. The Anglo-Saxon race has already struck root in the southern parts of the continent: and, if diplomatists do their duty with reasonable quickness and decision, no other power will gain a footing there, and we shall avoid disputes of the San Juan character. We have said that no other power will gain a footing; it may be answered, that one other power has already done so. Portugal has been there, ere Englishmen had made to themselves a name beyond the boundaries of Europe, and its settlements still exist. Truly they do; but they are no credit to the nation. Slavery, debauchery, drunkenness, anarchy, war, murder, and robbery stalk in the midst, and around, unchecked and unheeded; nay, rather fostered, so as to render it an easy task for the few who are there to rule. There is no spring, no life in the Portuguese of East Africa. As they traded three hundred years ago, so they do now. As they Christianized and civilized three hundred years ago, so do they *not* now. They have inaugurated no new era of commerce and civilization. Anglo-Saxon settlements would do this; and the Portuguese factories—like those of all worn-out and effete nations—would quickly and surely die out.

Britain has done much for the putting down of slavery. No nation can question her disinterestedness in this matter. So long as she commands the sea she can prevent slaves being exported in that way; but all the treaties in the world,

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will not have the effect of doing away with domestic slavery, until public opinion is brought to bear on it, and, without travellers, how can that be? We ourselves, while waiting on business in the Government office at one of the Portuguese settlements, have read the treaty between "the high contracting Powers;" and, shortly afterwards, have been offered boys by the Banians at £5 each. Another time we were witness to a quarrel between a Banian and a German, which arose as follows:—A certain Portuguese had left for Mozambique, and given his power of attorney to the German (first) and to the Banian (second). He had left eight slaves whom the German employed, but regularly paid them wages. This was against all precedent, and the Banian threatened to complain to the Governor that the slaves were being spoiled, by being taught to look for payment for their work! These East African people—white, black, or yellow—will sign as many treaties as you like, and—keep none of them.

The Court of Lisbon, no doubt, fancies that all is as it should be. It depends upon the representations of its officials, who risk their lives to make as much money as they can, in as short a time as possible; and our British Government, which is accustomed to keep its word (in philanthropical matters), takes all for granted.

The country is no doubt unhealthy, but we consider that its deadliness has been much exaggerated, and that it is more especially a consequence of the life which people lead there. The habitual residents have no amusements of any kind whatever. They seldom or never take to sporting, and their time is passed in sedentary employment, varied too often by excess, as a relief from monotony. Travellers, especially such as are unacquainted with the country, have hardships to endure which a little knowledge would avert.

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They come fresh from hurrying, driving Europe, and expect that everything is to give way to push and dash, as there. It is not so. The African, with no sense of the value of time, cannot be hurried; and as regards the travelling itself —through marsh and river, forest and plain—over hills and amongst hostile or phlegmatic tribes—the longest way round, is generally the shortest in the end. Stanley found it so. Let them take time therefore. Look at Livingstone, how quietly and comfortably he takes it; no hurry there. He is determined to work out his problem thoroughly. Years are no object, and truly they are not. If a man, or party of men, spent their whole lives in opening up to European gaze, with a view to occupation, the lovely and fertile lands of Africa, would any one say their lives had been wasted? Surely not.

We want men for this exploration, who will look beyond a gold medal for their reward; who take such an interest in their species that they will become apostles of Africa—it would be a great name—apostles of science, civilization, and religion; who would give us a true and unexaggerated report upon this continent, the one portion of the globe which is still, to the disgrace of modern philanthropy, allowed, except on the sea-coasts, to take its chance as to all which we consider of value among men.

The names of men who shall do this work, will live in the memories of mankind, surrounded by a brighter halo than those of warriors or statesmen; and though they may rest at last far from St Paul's or Westminster Abbey, yet shall their deeds be their brightest monument!

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AMONG THE AMATONGA.

(GLASGOW HERALD, 17th April, 1875.)

IN May, the first of the winter months of 1871, I started from Natal on a pioneer hunting and trading trip amongst the people whose name heads this article. They occupy the low, flat country to the east of the Bombo range of hills, from the Zulu on the south to the River of *Spiritu Sancta* (English River) on the north (including all the southern shores of Delagoa Bay), and to the Indian Ocean on the east. It is a territory of about 150 miles long by 80 broad. It reaches to a little beyond the 26th parallel of south latitude, and its northern boundary is the line between their last African possessions, now in dispute between Great Britain and Portugal.

There are different tribes of Amatonga (*Itonga* the person, *Amatonga* the people—a general name for all the tribes thereabouts) in this country under different chiefs, but the principal, and by far the largest, is that of Mabudtu ("Mapoota") or Temby. Their king's name is Unozingili, and it was to him I was bound.

We started on the 11th May from the port of Natal in a little schooner, with about fifty Portuguese natives, who were returning from work, as passengers. These people come regularly to earn money on the sugar and coffee plantations, and after two or three years' service go back to their homes, where they spend, in a very short time, in riotous living and debauchery, what they have been so long in gaining. The schooner crept up the coast, little by little, anchoring when the wind was foul, and creeping on when fair though light,

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until, on the second day before arriving at Lorenço Marques, we had a good stiff S.W. breeze, which brought us up abreast of the Island of Unyaka (Inyack). But, lo and behold! when the next day dawned, the set of the current had been such, that we were out of sight of land, and then such a commotion amongst the natives on board! It was a day of fasting, of lugubrious faces, of much whispering and gathering in corners. They were to be taken and sold as slaves. The way was lost. The high wind of yesterday had obliterated the tracks of former vessels, so that the road could not be distinguished. They would all be starved, and would never see their homes any more. The sailors, when appealed to, comforted them by saying that food would not fail with so many Amatonga on board. That when the head, hands, and feet were thrown overboard, Itonga meat would look like beef, and taste much nicer! Water we had in plenty. My own natives (four Zulus whom I had taken with me) came, in some trepidation, to consult me about this, but I laughed them out of their fears, and they went away satisfied.

All this day we had been leading westward, and, towards evening, high land was seen. This was at length recognised as Unyaka, and a general jubilee was the result. We anchored for the night inside the northern point of the island, the captain fearing to cross Delagoa Bay in the dark, because of the many shoals and the intricacy of the navigation.

The island of Unyaka (Inyack) is about eight miles long, in its greatest length, and about six broad. It has evidently at one time been an extension of Cape Colatto on the eastern or seaward side of Delagoa Bay, which it encloses and shelters for half its length. It is perfectly healthy, summer and

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winter. The N.E., E., and S.E. winds blow from the sea. The S.W., W., and N. winds come from the land, but they seem to cross enough of salt water to take the fever out of them. Two ridges run throughout its length, both terminating in bluffs at their northern ends, and covered with bush; between the ridges is a valley where cultivation is principally carried on.

The soil seems to be pure sand—in some parts white, in some red—yet it grows good crops of rice, beans of various descriptions, yams, maize, Kaffir corn, manioc, turmeric, eschalots, and pistachio nuts. Pigs and fowls are reared in great numbers, and cattle do pretty well. Orchilla weed is gathered on it in great quantities. It is separated from Cape Colatto, on the mainland, by a channel of about half-a-mile, and Elephant Island—a small spot of land on the inside of the northern point of its western ridge—forms the good and safe harbour of Port-Melville. The inhabitants number about eight hundred, and are part of the tribe of Mabudtu, under the chief Unozingili. It has been proclaimed a British possession, and gazetted as part of Natal in the *Gazette* of that colony, but the right to it is disputed by Portugal, and the matter is now, I believe, under arbitration. As a trading station it is first-class, and as a point of departure by sea for the yearly influx of labourers to Natal from the far interior, it would be invaluable to the colony, since the planters are forced to expend large sums on the importation of coolies, because the thousands of the Northern tribes are deterred from coming by land, by the great extent of hostile and lawless nations they have to traverse; and by sea, by the many obstacles thrown in their way by the Portuguese.

Next day, at half-past eleven A.M., we anchored in English River, opposite the Portuguese settlement of Lorenço Mar-

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ques, having crossed the bay (about 20 miles) with a good north-east breeze. We were cleared at the Natal Custom-House for the Usutu River (called on the maps Mapoota); but we called at Lorenço Marques to land our native passengers—who were by this time very hungry—intending then to proceed. It is not my purpose, in this present paper, to describe Lorenço Marques and its inhabitants, so I will merely tell what befell us there. After landing the Kaffirs, we wished to go whither we were bound, but the Governor would not allow us, threatening, in case we did so, to seize the ship, on the grounds that the Portuguese claimed all the southern coasts of Delagoa Bay. The consequence was, that I had to land in Lorenço with my goods and pay duty. After this was done, the people were kind and polite enough. Major S——, the Governor, lent me one of the Government boats to take myself and my property up the Usutu. I had difficulty in procuring one, through the jealousy of the Banians, the principal boat-owners and traders to Mabudtu.

We started one morning at daybreak from Lorenço Marques in a large boat of five or six tons, half-decked, and carrying one immense lateen sail. We had a crew of eight men and a padrone; and capital oarsmen and sailors they were. Their oars consist of a long mangrove-pole with a flat piece of wood bound to the end, which works in a piece of rope tied round the thole-pin. It was a calm when we started, and the men had to pull. They generally stand up on the thwarts, with their faces to the bow, and as they row they sing. I much prefer the Tonga singing to the Zulu. The former keep good time, and in their tunes there is melody; whereas that of the Zulus is a series of shrieks, grunts, and bellowing, great sound, good time, but not the slightest approach to harmony.

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It was very pleasant that bright winter morning as we lazily rolled over the placid waves of Delagoa Bay, passing along a coast which was new to me. Every point and bluff was of interest. Each had its native tradition; especially a wall of rocks on the Temby shore called by the natives "Joinhbvana"—the little houses—where the breakers had excavated caves in the sandstone, approachable at low water, but not at high—which long ago had afforded refuge in time of war. Towards evening, we entered between the two points (Hood and Flamingo), which constitute the mouth of the river. It was too dark to see much, but I saw it many a time afterwards in the daytime, from its mouth to 35 miles up, and a noble river it is—I mean for South Africa. Flowing through flat country, its course is not interrupted by falls and rapids as are the rivers in the hill countries of the Zulu and Natal. For the distance that I know it, there is water, summer and winter, for vessels drawing five or six feet, and so far the influence of the tide is felt. Up to the Bombo Mountains, 80 miles from its mouth, there is three and a-half feet of water. Its banks are mostly covered with mangrove and reeds, though in some places they are high and dry.

The natives rowed against the tide, which has a rise of about eight feet, and about eleven P.M. we put ashore at a ferry on the right bank. When I awoke in the morning we were lying high—but not dry—on a bed of mud. The tide had receded and left us there, and the river was covered with a thick mist which smelt of fever in every globule of it. There was no way of getting on to firm land, except by laying out two or three oars, and sliding along them. By that means you reached mud which was not above your thighs, through which you could wade to the bank.

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As the birthplace of mankind was Asia, so, I believe, the birthplace of the mosquito-kind must have been upon the Usutu. From there, I believe, as they increased and filled the country, they spread over all the world, but none of them leave the spot, so long as there is room to fly.

About eleven A.M. we started again, and passing through many herds of hippopotami, and starting many an alligator and strange bird, we reached our destination at night. On the way we had to land a Portuguese passenger, and did so (excuse the Hibernicism) *on a tree* that hung over the water. It is the strongest and toughest wood I have seen —a branch, the thickness of two fingers' breadth, easily bearing the weight of a man; and ropes made from its bark are stronger than the strongest hemp. The natives call it "Ublolo." It grows to no great size, and has a large thick, soft, bright green leaf. On this voyage, I also made acquaintance with another very useful shrub, the "Uqumbukwekwe." It has a small green leaf, with a very dark smooth bark. The leaves of it, when bruised, are used as soap, and a very good substitute they are, for washing either your clothes or your skin.

Next morning we commenced landing the goods, and as we did so, though in the middle of the dry season, it came on to rain. The bales and cases had to be carried about half-a-mile over a swamp to the ferryman's kraal, which was situated on the first low ridge running parallel with the river, and ere we had finished I was thoroughly drenched. That night one of my Zulus complained of his head: it was the beginning of the fever. Next day also it rained, and we all had to lie up in the kraal, bitten by mosquitoes and stifled with smoke.

I had been told that it was necessary to have rum with

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me, both for purposes of trade and for gifts. I took none for sale; but I took with me a thirty-five gallon cask and a piece of very nice fancy twilled stuff as a present to the King; and next day appearing fine, we started for his kraal, about 20 miles distant, carrying a five-gallon keg as a sample. On the way, however, it rained again, and having no change of clothes I was constrained to wear the wet ones until they dried. Unozingili's head kraal is situated in the heart of a thick bush, the living and decayed vegetation of which smelt rankly as we passed through it. The name of this town is "'Ncin'amacebo'ezwe," meaning "where all lying and false accusations current in the country come to an end"—*i.e.*, find their level. It is shortly called "'Ncina." It contains about a hundred huts, and is surrounded by smaller kraals inhabited by his wives, servants, and captains. In one, belonging to one of the last mentioned, I was told to sleep, and in the evening a chamberlain came down for the present. He got the keg and the piece of cloth, and I told him of the cask, which the king would have to send for. That night I heard a tremendous uproar in the big kraal, and on inquiry found that they had been using my undiluted rum, as if it had been that of the Portuguese, which is first reduced by two-thirds water, and then strengthened with cayenne pepper and tobacco juice. An old man, who lived where I was staying, was carried in about nine P.M. in a frightful state—he was roaring like a maniac, and foaming at the mouth. When I saw him I thought he would surely die, and was blaming myself for having given the King the liquor. I need not have troubled myself about the matter. Next morning he was up at daybreak, none the worse, and telling me that mine was remarkably good rum (or, as they call it, "Isopi"); it made them so

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very tipsy in so very short a time! Rum and arrack are like mother's milk to these people. Even children of six or seven years old will drink a tumblerful, raw, without winking. I have seen one of the King's sons, a boy of eight, drink a bottle at a sitting. This is *one* of the delightful habits taught them by the Portuguese. It is the most profitable merchandise they deal in, and to do any trade in Mabudtu you must have rum as well as other goods. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," but to such an extent is the love of drink carried amongst the Amatonga, that they will give even that for rum, since they care not though they die, if they only die drunk!

Morality in the men, virtue in the women, are things unknown amongst the Amatonga. The slave girls and servants of the King, bear children for the King, and to whom they please. The females of the King's kin are not allowed to marry, but their families rank as of the blood royal. The price of a wife is £5, or its equivalent in rum or goods; and the Tonga men buy children of eleven or twelve years old, who grow up with their husbands. A man will go away to work in Natal, leaving his wife, or wives, at home. On his return they will show him the goods they have gained by prostitution in his absence, and be praised for their diligence! Yet adultery, when "discovered," is punished by the "co-respondent" paying the price of a wife. Disease prevails amongst them to a frightful extent, and, having no proper medicines, the result may be fancied. All this is *another* of the delightful customs taught them by the Portuguese, since it is only in the tribes with which they have contact, that such open debauchery is seen.

The rule of Portugal in Eastern Africa is a curse to black, a shame and disgrace to white humanity. Murder, anarchy,

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plunder, and licentiousness are the normal conditions of the nations inhabiting the territory which it claims. The Portuguese have no power to control them. They only exist by setting one tribe against another, and in consequence of their possessing the only markets where the natives can sell their produce and purchase the goods they require. We have had great and successful agitation against slavery in America, Cuba, and Brazil. *Slavery exists amongst the Portuguese!* Were only half the iniquity, misrule, and effeteness of Portugal in Eastern Africa known, not Britain only, but the civilised world, would compel her to part with her possessions, since she is too weak and too bigoted, to improve matters.

The King has a most Caliban-like way of carrying his immense hands and feet; and with him, as with all his people who can get spirits, it is impossible to do any business after mid-day. He has sense enough to know this, however; and although he may listen to what you have to say, he will return no answer until next morning. The number of his wives and slave girls is immense, and they live all about him. There are generally about five hundred soldiers in his kraal, two of whom are continually marching up and down in front of his hut, armed with double-barrelled guns, who give every few minutes a ludicrous imitation of the Portuguese cry of "Sentinela Alerta."

There is, in 'Ncina, a dwarf who was a chamberlain to the King's grandfather, who died about 1854. He is not more than 33 inches high, and is not in any way deformed, except, if you may call it a deformity, the fact of his having immense ears, such as would be wondered at in a full-grown man. He is so old that the people say he is a spirit, was not born of woman, but came down from the heavens. I

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myself was told by the Portuguese that they have papers in the archives of Lorenço Marques with this man's name written as witness ninety years ago! He witnessed the ceremony of Captain Owen's (with the present King's grandfather's consent) taking possession of the Usutu River and the surrounding territory for Great Britain in 1823. I have often heard of this treaty from the natives; and it is a common saying amongst them that the country belongs to the Englishman. The Government is a despotism pure and simple. The land, the people, their goods and their crops, the cattle, goats, and sheep, belong to the King. He can, and does on occasion, take what he chooses from them. They have to supply him with food for his numerous wives, and for the soldiers who may be at headquarters; and the latter can, when sent on errands and expeditions, take what food they require, even that which is being sent to the King; for, he says, they are myself—I am King by reason of them. In the Zulu nation the captains and councillors can save a man. If they say he shall not be killed, the King must give way; though it is not often they do so, since they share in the plunder. In Mabudtu the King's word is sufficient—the lives of all are in the breath of his mouth.

He is friendly to Englishmen, hoping by their means to escape from under the power of the Zulus, of whom he is in daily fear. He has a great contempt for the Portuguese, whom he plunders with impunity; and would sweep Lorenço Marques off the face of the earth, were it not that he would then be unable to procure his supply of goods. The only method of retaliation which the Portuguese can adopt, when plundered, is to stop the trade; and this makes them so jealous of the British claim to the English River boundary, since, if they had a settlement there, not only Unozingili's,

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but all the tribes around would be independent of them, and Lorenço Marques be among the things of the past. Well that it was so!

The King is a very superstitious man. Every day, and all day, some of his councillors are sitting with the diviners, who pretend to tell them what is going on in all parts of his country, what will happen, and with what dangers he is threatened. They divine with shells, stones, and knuckle-bones of sheep and goats. These they throw down out of their hands on the ground, muttering incantations the while: and from the position they fall in they foretell events, and find out secret plots against him. I need not say that most of the prophecies and revelations are obscure enough to warrant any interpretation. While I was in his country his mother died. Immediately the King was begirt with "medicine" and charms, to keep the evil from him. Cattle were killed for food on her way, and two of her servants sent to attend on her. All the people of the country came up to the King, under their different chiefs, to mourn with him; they also had to be charmed and purified, which took many days, cattle being sacrificed the while, with solemn dancing and ceremonies. Last of all they went to "close up her house." The whole country, with the King at the head, went to her kraal, sacrificed cattle at the door of her hut, then sprinkled it over with the gall, and at last carried it away into the bush. After this the people returned to their homes, and the King was "a man again!"

At another time, while I was at 'Ncina, the army was there. It appeared that a chief of one of the tribes, under the so-called rule of the Portuguese, had sent to the King to say, that he was ready for him whenever he chose to come—a defiance. Of course he accepted the challenge, and called

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up his people to tell him of the great deeds they would do, and to be "doctored." They killed many cattle, and ate many medicines for good luck; and, last of all, he set to work to make them courageous. They came round him in their regiments, one after another. One of his chamberlains took in his hand a huge lighted torch, with which he went round the circle, and, through the flame of it, he blew some oily substance out of his mouth into the faces of the men, renewing the supply, when exhausted, out of a bottle which the King held. It was a most amusing sight. Some of them stood the flame well; others drew back in fright; others, again, it was plain he had a grudge against, as he thrust torch and all under their noses, singeing their beards and their eyebrows, and setting their already well-greased hair on fire. When all was over, they were dismissed to their homes, to await his summons for the war.

I have spoken of his power for life and death, and will mention one instance which came under my own observation, both as illustrating that power, and as an episode in savage life.

While in Mabudtu, there came to me one day a native from Lorenço Marques, who told me he wished to go under my protection through the Zulu to Natal. It happened afterwards that this man ("Umtabula 'Nhlesio," the splitter of hearts; he was brave in war), although then under the Portuguese, had been Unozingili's. He did not tell me this, or I would have sent him on at once. He was recognised by the people, who immediately reported him to the King. On the third evening, I heard that this man had committed some crime, and would very likely get into trouble about it. After calling him, I asked if it was so. He did not deny it.

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I then gave him some blankets, which were wanted by my hunters west of the Bombo, and warned him to start early in the morning, so that the rising sun should see him many miles away. I had no idea of all that was going to happen. Just at dawn, I was awakened by some one loudly calling my name, and at the same time shouting that we were being killed; there was a noise of people running, the door was burst open, a man came head over heels over me, and crouched between my mat and the hut. Between sleeping and waking, such a violent entry and disturbance rather startled me, and, for a few moments, I did not recognise the man I had sent away the preceding evening. It appeared that people from the King had been on the look-out, and had met him on a ridge about two miles away. He broke through them, however, and reached my hut; and the men were now gathering outside, demanding him with loud shouts and threats. I went out and spoke to them. I refused to give him up. I offered to ransom him; but the only reply to all was, "Give him to us." They were afraid to attack him in the hut, and runners began to come from the King, continually asking, "Is he dead yet?" and requesting me to go and see the grave of his wife, who died by reason of this fellow. At last, about eleven o'clock, when I saw that they would have him, notwithstanding all I could do, and about a thousand men had gathered, I washed my hands of the whole matter, and told them that, as I had no strength to prevent their doing this deed, they must act as they pleased. Then I went in, and told him that I was beaten. Poor fellow! he prayed me to save him. I told him that I could not save him, but said, "You are a man; take your spear and go." If he had burst out I believe he would have got away, as the forest was close at hand; but I had no sooner turned my

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back than he stabbed himself, though not to death. Then began a scene of butchery. Spears were thrown and shots fired at him. He fired straight at me with my own gun, which I had left in the hut, so that, by slaying me, he might render his own death memorable, by the punishment which he hoped would come to the King, for a white man being killed in his country. That he made a bad shot is patent by this writing. At last, as my natives said, he died like a wounded buffalo in a bush. It was a frightful experience of savage life!

The trade of Mabudtu is extensive, considering the size of the country. The natives work hard in Natal, and although they spend some of their money there in goods, to take home with them, yet the surplus is considerable. The goods saleable in Unozingili's country, and indeed through all the tribes for many hundred miles north, are blue salempore, striped salempore, all kinds of fancy prints, derries, ginghams, chintz, cotton blankets and sheets, woollen blankets in small quantities, common coats and shirts, brass wire, hatchets, Kaffir picks, rum, guns, powder, lead, and caps. In all these, the Portuguese do a large trade. In return for this, they get rice, money, orchilla weed, maize, beans, cattle, sea-cow ivory, elephant ivory, hides both of cattle and wild animals; tiger, tiger-cat, and monkey skins, the two latter being saleable in Zulu-land for cattle. Rice they do not get in any great quantity—that comes principally from the northward of Lorenço Marques—but the Amatonga are such born traders and agriculturists (there the men hoe also, not the women only), that whatever was wanted, and their country would grow—and what would it not?—they would produce in any quantity. The profits the Portuguese get are immense, but by such high prices they cramp the trade.

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Under the British rule of small profits and quick returns, it would grow and expand, and the country become rich; but, as the Portuguese traded three hundred years ago, so they do now!

The people are arrant thieves, as seems the case with all black races. Stealing is bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. It is no crime unless found out, and then the culprit has only to restore what was stolen. No punishment follows, unless, indeed, the owner of the article administers it with a stick; and, when in the wrong, I must do them the justice to say, they submit very quietly.

They are much more liberal than purely pastoral tribes, perhaps because they have more food to give away. In Zulu, unless you are known, you have to pay for everything; but in Tonga you are never asked to pay for what you eat, though, if you want a store, you must buy it. The dress of the men is simply a bunch of skins in front and one behind, but some of them continue the habit, they have learned in Natal, of wearing clothes. The women, however, are much better dressed, having salempore or handkerchief wound round their body, from above the breasts to the ankles. It is the pride of the men to adorn their wives. Bad as these people are, I think them a much better subject for missionary operations than the Zulus, among whom so many preachers are placed. The latter have made themselves the first tribe in South Africa, and are thoroughly wedded to their traditions, and to the customs, under which they have acquired so much power and glory. The former are a much more impressionable people—more ready to accept new wages and habits—more open to teaching, not so conceited and self-satisfied, more clever and handy too than the Zulus. It is an unsavoury comparison, but I think a true one, that the

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Amatonga may be compared to a liquid cesspool which may easily be cleared—the Zulus to one of long continuance which has petrified. The constituents are the same, but the consistence different. The immorality and debauchery of the one is open, and offensive to the senses, but may soon be done away with. The same nature exists in the other, though not so visible, and is as hard as rock.

The country of the Amatonga, I have already said, is about 150 miles long by 80 broad, and it consists of a succession of low rolling ridges, covered in some parts with forest, and in others with thorns and scrub. I do not think there is a hill in the country, up to the foot of the Bombo range on the west, that is 200 feet above the level of the sea. The soil is pure sand for about two feet of surface, but underneath is alluvial deposit. There is no doubt that not long ago, geologically speaking, the whole of the flat country on the East Coast of Africa, which I believe extends nearly to the Red Sea—a strip of from 80 to 150 miles from the sea to the high lands—was covered by the ocean. The general level of the country is from 20 to 50 feet above high-water mark.

In the forests is good timber, which might be easily made use of. It would not be, as in Natal, where the roughness of the country, and the want of roads, renders imported timber cheaper. In Tonga you might drive waggons anywhere. Railroads would have only to be laid down. The only obstructions are the swamps, and they might be avoided, with the exception of one, which is a natural curiosity. From the Umkusi River, at the south end of the Tonga to the Entshulweni, a huge swamp at the mouth of the Usutu —a distance of a hundred miles—there runs a river called the Umfusi. It is a running stream, but has neither source

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nor embouchure, in the usual sense of the words. It begins in a large swamp, flows north, sometimes running water, sometimes stagnant marsh, until at last it ends in the Entshulweni, which has no visible outlet.

I know of no country which is better adapted for tropical cultivation than the Tonga. Cotton, sugar, rice, indigo, and tobacco are, I may say, indigenous. Frost is unknown. The seasons are more regular than in hilly countries. The facilities of transport are great. I liken the country to Demerara, but it is better off in the way of labour. The Amatongas are not like the Zulus and Negroes, who, when they have enough for their immediate wants, go home and are idle. They will work on, so as to get rich. The india-rubber vine is abundant, but it is not tapped in Mabudtu as in the country to the north of Lorenço. Several kinds of wild-fig are found, and there is a pink plum which is delicious, and makes a most refreshing drink. The vegetable-ivory palm is abundant, and is of great use to the people. Of its leaves they make thread, twine, and ropes; and they weave baskets and mats. Of its juice they make wine, which, fresh from the tree, is delicious, exhilarating, yet scarcely intoxicating; but, when old, it tastes like rotten eggs and water, will make you very tipsy indeed, and will give you the ague into the bargain. Of the nuts they make snuff-boxes. They have many edible roots and spinaches, and those who live by the lakes catch plenty of fish. A great drawback, however, is the want of good water. Apart from the Usutu and the Pongolo; which runs north, under the Bombo mountains, through the country into the Usutu; there is no running stream that is not brackish, and the water of the pools is apt to give you dysentery. I suppose, if proper wells were dug, good water would be found. The country is inhabited in patches. One

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part will be thickly peopled, then for miles not a kraal. They gather and settle where there are springs.

In most parts, now that the game has been driven away, and the Tsetse fly with it, cattle thrive and do well. I see nothing to prevent horses and mules doing the same.

With British capital, energy, and enterprise, what might not the Eastern Coast of Africa become! With British justice and good government, what a change would be wrought in the condition of the tribes!

The great bugbear—the great deterrent—is the fever. Well, it is not pleasant, but one must remember that the many deaths we hear of, are mostly of travellers who are exposed to all kinds of hardship—hunger, thirst, fatigue, wet, the burning sun by day, and the dews of heaven by night. They are half-dead before the fever comes. It would be different were the country settled, each man living in his own house, with comfort around him. I do not think the fever is so very virulent as is said, neither does it break one's constitution. I have been very nearly dead with it twice, and feel none the worse now—a year after. Temperance, good food, exercise, and medicine, will ensure you against dying by the fever, unless your day has come; but I believe you get it, summer or winter, all the same.

After seven months' stay in the country, I started from the King's kraal on the 21st December, 1871. I had done my trade amongst them, and, like most pioneers, had paid for my experience. I had no adventures worthy of record, except one, which I will tell of in a future paper. On the seventh day I reached the Zulu hills; and although I carried the fever with me as a *souvenir* of them, yet I was no longer amongst the Amatonga.

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TAKEN BY THE PORTUGUESE.

(GLASGOW HERALD, 24th April, 1875.)

WHEN I left Natal for my trip among the Amatonga,* I had arranged that the schooner "William Shaw" should come up again in September, 1871, with guns, powder, and Kaffir hoes, and to take away what produce I might have ready to send. I wished her to come into the Usutu River (Mapoota) direct, not thinking that the Portuguese would dare to seize a British ship in British, or at all events disputed, waters, especially after the lesson they had in 1823, when Captain Owen, in H.M.S. "Leven," forcibly released the schooner "Orange Grove," of Capetown, which had been seized by the authorities of Lorenço Marques when trading in the same river, and compelled the Governor to pay a debt of £250 which he had incurred to the supercargo, and thought he had got rid of by the seizure of the vessel. I knew also that the Usutu was well within the boundary line of the territory, belonging to certain chiefs, who ceded it to that officer for Great Britain, by treaty, in the same year. Accordingly, on the 8th of September, two friends who were in her, came up to me, at the King's, with the information that she had arrived in the river. I must tell, however, that, as far back as July, I had arranged with Unozingili for people to carry the hides of the game killed by my hunters, from the Bombo hills to the mouth of the Usutu, a distance of 90 miles, and fully expected that all would be done by the time the vessel

* See "Among the Amatonga."

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came. In the *interim* happened the death of his mother, and everything was thereby put in confusion in the country, and all work suspended, when only about one-third had been carried, and I was then expecting the people with the remainder.

I found the ship anchored about six miles up the river, and immediately had the cargo landed and carried away, by people I had provided for the purpose. We lay in the river some six or seven days, with a part of the cargo in, consisting of hides and ivory, and waiting for that which was to come. We amused ourselves trying to shoot ducks, geese, and hippopotami, and, without that, had plenty of occupation in defending ourselves from the assaults of numberless mosquitoes, which were almost as bad as the Portuguese. On the 13th of the month we saw the lateen sails of two large boats coming round a bend in the river, and suspected that our friends were going to pay us a visit.

They came up (twelve soldiers, the Government Secretary, and the Clerk of the Customs,) and boarded us; and after inspecting our papers, informed the skipper that he would have to go into Lorenço Marques, about 22 miles to the northward, situated just half-a-mile to the north of 26° south. To this we duly protested, and handed in a formal protest, but were told this must be done to the Governor in person.

Two or three days passed away before we got a fair wind, and during that time, we were on very friendly terms indeed with our captors.

On the Sunday they attempted to tow the vessel down with the tide, but it resulted in our running ashore on a mudbank, to the great alarm of the Secretary and Clerk, since, if she had been wrecked before being condemned by their Courts, they would perhaps have had to bear the loss.

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On the Monday there came a change of wind, and we went quietly down the river, across the bay, and up English River, till we anchored opposite the fort, and were then left with a guard of a corporal and four different coloured soldiers on board, to see that we did not run away with her. While in the schooner, and coming down to Lorenço Marques, I had many conversations with the Secretary, who was most kind and polite (as one of the seamen said, "Too b——dy polite altogether"), and who expressed a most gentlemanly regret at the *contretemps;* no doubt, however, it was all a mistake; they were very sorry indeed to interfere with British ships, but they were bound by their orders from Portugal, and so on; I should only have to explain matters—although I was rather puzzled as to what I could explain—and I could go back to the river for the remainder of my cargo. But when they got us fairly in their power the tune changed. Nothing then could be done —ship and people must be tried. It was a matter for the civil court at Mozambique to decide on appeal; even the Governor-General of the Portuguese possessions on the East Coast could do nothing. I was anxious about the vessel, as she was only chartered, and offered to pay duty and the fine under protest; but after they had told me the amount of the fine—£111—and I had asked for a day to consider, but really to get the money, I was told that they had found a new clause in their law, which precluded them from doing anything but trying the ship, and condemning or releasing her. But I must mention that, even when at first they agreed to take the fine, they refused to allow me to protest against the seizure of the schooner. I must pay and hold my tongue. The trial went on for some days in the most wearisome manner—many times interrupted by St Some-

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body's day. All the while the sailors and myself were hanging about the Custom-House, and I had to provide food for all hands.

While this was going on, I again wished to hand in my protest; but the answer was that I must wait the result of the trial, and, if the ship was condemned, I could at any time do so. Afterwards, I took an opportunity of asking one of the officials to go with me to the Governor for that purpose, and was then told that, as I had not done it within twenty-four hours, I could not now do it at all.

Next day we were turned out of the ship and had to live on shore. The sailors were provided with food and a room to lie in. I was not allowed to leave, and had to provide for myself. I determined to try one day, and marched off to the shore; but I was stopped. Fortunately, however, the Governor-General, who was just then on his round, paid Lorenço Marques a visit, and released me after eighteen days' detention. Thus it was that I was "taken by the Portuguese," and thus, and from previous visits, I came to know something about their settlement, the country round about, the tribes under their so-called rule, and, generally, their little goings-on.

The seizure of the "William Shaw," and the boundary question, are before the Arbitration Commissioners, but the result of the whole affair is not yet known.

I need not speak more of that matter, but it struck me that a truthful description of this little-known country, and of the effeteness and misrule of the Portuguese, might do good, and be interesting to British readers. So, *allons!*

Delagoa Bay is a piece of water about 40 miles long from north to south, by 20 broad from east to west. For about half of its length on the south it is enclosed by Cape Colatto

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and the Island of Unyaka (Inyack), and in the north-west corner lie the Islands of Sefeen, three low-lying banks covered with mangrove, between which and the mainland is the mouth of the river Umkomati (St George's). The bay itself, although so large, is very shallow in most parts, and the navigation consequently very difficult. But one comfort is, that though you may run on a sandbank you can easily get off again. Right in the centre of the bay enters the river, called by the Portuguese "Spiritu Sanctu;" by ourselves, English River. For some eight or ten miles up it is more like a firth than the usual outlet of a South African stream—there being no bar at the mouth either of it, or of the Umkomati—they flow into a bay, instead of into the open sea, and for this distance it runs directly east, so that the 26th parallel divides it in the centre, and is not only a mathematical line but a natural boundary. The Portuguese Government, in a late treaty with the Transvaal Republic (a small independent Dutch State which the British have allowed to establish itself on the north-east corner of Natal), settled, between themselves, their southern boundary at 26° 30″ south. This was evidently done so as to give the former the whole of Delagoa Bay—for no other purpose and on no other grounds. It is simply an arbitrary line drawn through the territory of the chief of Mabudtu (Mapoota), the grandson of him who ceded the country to Great Britain. It would give them the mouth of the Usutu (Mapoota) and about 12 or 15 miles inland from the southern beach of Delagoa Bay. Through this belt all imports and exports, into or from the remainder of the country, would have to pass, and Britain, on her northern boundary, would be denied all access from the sea, to her possessions, by a narrow band of Portuguese territory. The Transvaal was only too proud

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to have arrived at the dignity of treating with a European State at all, to object to anything; and, besides that, it was not their business to demur to any boundary in this quarter. Britain was entirely ignored in this treaty between these two. In the other case—*i.e.*, the line claimed by Britain—there is the broad division of the river, and, besides that, there is the fact, that the undoubted owner of the country fully ceded it to Captain Owen; and although the Portuguese persist in speaking of the Chief of Mabudtu as their subject, on the one side, and of the "Amanundwana," another tribe on the "Umkomati" (St George's) River, on the other; yet both parties are continually plundering their so-called *masters*, and making war upon each other, and scout the idea of dependence.

The Portuguese, I believe, base their claim to this territory on a treaty made with the Emperor "Monopotapa" (a Prester John kind of character), who they say reigned in the sixteenth century; but how that can be I do not know, since it is not so many years ago that they paid rent for the very ground on which Lorenço Marques stands. There must have been some treaty since, of an opposite character, which they say nothing about, if the first is anything more than a myth.

On the south bank of English river the country is most beautiful. It is, although perfectly flat, high and healthy. Plenty of good water, and large trees dotted all over it. The soil is sandy, but underneath it must be good, as the country is very fertile.

On the northern side, it is also high, but being very swampy, it is decidedly unhealthy. Round about Lorenço Marques, for 20 miles, there are very few inhabitants; the constant wars, which the Portuguese are unable to suppress, having depopulated the country. Further north,

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from the latitude of St George's River 20 miles from its embouchure, to away beyond that of Sofala, there is a teeming population, willing, nay anxious, to come to work in Natal, but who are prevented by the distance and the danger, consequent upon frequent disturbances amongst themselves, and the enmity which they have engendered.

The great advantages which all this northern coast has, are its river navigation, splendid soil, abundance of fuel, and cheap labour; yet all are useless for want of a good Government. Indeed, worse than useless, because these good things not only lie neglected by whites, but even the natives are not allowed to enjoy them in that peace and quietness which the power of Britain or Germany would give.

The Portuguese have no care for improving the condition of the natives, either temporally or spiritually. If they became wealthy, they would be powerful. If they were instructed, they would no longer remain dependent upon Lorenço Marques for their supplies, nor submit to be guided or influenced by the advice or the bribes of a people in many essential ways no better, and, in some respects, worse than themselves. It is a curious physiological study, why the character of a native of Portugal, high or low, changes so completely when he comes to Eastern Africa. I have generally understood that, in Europe, they are an honourable people, generous and hospitable, straightforward and truthful. Perhaps it is the weakness of their miserable settlements, surrounded by many, if not hostile, yet contemptuous natives, which so alters their nature. They are obliged to truckle and bribe, submit to insult and exactions, and are laughed at and plundered, whenever they step outside their walls; so perhaps, after all, they are deserving of pity as well as censure.

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The whole country, in dispute between Britain and Portugal, is one immense alluvial flat, where there is every facility for communication, either by water or on land. It is the same up the coast, as far as I know it. We must also remember that up the banks of English River is the nearest and best routes to the interior of the Transvaal—a district capable of producing everything required by man, and rich in minerals—gold amongst them. The new fields of Marabastadt, where there is a British company at work, are about a hundred miles from its mouth, and are actually in independent native territory, although the Transvaal has a better and more convenient mode of annexing, than many other States; they simply make a map, and when adventurers come before the British public for railways in that little known country, the length of the line necessary and the difficulties, diminish wonderfully. No doubt a railway would be the making of the territory, and open up a trade which would pay both trader and carrier, but let those who enter into the affair ascertain all about it. The present idea seems to be—let the company only commence, the line will then be finished somehow.

Regarding the tribes considered by the Portuguese to be under their authority, and the latter's misrule and effeteness generally, I will only tell one story. It is one which did actually happen, and is susceptible of plenty of proof. This, I think, will show the state of things much more strongly than any declamatory writing on my part, and as I am merely stating matters of fact, I shall be free from any suspicion of malice or exaggeration.

I have already spoken of the natives from the northward constantly wishing to come to work in Natal on the sugar and coffee plantations. A few do so. This is also true of

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some tribes of the Basuto nation who live to the westward of Lorenço Marques, but a long way in the interior.

In the beginning of 1871, sixty of these people left Natal together on their journey home. They belonged to the tribe of Umjantji, in the N.E. corner of what the Boers consider Transvaal territory. They had each their pack of goods—blankets, calicoes, &c.—and each had money. Their most direct road would have been through Zulu and then through Amaswazi-land; but the latter and their own tribe, although the one nominally in Boer territory, and the other tributary, had been at war. So they chose to go along the coast, till they reached the latitude of their own country, and then struck inland. They passed through Zulu and Mabudtu in safety, the chief of the latter tribe even giving them convoy to the banks of English River, to prevent them being maltreated or plundered by his people; and they crossed to the Portuguese side.

In July, 1871, I had been down to the Island of Inyack, and on my return landed at the usual passage of the Usutu. It was dark. When I came up to the ferryman's kraal, I saw some miserable-looking wretches seated round a fire, on which there was a pot with some maize in it. There were ten of them, and they, on inquiry, told me that they were the survivors of the sixty men who had passed, in good health and high spirits, two months before. Poor fellows! I wish some of our diplomatists had seen them as they then were. Emaciated, and covered with wounds, many of them burnt in the inside of the thighs, and on the breast, by sitting till they fell asleep over the fire in the cold nights, hungry and broken. It would have stirred the bile of even a member of the Peace Society. I learnt afterwards that about ten more had escaped in different directions. Forty were killed, and

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this was the how and the wherefore. On crossing English River they came amongst the people of a little tribe called "Madtolo," the head kraal of the chief of which is within eight miles of Lorenço Marques gates. This tribe, I daresay, could muster about four hundred men (they have since been nearly exterminated by Unozingili, the chief of Mabudtu), and are considered by the Portuguese, as peculiarly their own. The Basutos encamped under a tree outside the kraals, and some of them went that afternoon into the settlement to buy guns, and returned to sleep. Just before daylight in the morning, all the fighting men of "Madtolo" came down upon them, killed forty men, wounded the others, and plundered them of everything they possessed. The only reason given for this was that some of the plunderers' relatives had lost their lives some years ago in Umjantji's country. It was not pretended that these men were the murderers, or even that they knew anything about it. There is no doubt that the prospect of plunder was the real reason for the massacre. The consequence of all this was, that the remnant of these poor fellows were now trying to find their way back to Natal, destitute of everything; subsisting on charity, and, from weakness and wounds, most likely to die on the way. Fortunately, however, I fell in with them, fed and cured and sent them out to Natal. What became of the others who escaped I never heard. The Portuguese did nothing; too weak to punish, too indifferent to help the survivors. I heard afterwards that the Governor of Lorenço Marques had sent to the Chief of Madtolo demanding the property of these people. He returned him three pounds sterling (£3) in derision, with a message to the effect that, if he did not like to take that, he could leave it alone. So much for the power of Portugal in her possessions in Eastern Africa!

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The comment of the Chief of Mabudtu, Unozingili, who considers himself an "Englishman," both by reason of his grandfather's treaty, and because he, being a vassal of the Zulu, knows that they are tributary to us, was that he had been a fool. If he had thought the plunder was to go to Madtolo he would have had it himself. After this, what chance will the next batch of labourers have, who return through his territories, I should like to know?

This continual anarchy does harm to Natal and to the natives, directly and indirectly—to the former by preventing the influx of a regular supply of labour; to the latter because they not only lose their lives and their property, but because they lose the chance or the amount of civilisation they would gain in Natal, and which they would carry back with them to their distant homes. Need I harp longer upon this topic? Surely not. When I can speak of so foul a murder having happened within cannon-shot of a Portuguese settlement, considered by them the capital of a territory, I have surely said enough to prove that in those days, when good government is felt to be a necessity as well as a duty, Portugal must either alter or give up. Her colonial possessions are a disgrace to any civilised community. In the nineteenth century, she is debasing instead of raising mankind, and wilfully too, so as to make-believe keep her power in the ascendant. Until Sir Bartle Frere's recommendation of the appointmeut of consuls in the Portuguese ports on this coast is carried out, there will be no security for British natives, or knowledge in Europe of one-half the slavery and anarchy which exist in the so-called civilised colonies.

The harbour of Lorenço Marques is in the open mouth of the river, where it is about a mile across. There is very good holding-ground and plenty of water. It blows occa-

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sionally hard from the S.W., but there is no danger. On landing you may, if the tide is high, get close to the land; but if it is low water you have to be carried on a Kaffir's back for perhaps a hundred yards. Ashore, you must be careful of your feet, as the worship of "Cloacina" is carried into practice on the beach. All goods have to be landed in the same manner, at great risk and trouble. For all the centuries the Portuguese have been there, they have made no improvements, and a quay might be run out at very little expense. Splendid, straight mangrove poles are abundant close around the settlement—but no! change is abhorrent to them, except for the worse. The idea seems to be that, in the event of improvement, a knowledge of their proceedings would be disseminated, and they would be obliged to alter, so they keep themselves to themselves. In this idea the Court of Lisbon seems to concur, as they have lately refused to grant a subsidy to the Union Steamship Company, which is running steamers up the eastern coast, calling at the different ports. They refuse, although it would be a good thing for themselves, commercially speaking, setting aside the philanthropic motive which alone actuates Great Britain. I have known the various settlements to be six months without any communication with each other, or with headquarters at Mozambique, before the Union Company had established this branch of their line.

The settlement of Lorenço Marques is situated on the north bank, about two miles from Point Reuben—the northern point at the mouth of the river. It is built on a sandbank, which has a swamp between it and the mainland, and is about 500 yards long by 200 yards broad. There could not have been a more unhealthy spot selected, since whatever benefit it gets by the sea breeze is neutralised by

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the effects of the swamp at the back, the stench from which, in the houses close to it, is anything but pleasant or even bearable. Add to this seventy-one other, from every description of filth and ordure, and you have a place which—not for variety perhaps, but for pungency—beats Cologne in Coleridge's days; but safety had to be considered. At the west and east ends, and on the north side, it is surrounded by a wall. To seaward there is a tumble-down old fort, which is used as a barrack and a jail. In the whole place there are about ten guns of different sizes; and 120 various coloured soldiers, half of whom are constantly in hospital, form the garrison. These soldiers are, indeed, a Falstaffian company, with the addition that the clothes, which they seem to have procured by following that great commander's advice, have not been properly distributed—the big men have got the small clothes, and *vice versa*.

Within these walls the Portuguese may be said to govern, and those who are really their people amount to about five or six hundred. The west end of the settlement is the native quarter. There they are as thick as bees in a hive, and at night the sounds of drunkenness and debauchery are frightful; it is a perfect brothel!

The Portuguese rule these people by terror. For a trifling offence I have seen a man lashed over a gun, and then two men, with each a stick about an inch thick, laying on to him—one, two! one, two!—till he was half-dead. There is no restriction on the sale of rum to the natives. In fact, I have seen palm wine (not nearly so intoxicating as the other) prohibited from being brought into the place, for no other reason that I could see, than that they spent their money on it instead of on rum, with less harm to themselves, but less profit to the customs. Outside of their

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walls the Portuguese have neither power nor respect, they dare not step out in anger. They carry on, or rather prevent, their wars, by setting one tribe against another, and Lorenço Marques itself exists but on sufferance; yet they claim—and European diplomatists may perhaps allow it—territory to a vast extent and of great value and importance!

There are perhaps thirty white men and *one* white woman in Lorenço Marques, the latter the very kind, hospitable Portuguese wife of a German merchant. Amongst the former are the Governor, Secretary, Collector and Clerk of Customs, and an officer, generally an ensign, of the troops. There is also a representative of a large French house in Marseilles, who carried with him to this miserable spot the kindness, politeness, and hospitality of his native country. I often used to wonder, with regard to the German and this last, not that they were peculiarly "rich or rare" specimens of their two nations, but "how the devil they got there!" The houses are flat-roofed, built of adobe, cool and spacious; sanded floors, little glass, and less furniture. The two streets are ankle deep in sand.

About Lorenço there are a few cocoa-nut trees, but fruit and vegetables are almost unknown. If they attempt gardens or plantations outside, their own so-called natives plunder and burn them, as has happened. The latter seem willing that the whites may keep a store there; but are determined that they shall make no settlement, such as they see in Natal.

In one thing the Portuguese are fortunate, and that is, that they have a splendid supply of fish at their door.

The trade is considerable for so small a place, and might be increased fifty-fold, were it not for the high protective

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duties, the want of security, and the jealousy of the presence of foreigners, evinced every day. There are only three importing houses—two French and one German. These sell to the Banyans and half-castes, who travel through the native tribes trading for ivory, orchilla weed, ground nuts, and Natal sovereigns.

In such a place there is not much to describe. One does not like to dwell upon particulars which are disgusting, and there is little else to record. Let us hope that the day may not be far distant when Great Britain or Germany will open up this magnificent but neglected country, and give it the blessings and the civilisation which follow in the train of commerce and good government, and enable him, who next describes Lorenço Marques and the country around, to give a very different picture from mine.

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A ZULU ROMANCE.

(GLASGOW HERALD, 1st May, 1875.)

"WELL, yes; there are some interesting stories of Kaffir life—at least they are so to me. I have, in a measure, been brought up amongst them. Most of their ways and habits of thought are familiar to me; and I have grown to take an interest in their lives, almost as if they were my own people.

"Is there any romance?" "I cannot exactly answer the question. I think you know my belief, that there is no romance where there is no *soap*. I mean by that, that although cleanly (extremely so) in their own idea, there is much which is repugnant to a European, and detracts, in his mind, from many situations which would otherwise be romantic. There are, however, all the incidents of romance occurring in many passages of their lives; and let me tell you, they lose nothing in the narrative by a native of high class." "Let us have a specimen; we have an hour to spare, and should like to hear a real Kaffir story." "I can't do it now. I must think it over; but will write one down, and send it you."

Such was the substance of a conversation held some time ago. What follows is the result. I have endeavoured to give it in Zulu translated into English. It is a genuine native narrative; it pretends to nothing more.

"What is it we like most of all? We like war! Is there anything that equals it? No! no! certainly not. We fight nowhere now. You white men have encircled us; but

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perhaps the day may come when you will allow us to pass through your country, and remind those nobody's people that the Zulus are still on the face of the earth. We would not meddle with your cattle. We hear that the outside tribes say we sway no one now but the Amatonga [looked upon as women and dogs]. When will you let us prove that we can do more? It may be, as you say, that fighting is wrong, but we have not yet learnt to think so. It is true that the country is quieter and that all live in comparative safety, but what of that? there are none of us now that can say they are braves. We might as well be women. Yes, many people were killed in the old time—men, women, and children—but that was nothing; it kept us from crowding. The cows had more room to get fat, and we to make our gardens. And then, besides, the young men had a chance of getting cattle, and, when they sewed the ring on their heads, wives. Now, we are poor all our days. Then we had people amongst us who had a name through the country for valour and for cunning; now, no one is known except the chiefs and the King. Then we had something to live or die for, some excitement in our lives; now, all the soldiers are good for is to build or mend the King's kraals, or hoe his corn. We all see what it is coming to; we shall pay money to you white men at last [taxes], and take to digging down hills under you [roadmaking, &c.] Ah! the army, my man; the army! There's something to talk about when that goes out. You want me to tell you of some exploits in which I shared; well, wait till I take some snuff and then I'll do it. Make up the fire, boy.

"Long ago in the aforetime—how many years, say you? How should I know? two hundred may be; yes, so many [showing two fingers]; I was a young man, and strong.

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Wow! but I *was* strong and active. I could throw every man in our regiment. When I ran, people used to exclaim, 'Wow! just now he was here, and now he is yonder; where did he go?' And when I jumped I went till I struck the sky. Is it hard, say you? Don't, white man, don't; you are laughing at me now. Let me tell my story my own way. *You* understand our tongue and ways. Here, my equal, help me in the nose [asking another for snuff]. Eh-h-h! man of our tribe [thanking him]. As I was saying, long, long ago it was once decided by the King and chiefs to make a raid into the Amaswazi—a King's raid. I mean that the King was getting short of cattle; and as it was known that the Amaswazi had again gathered herds since the last war, we were to be sent to bring him some. It was denied to anyone to take what he could manage to get away out of the herd, as you know is always allowed in other wars. Well, well, it is not exactly allowed; but nothing is said if the man can get clear off. This time, however, it was announced that spies would be sent all over the country, and any one found with cattle he could not account for, would be killed. They also told us that all girls we took should be brought to the King, to form his slaves of the interior. As I have said, we are fond enough of war, but we like to look forward to some reward at the end; so to us young men these orders were peculiarly unpalatable; we loathed, and many were the talks we had in discussing, this expedition. I decided, for my part, that there was no harm done. I should of course go out, and be guided by circumstances. If my snake was favourable, I should not return empty-handed, for all the orders. If not, and I showed above the others, the King might perhaps soften, and give me something. Anyway, I had to go.

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"All Zulu was gathered together to Nodwengo. [The King's kraal:—the mode of expression is not plagiarised from Scripture.] By twos and threes, tens and two tens, they came trooping over the hills. Others, whose head-quarters were farther off, came in their regiments. The earth thundered with the noise of their feet. Our ears were closed up with the sound of their songs. The country all round was black with their forms by day, and was red with the fires they lit at night. The clatter of sticks and shields was continually heard, as they hustled together in the joyous excitement of fight. It was the beginning of the war; and no cattle could graze where the army had been, till after the next summer rains. Ah-h-h, Zulu, my man; Zulu!! can they be spoken of? [in a manner competent to describe them.]

"Well, one day we hungered, and another day we feasted, just as the King happened to give us beer and beef. At last our number was complete, the generals appointed, and we started on our way. As we went, the people hid their food and fled with their cattle, into almost inaccessible places. Nevertheless, we managed to get at them, and fed. Our path was known by the cattle bones which strewed it, by the remains of dishes and corn, and here and there a body. Whose people were they, say you? Why, our own—the Zulus. The assegai [spear] had got loose, my man, and who was to stop it? We walked long. We hungered. We crossed many rivers, but we never tired. We began to long for some opposition, just to vary the monotony, but none was to be seen. You must know that the 'Swazi country is full of large caves, the secret of the entrances to which is rigidly kept. They are so large that all the people of a district, together with their cattle, can take shelter in them:

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and they had done so on the report of our coming. We were travelling along a ridge of mountains, when the sound of cattle lowing was heard, seemingly underneath and all about us. A halt was called, to consider how we should get at them. Parties were sent out in all directions to try and fall on an opening, but, for a long time, none could they find. At last one of them came upon a small hole in the rock, of size about sufficient for a man to creep in. One was instantly directed to make the attempt, and laying down his shield, he took an assegai in one hand, and in he went. We heard a shout, a groan, and all was still; our man came not back. Another was at once sent after him, and shared the same fate. Now we began to hang back. It was certain death to refuse; it seemed to be the same to go in. So far it was equal; but we loathed the idea of being killed like a porcupine in a hole. I considered for a moment, and then it struck me that I had the idea, and I said to myself, 'Now is the time to show above the others; now for some cattle.' I spoke out; I cried out, 'I will go in.' 'Who is that?' inquired one of the officers. 'Myself, father,' I answered. 'Appear!' was the next word, and I did so. I was greatly praised, and told that my fortune was made. May be, thought I, but what use if I'm killed. However, there's nothing wrong, my snake may be good, and I may escape. Laying down my shield, and taking off my dress, I crept in on my belly, having asked those outside to make a great noise, so that my movements should not be heard. I went along very quietly, with my spear in my hand, till I felt the feet of the dead man who had gone before me. I lifted them up very gently, and 'swurmed' along until I had got him fairly on my back; then with him in that position, I went on for about my own length, and felt stab, stab, thud, thud,

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as they ran assegais into his body and struck him with sticks. I shouted 'Maié' [oh, dear], groaned, and gave a wriggle or two, then lay still. It was quite dark, and all was quiet outside. Immediately some one said, 'That is the third; move the stone and let us see him,' and one stepped over me in obedience to the command. I grasped my assegai, and, just as the first light came in by the opening he was making, I sprang up and stabbed him, shouting at the same time to our people, 'In with you, in with you; I am holding the pot on the fire; quick and shove it up;' and, turning, defended myself from those who were in the entrance. I had only to do so for a few moments. Our people came rushing in, and I escaped with a few cuts. By this time we could hear the hum of the alarmed Amaswazi, like bees in a hole; so like was it, that the instantaneous cry was, 'Let us dig out this honey-nest, it is fat;' but our officers made us wait for more force; it came, and we went forward. We walked along a good way on a fine grassy glade, a stream of water running through the centre, and the rocks nearly meeting overhead, until at last we came to a large circular piece of ground—as large as the flat outside there (say a mile in diameter), a waterfall at one end, precipices all round, and wood here and there about the foot of them, but not a soul was to be seen. We hunted until at last we found many openings into caves at the sides, and these we at once stormed, our whole force having by this time come up. The people within fought well, and we were hunting one another; but we got lights, and then we finished them off. Did we kill the women and children, say you? Ay, that did we. Why not? The children would grow up into soldiers to fight us, and the women would bear more.

"I came to one girl. As I raised my assegai she looked

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at me, clasped her hands over her eyes, and said 'Ow umta-ka-baba' [oh, child of my father, my brother]; that was all, and, do you know, I could not kill her. Chaka! I couldn't [swears by his king]. She had 'medicine,' that girl. I had killed that day till my assegai was blunt and my arm was weary, but all anger seemed to go out at my fingers and toes. So I said, 'Rise, Tdadte, [literally, Sister, but in meaning, as in sound, the same as the Scotch "dawty"], no one will hurt you.' I defended her from others. Many would have attacked me, but I was always recognised in time, as the brave who had gained the entrance; and the cry was, 'Let him alone; let him keep the girl.' 'Ah, but,' cried others, 'he'll have to give her up to the King.' Then, for the first time, I remembered the orders, and I looked up to see if I had not come suddenly under a waterfall. I turned towards the girl; she was gazing on the ground. 'Lulama' [straighten yourself], I cried. Our eyes met. Something seemed to soften and melt, warmly and gradually, within me. I began to be disgusted with the blood which covered me. I thought of my sisters and my mother at home, and I thought of her father and mother, most likely killed that day. Somehow or other it came into my mind that she was alone and in sorrow, and would be torn from her country and her people, and given to be a slave to the King, for no fault of her own; and still I warmed and melted, until at last I became a child, and determined to save her from our army, and send her back to her folk, if, haply, any were alive. I tell you she had medicine, that girl. I took her quietly to one side, and said, 'Look here! I must give you up to the officers for the King; but watch; be quick to understand what I say or do, and I'll find an opportunity of letting you go safely.' She did not answer

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—she only looked at me; but something in the look was better than spoken words. Well, when all was over, we gathered together our cattle and our captives, ready for our homeward march; and by way of reward I was appointed an officer of the guard of the latter, just what I would have wished for. We travelled for a day without being able to exchange a word with the 'Swazi girl, though I wanted to, very much; I felt just as if I was hungry. She was somewhere in the centre of the throng, and has told me since that she kept edging outwards, until she got close to where I was, hoping that I would, yet fearing I would not, address her. When I saw her near I began to look about for an opening to let her go. I made a sign to keep close by me. She did so; and towards dusk, as we were marching by a wooded ravine, I managed to give her a push. She sprang clear in, and I purposely fell in the way of the man behind, who was jumping in after her. She got away, the more easily, as I shouted to my men to stand firm and guard those who were left, in case they should go too. I thought I had managed so cleverly; but I was to hear more of it, as you shall see. I would have been killed, only my snake stood straight up.

"We reported to the generals the loss of the captive; they said it could not be helped, and spoke of something else. We travelled on without further adventure until we got near the King's again; when we halted, and messengers were sent forward to announce our return. A day was appointed for a review at Nodwengo, and we all brushed ourselves up to look our best. The day came. We defiled before the great one, and each had our little praise; then came the giving out of the cattle. A great many had received their rewards, when the cry was raised for the brave

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who had gained the entrance, to show himself, and I had to step forward. 'To me,' said the King, 'you have shown yourself a soldier indeed, and deserving of a King's notice; there is a troop of cattle for you. But——, now I shall kill you for helping one of the captive girls to escape. What say you?' I saw it was no use attempting to get out of the hobble, so I spoke boldly. I knew that kings like those who speak out, but I trembled all the while. 'Yes, father; yes, wild beast; yes, you that are black,' I replied. 'The King is, of course, right. I ought to be killed; but I could not help it. She bewitched me.' 'How so?' asked he; and I told him the whole affair, with all the symptoms. When I had done, he burst out laughing, and said, 'Wow! the idiot fell in love with her. Go, go; you are a brave soldier, but a fool in these matters. I should have thought a young man of your age and appearance would have known more. Wow! the fool! What was it like? Was it sore?' 'No, father, I can't say it was sore. It was like a sickness, though. It was just "Umhlolo."'* 'Go, go,' he said, 'You have escaped.' I went quickly, took my cattle, and thanked my snake all the way home. That was the beginning of my rise; till now, as you see me, I have many kraals, much people, and plenty cattle.

"Well, when I had been at home for about ten days, I went paying visits all round, was everywhere praised and fed; but still something was wanting. My heart continually ached with a dull pain. I felt a want. At night I dreamt about the 'Swazi girl. By day I thought of her. I saw her face in the burning coals of fire. I halted while eating my food to think of her, until my people said, 'How much that

* Anything out of the way. Anything unnatural; not explainable in ordinary or natural grounds. Used in a great many senses.

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young man speaks to his heart' [thinks]. I went hunting, but I used to forget what I was about. In the dance I would stop and not know it. Wow! that love is an Umhlolo indeed. At last, one morning while lying lost in my hut, my sisters came rushing in, saying that they had found a girl half-dead with cold in the garden, and that she was 'Swazi by her tongue. My heart leapt up at once, and with it my body. I knew it was she. It was as if something was drawing me with a rope. The girls laughed; they had a shrewd idea as to what was the matter. I ran out, and there I found her: pinched with hunger, shrivelled with cold, done with weariness; but yet with the same glancing look I remembered in the cave. I spoke to her; asked her where she came from, and why she had left her own people. She crossed her arms upon her breasts, burst into tears, and, as she was falling to the ground, I caught her up and carried her to the kraal. On the way she told me, 'My people were all killed; who was I to go to? Our kraals were burnt; where was I to live? I thought of you, and said, I will go to him who spared me in the great slaughter; I will hoe his corn, and cook his food, and'—what more she said does not matter now; but there is the old woman beside you, and sometimes I think she has medicine still. So, after all, you see, notwithstanding the orders, I got cattle, praise, and a wife. My snake was good to me, you old hag; long have I been speaking of you. Ask now from the white man a cloth to cover you when the nights are cold!"

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LETTERS TO THE PRESS.

NATIVE LABOUR.

(NATAL COLONIST, 4th March, 1873.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATAL COLONIST.

SIR,—Many suggestions, and much advice have been given on this subject to the public, through your own columns and those of your contemporaries.

Knowing something of the difficulties with which the Government, as well as private persons, have to contend, in their endeavours to procure the necessary labour for planters and others—both within and beyond our borders—I write to you, in the hope that I may be able to state those difficulties, and to show how they may be surmounted.

1st. With regard to labour *from within our borders.* We may dismiss any hope of creating a sudden increase in the number of labourers, by any means which we can, with justice, employ. We must be content to wait until civilization gradually teaches the natives that the end of man's work is not to procure cattle and wives, and then become a drone, till it teaches them to like work for its own sake. But, even when it does so, we may be sure that the Kaffir will strive to become his own master as trader, farmer, cattle-dealer, or perhaps storekeeper, and will not be content to be a labouring man all his life long.

When the revenue was less than the expenditure, we used to hear a great outcry against the Government, for not

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increasing the taxation of the natives, as also against the marriage law, as being a farce. We must remember that the principle of taxation—the support of a Government—is only to draw what is required for that Government: where more is done it becomes tyranny. At present, I doubt very much whether all that the natives pay directly, is spent upon them. What they pay indirectly, in the shape of customs' dues, I say nothing about. If we were establishing colleges, industrial schools, and large establishments for teaching the natives trades and agriculture,—if we were preparing them to be clerks and interpreters in the civil service, or fitting them for the counter and the desk—I should say, TAX, even at the risk of a little grumbling and discontent, since, although they might not see the benefit of it now, they would be sure to do so at a future time. I cannot agree with those who say that, as we have given them Locations, and saved their lives, when fleeing from their own Governments, we ought to make them pay—what? Why, *whatever the whites run short of*, to pay for the roads, the railways, the bridges, the harbour works, and the civil service, which they require for their own prosperity. To the Locations many of them have a right, from having been in Natal before the British came. As the natives become more civilized, I would do away with Locations, but very gradually and gently; and principally by giving each deserving native, *not tribe*, a title to his piece of land. Such as are not worthy of a freehold, and for whom there is no room on the Location, may very well pay rent to the white proprietor. We must remember that we have a higher mission than simply to make this a prosperous colony, and fill our own pockets. We are a Christian and a civilized nation, and, as Britons, should have, peculiarly, the welfare

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and improvement of the black races under our care. To do anything which would drive them back into barbarism would be to declare ourselves false to our promises and our duties. With regard to the argument that, "as we have given protection they ought to pay," I cannot think it a right one, although we act on it to a certain extent now, by making all refugees work three years at half wages. It is principally political crimes, or supposed crimes and witchcraft, which drive them out of the Zulu. As well might Britain have said to Louis Napoleon, "Pay double taxes or go back to where you will be shot." The illustration may seem extravagant, but the principle is the same. I am afraid the interest I feel in this subject has caused me to digress; but, however, having said thus much, regarding the prospects of labour, from within our own boundaries, I have now to turn to the natives who live beyond, and as my knowledge is only of those to the north, it is of them I shall speak. And first of the Zulus.

We were told some time ago in the papers that some regiments of Zulus had been sent by Cetchwayo to work in Natal. This was a mistake. There has never been anything of the kind, and I say most decidedly that I should be sorry to see either the Zulus coming to work in Natal, of their own accord, or sent by their King. No one but Mr Shepstone knows how the Zulus, being an independent and to some extent antagonistic nation, facilitate the ruling of our own Kaffirs—what a damper they act upon their even entertaining the thought of getting rid of the whites. When such a thing happens, I shall look upon it less as a mark of the progress of civilization, than an attempt at coalition with our natives, or of possessing friends in the enemy's camp.

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But, although this is not true, what has happened is this:—Cetchwayo being a despot, with command of life and death over his people, and especially over the Amatonga, who are looked upon by the Zulus as dogs, has compelled the small tribes of Umanaba, Umangaliso, Endongene, Uhlomula, and others, who are directly under Usomkele, a Zulu chief at St Lucia Bay, to turn out numbers of men (between 300 and 400) to work in Natal, and the money to go to him. These small tribes being directly under the Zulus have no choice. They cannot fight; and if they refuse to go, they die. This was spoken of, in the *Mercury*, some time ago, and glossed over, by saying that, excepting some reductions to their chiefs, their money was paid them at the end of their time. The truth of the matter was this, that they were bound for six months at 8s. per month = 48s. The 8s. they got to buy a blanket, the 40s. went to Cetchwayo, with which he buys guns and powder. Surely this is not the right way to get labour. It is nothing more nor less than slavery; and of a dangerous sort for the colony.

Now, as Mr Shepstone has said in his Memorandum, there are three routes by which labourers come into Natal; 1st, Through the Transvaal; 2nd, Through the 'Swazi or Tonga and Zulu country; and 3d, By sea. Let us consider these three routes, and what is required to make the natives travel on them, in greater numbers than they do now. Every one, with any knowledge of the subject, is aware that all that is wanted, is to free the land routes from danger, and, if possible, help the travellers with food on the way. We spend large sums on Coolie immigration. I do not see why we should not spend a little on this. With regard to the Transvaal, the natives consider it as dangerous as any other, and rightly so, I think; since, although we see on the map an immense

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tract of territory as belonging to the Republic, yet, over fully one-half of it, it has neither right nor power. Consequently, the tribes have a double safety in murdering and plundering, since the Dutch cannot, or will not, punish them; and outside tribes do not like to attack them in the so-called Transvaal territory. When the unfortunate labourer reaches what is really the country conquered by the Republic, he is just as badly off as ever, in consequence of the chronic antagonism of the Dutch to the black man, and their peculiar ideas of the relation of the one to the other.

As regards the second route, through the 'Swazi, Zulu, and Tonga, all the Gaza tribes, *i.e.*, those under Umzila, and they are an immense number, would choose this route. It is their natural one. But the Amaswazi are their deadly enemies, because of wars between them, and latterly because of Mawewe, who was deposed by Umzila, being a friend of, and located amongst them. Unozingili, the King of Mabudtu (Mapoota), was friendly enough with Umzila and his people, but since the last war he had with the Amanundwana, when he took all the guns the Portuguese had lent them, and so completely defeated them that our ingenious neighbours were obliged to own that their *victory* had cost them dearly, he has been challenged by the Gaza people, who say, "Let him come here. We should only like to see him come here!" To this he has answered, "Wait a little. I am making ready. I shall come!" So that we suppose his country to be not a very safe one for Gaza labourers.

With every wish to oblige our Government in the matter of protection to the Tonga labourers, going and coming, the Zulu King is unable to do it thoroughly. They are plundered and ill-used by the young men, and, as the Zulus

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are all banded together in any dealings with outsiders, the unfortunate wayfarer often puts up with his loss, rather than undergo the bullying, trouble, and expense he would incur in bringing his case before Cetchwayo, or a great chief.

I have pointed out the dangers; now, it remains to be seen how they are to be obviated.

Let our Government make arrangements with the Transvaal—I do not know the country sufficiently to say where; but others do. Let them buy farms at proper distances along the route, and appoint a Briton to be on each farm; who shall be the Consul, to whom all complaints of plunder or ill-usage are addressed, and let him apply to the Dutch authorities for redress, and if none is to be had from them, let him forward his case to Natal. Let him always have a certain stock of mealies on hand. He may buy them, or grow them, so that he could both feed the people for a day, and give them some to carry them on. Let the proper buildings be erected for him, and, I am much mistaken, if many men would not take the situation at a very low salary indeed, because of the advantages it would offer, as a store or trading station.

In the Zulu, 'Swazi, and Tonga, the same may be done. I must mention that the Amaswazi and the Basutos of Umjanji and Usikwata are at deadly enmity. There is no passage for the latter. Neither can the former pass through Zulu-land. But all this can be remedied if our Government takes it in hand.

The first station might be on the Temby side of English River—of course I am supposing that the English boundary of 26° south will be upheld—it is a fine country and not particularly unhealthy.

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The second could be out of the unhealthy country of Mabudtu on the Bombo Range, south of the Pongolo river.

The third and last should be in the centre of the Zulu country. The same arrangement applies to these stations —as regards men to take charge of them and their duties— as to those in the Transvaal. Lastly, appoint an Inspector of all these stations.

If this were done, the routes would be rendered perfectly safe—which concerns the natives more than their food—and every labourer from the Northern countries—except, perhaps, those who live within the boundaries of the Portuguese settlements—would come by them and go by them, in preference to the sea route. Time is no object to the natives, if they are safe. The most of their food they will manage for themselves. They fear the sea, and they save passport duty and passage money, as well as duty on their goods when returning by land.

I have pointed out the dangers of the two routes, and what I think the best means of obviating them. Is it my business to say where the ways and means are to come from, too? Well, perhaps it is, so I shall try to do so.

I would not hamper these people in the slightest. I would say nothing about taxing them, since the story of the three black crows, is exemplified every day amongst the natives. Let the first Station-Master they come to, give them each a ticket as labourers for Natal, and let each succeeding one stamp it as "Passed." When the natives reach the first Magistracy in Natal, they shall be bound to go there and exhibit their tickets, pay one shilling, and have them stamped with the Magistracy and "Paid;" or, if he has no shilling, "Unpaid." This ticket they shall be bound to show when they seek employment. If they have no

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ticket when they ask for work, they may be taken to the nearest Magistrate, where they shall have to give an account of themselves and receive a ticket. The arrangement to engage, must be made before the Magistrate. The employer, if he cannot go himself, can always send a messenger with the people, and with a letter stating that he has employed certain natives, giving their names, term of engagement, and wages, and, if necessary, paying the unpaid shilling, to be deducted from their wages. Let there be a penalty upon any engagement of a labourer from beyond the borders, without his ticket; and, if the system was extended to our own natives, so much the better, and there shall be no redress, if a Kaffir is engaged otherwise than before a Magistrate. To afford facilities this might be done before a Field Cornet or J. P., the employer forwarding the engagement to the Magistrate for record. The ticket shall remain in the employer's possession, so that the natives shall not be able to lend them to one another; and, on leaving his employ, his master shall endorse his discharge upon said ticket, without inspection of which, it shall be penal for any other man to engage him. When he wishes to go home the Magistrate shall give him a clearance, homeward bound, on payment of another shilling, which he can show along the route; and, without this clearance, he shall receive neither help nor shelter.

In all laws of this kind it is impossible to prevent there being some loophole, by means of which it can be evaded. Unless the employers of labour work with each other and the Government, and are satisfied that the law is a good law, we may as well save ourselves the trouble of putting it on the Statute Book.

If I remember rightly, Mr Shepstone in his Memorandum

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proposes to tax the labourer one shilling per month, for the benefits he receives, from a scheme something like the one I am proposing. I say No; but rather tax the employer one shilling per month. If labour becomes plentiful, it will eventually be paid by the labourer; but if it be scarce, it is simply one shilling per month higher wages, and this course will prevent rumours, of immense sums having to be paid, circulating amongst them.

I think I have pointed out sufficient ways and means, and even if I have not, surely Government and the planters will not grudge a little more, when they are going to ten times the expense for Coolies.

Now for the Sea route. I see that Captain Elton has been commissioned by the Government to proceed to Mozambique, to arrange with the Portuguese authorities, for leave to the natives to embark from their settlements for Natal. No man is more fitted for this than Captain Elton. He will arrange his treaty. Our polite neighbours will express themselves anxious to do all their "possibilities" for their good friends the British. He will come back with flying colours and—*it will be money thrown away!*

I saw some time ago an account of a meeting of the Immigrants' Aid Office, at which it was stated that Captain Kaminski, of the "Sea Nymph," said that the Portuguese authorities prevented natives embarking for Natal. This was denied by Mr Peace, the vice-consul for Portugal. Nevertheless, Captain Kaminski was right and Mr Peace was wrong. I remember hearing a story from some one, of Captain Elton asking the Governor of Lorenço Marques if the natives might embark in the "May," and his being told that, as they were free now, they might do as they liked, there being nothing to prevent them. Captain Elton's agent,

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I was told, procured fifty-two men, and while they were collected outside the office, waiting for their tickets, some soldiers from the garrison passed among them. They gradually melted away and the vessel came back empty. It does not suit the Portuguese that their natives should come to work in Natal; for they would get notions of liberty and good government which are entirely contrary to Portuguese ideas. Besides that, seeing large numbers of Britons and their power and progress, they would be sure to imbibe a very unpleasant contempt for their masters and their miserable ordure-scented settlements.

If we had a station on Inyack Island—then indeed the sea route would become the best. All the natives from the Interior would come by it. They would just come quietly round the walls of the Portuguese settlements,—they could not stop them,—cross over to Inyack and there wait for a vessel. The Island is perfectly capable of growing food for their support, and it is healthy. By this means they would avoid the Swazi, the Zulu, and the Mabudtu, and the very name of Britons being settled on Inyack would draw out thousands who now fear the distance and the danger.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

PETER SCHLEMIL.

DURBAN, February 17, 1873.

THE GUN TRADE WITH THE NATIVES.

(NATAL COLONIST, 4th April. 1873.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATAL COLONIST.

SIR,—The vexed question of the trade in arms and ammunition with the natives, and how to stop it, is one which just

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now occupies a great share of public attention. To my mind, no one who has spoken or written, on this subject, has gone deep enough. The cure of a wound must begin from the interior—if cicatrised it only bursts forth again—worse than before—and, perhaps, dangerously affects other parts of the body.

I see that the Lieutenant Governor has put a stop both to the importation and exportation of guns—the latter either by land or sea. I cannot say "very good," since this is only *cicatrisation.*

There have been three routes by which guns and powder have hitherto reached the natives, with whom we in Natal might come into collision :—

1. From the Cape Colony and the Diamond Fields overland.

2. From our own Colony of Natal, with and without the permission of the Government—more without than with, however.

3. Through the Portuguese settlement of Lorenço Marques, situated about two miles up the left bank of English River, which runs into Delagoa Bay.

I believe that, owing to the representations of the Free-State and Transvaal, Sir Henry Barkly and Mr Southey have, or are about to, put a stop, not only to the sale of firearms to natives, but to their indiscriminate importation and sale altogether. So far so good, but will Sir Henry prevent them being exported by the new line of steamers to Lorenço Marques? I need not speak of the settlement to the North of that one. Or, if he does that in Capetown and Algoa Bay, can he stop, in transhipment, guns, shipped in England, consigned to Lorenço direct? Supposing, however, all this be done, combined with what has already

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been done in Natal, it will prevent any guns or ammunition from leaving the British Colonies in South Africa for the Portuguese settlements; but what does that help? They themselves can, and do, import from France, Britain, and Portugal. The next proceeding, I suppose, would be a treaty, between Great Britain and Portugal, to the effect that neither Power should dispose of arms to the natives. All would be properly settled, *diplomatically*, and, after all, it would be a mere farce.

I could not help laughing to myself the other day, when I saw something in the *Mercury*, about the 500 guns having been delivered to the Zulus by the Governor of Lorenço Marques, "to the great dissatisfaction of the inhabitants." Dear me! There are perhaps thirty pure white inhabitants —the only ones who dare call their souls their own—in the place, besides those among the soldiers who are white, but who count for nothing. If they were dissatisfied, take my word for it, that it was only because the profit did not go into their pockets! As for the Governor, he could not do otherwise. If he offended the Zulus, who would keep the Amaswasi and Mabudtu tribes from him?

Here I cannot help digressing, to remark how ignorant people are, who might be enlightened by the slightest enquiry, not only of the tribes surrounding us, and their politics and proceedings, but also of the geography of the surrounding countries. A good while ago I saw in your own journal, or that of your contemporary, an extract from a Transvaal paper, to the effect that Mr George Moodie has inspected the route of the proposed road from New Scotland to the mouth of the Usutu River, as far as the Bombo range. That up to that point he had found no difficulties, and, from there, it was only *eighteen* miles of level country, free from

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obstructions, to Delagoa Bay. It is *eighty* every inch of it, and if he goes down the right bank of the Usutu, he has the Pongolo to cross—if down the left, he has lakes and morasses—which will necessitate a detour. Again, quite lately, I saw that the President of the Transvaal had been to the Swazi Queen's head kraal "Lotito" (Udidti), *one* day's journey from Delagoa Bay. Now it is *five* days' hard walking. There may be a "motive" in the original penning of these statements, but it is careless in the *Natal Mercury* and *Colonist*, to take them for granted, and transcribe them; they may mislead abroad.

To return to the treaty, and why it would be a farce. It is acknowledged that Governments may make treaties, but unless the nation considers them beneficial or honourable, they do not hold. The voice of other nations, or the public opinion of an honourable people, may for a time cause the obnoxious and harmful treaty to be adhered to, simply because unfortunately it has been made; but, sooner or later, it is openly abrogated, and in most cases systematically evaded. Honourable public feeling does a great deal, but even that will not do all.

How will it be, then, where there is neither public opinion. press, nor feeling of any kind—where a few men risk their lives, for the sake of making money quickly, and returning to their native land—where the end and aim of everything is profit; the description of trade in which it may be gained being of no consequence? The British may make representations, should they break or evade the treaty; but will the Portuguese Government accept such representations, in despite of those of their own officials and subjects? Never! What do those who reside in the East African settlements of Portugal care? They live within stone walls, and con-

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sider themselves tolerably safe, not only because of their defences, but because the natives think that, should they sweep them off, they would be unable to procure their supplies of goods, and the arms with which they murder and plunder one another. There is only one remedy for this, as for other matters, and that is a British settlement on the southern bank of English River, as well as Unyaka, with posts along the border. This would aid our labour supply, and stop the gun trade. What the Portuguese do, to the northward, is a question for philanthropists—not of our safety.

I cannot pass on, without referring to a late article in the *Transvaal Advocate*, in which the Colonial Governments are bitterly blamed for the "reckless" way, in which they allow the natives, in and about the Republic, to procure arms; and, it is tolerably broadly said, that Great Britain does this for the purpose of compelling the two States to come under British rule, by involving them in wars with the natives. The Transvaal shouldn't throw stones, and the reason why it should not do so, I will give in an anecdote. I remember, some two or three years ago, having some conversation with a trader, who takes, every year, large quantities of goods into the Transvaal, and amongst other things, guns and powder. He was telling me that he traded with the natives on the outskirts of the Republic, about and across the Limpopo, and mentioning his large profits, a £10 tusk for a £3 gun, and so on. I—filled with a natural envy—was trying to find "a worm in the rosebud" he was holding, so tantalisingly, to my nose, so I said:—"But do not the Transvaal authorities interfere with you?" I shall never forget his look of pitying contempt at my simplicity, as he replied, "No! I get the Veld Cornets to trade for

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me." Now the Natal Government do their best; whenever they give a permit to export guns to the Free State or Transvaal, they take a bond, to be redeemed by the Landrost's certificate. This gives the authorities the information that certain guns have come into their country; and it surely then becomes their business to see that they are properly disposed of. The Governing powers of the Republic may rest assured, that, so long as their officers are amenable to *reason*, and the profits will allow of *reason* being shown, guns will be sold to the natives, whatever nation may bear sway in Natal, the Cape Colony, or the Diamond Fields.

I have pointed out, what I believe to be the only thorough preventive of the sale of arms and ammunition, by the Portuguese, to the natives bordering on Natal: and, as regards our own Colonies, I think that the various Governments ought to take the trade in guns into their own hands, just as they have done that in powder. They can appoint agents for the sale of fire-arms, at a fixed salary, and they can always keep a stock on hand. I do not think that *bona fide* buyers of guns would object to this, as the Government could afford to sell cheaper than importers, since what they want is safety, not profit. As at present, the Magistrates could give permits. They would never be required to adjudicate on an application for a great number, because, as nobody can sell, nobody would buy, except what they required for their own use; although I think that one private individual may sell his gun to another, provided the Magistrate is satisfied. It is only the *importation* of guns that I would have in Government hands. From the 15th to the 31st of every January, might be the time in which registered owners of guns should be compelled to show or

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account for them, at their respective Magistracies. As regards guns going Overberg, I don't think that the present arrangement can be improved upon. The Free State and Transvaal may rest assured, that the first use of these guns, if they get into the possession of the natives, will not be in war *with the British!* Instead of grumbling at us, let them look closer after their disposal.

There is one thing, however, which our Government is remiss in, and that is, the allowing so much gun and powder smuggling to be carried on. Many cases of guns, and casks of powder, pass yearly into Natal, without paying duty, or being registered. It is impossible to say more, but this slight reference ought to be enough; *verbum sap:!*

Notwithstanding all I have proposed, and other people may propose, and all that the Government can do, we may rest assured that, while the profits are so high, the trade will be carried on, but it is our duty to do all we can to stop it. The more strict and vigilant the Government is, the greater the risk to the illicit traders. To cover that risk, he can only sell a class of gun which is much more dangerous to the man behind it, than to the one in front: and, after all, it is not what an undisciplined horde of natives can do with firearms, that I am afraid of, but what *they think* they can do, so that, if they can only get a class of weapon, which will quickly betray their confidence, in a disastrous manner, the result might almost be better than if we could stop the trade altogether.

It is known that the Zulus (The Ma Zitu) about the Zambezi and Shire, will have nothing to do with guns, and when they take them from the enemy, they beat the iron into assegais. Some time ago I was conversing with one of the Mabudtu Tongas, and I made the remark—speaking of

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the late war—"Now you have taken the Portuguese guns, I suppose every man in Mabudtu is armed." "Oh!" he replied, "guns help nothing. They are very well for hunting, but not for war. You fire one shot, and before you can load again they are on you with the assegai!"

These tribes have learned by experience; but that of other tribes has yet to come.

I am &c.,

PETER SCHLEMIL.

DEFENCE.

(NATAL COLONIST, 10th April, 1873.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATAL COLONIST.

SIR,—In common with everyone in the Colony—especially those who live in the country—I take a great interest in this subject, and that must be my apology for offering a suggestion or two.

The Volunteer law is a good one, but it is not sufficient. We ought most decidedly to have a militia law to supplement it. This would, however, most likely be a dead letter, since everyone would then join the Volunteers—as they ought to do. I have not the law by me to refer to, and consequently cannot say whether there is a compulsory clause or not; but, if there is not, there ought to be. Any man, who has once voluntarily joined a corps, ought to be compelled to keep up his drill and practice. If he does not, let him fall back into the militia. Sure am I that no employer will grudge the necessary time to any employé.

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Another thing that comes within the compass of this subject, is the arming of our natives. What is there to prevent our training two hundred Kaffirs, at each magistracy? I feel perfectly confident that we could find trustworthy natives, who would stand by us in any war; and the fact of there being different tribes, at different magistracies, would prevent them ever coalescing against us. They might drill twenty-four days in a year, and receive one shilling per day pay. The same on service—besides rations, but no rations during practice or drill. These men might be attached to, and officered by, the different Volunteer corps; and we should thus, with our Volunteers and militia, be prepared for any outbreak in the Colony—and, with the addition of our Kaffir Sepoys, be ready for any inroad from, or war beyond, our borders. Their arms, after drilling, to be deposited in the care of the magistrate.

It is well known that the Kaffir "in authority"—say the policeman—is harder on his coloured brethren, than the whites are. So I believe it would be, in the event of making them soldiers. And we could obviate any chance of a rebellion, such as that of the Hottentots of the Cape Corps, by keeping their arms from them, except at drill, or on service. But I reiterate—and I have some knowledge of the natives—that I believe they would make faithful soldiers. Besides that, it would be a step in the right direction, as showing them that we identified our interests with theirs, and expected them to do their share in defending a country in which they, as well as ourselves, have their homes.

I am, Sir, yours,

PETER SCHLEMIL.

DURBAN, February 22, 1873.

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The Kaffir Rising in Natal.

(Times, 2nd January, 1874.)

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—As one who has lived many years among the natives of Natal and surrounding countries, I would say a few words as to the alarm, no doubt felt by many, about the recent outbreak in Natal, of which we have such scant news, in consequence of the detention of the mail, and why I think it of little moment.

At intervals of a few years, a tribe becomes rich and unmanageable. Something happens to cause a quarrel and disobedience, and the tribe is punished. There have been two cases of this in Natal, before the present one of Langalibalele (*Anglice*, "The sun, it shines")—those of Isidoi and Matyana. Both were "eaten up" and driven from the country. Some of the other tribes were gathered by Mr Shepstone, and, in company with a few whites, perfectly succeeded in their expeditions. They took all the cattle and scattered the offenders. Their place knew them no more. Among such an agglomeration of petty nationalities as there is in Natal, it is certain that every now and then one will be contumacious—just as in civilized communities there are always individuals who commit crime. The unfortunate part in this case is, that what was intended as simple punishment, should have ended in something like a battle, in which we were defeated, and the natives escaped with their cattle, which are all in all to them. I have no fear whatever of any general war in Natal, unless some question is raised which would band the tribes together. Summary interference with polygamy might do it.

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There is one thing, however, which I have constantly advocated, in the Natal newspapers and in papers read before the Natural History Association of that place, and that is the necessity for education. It applies equally to West Coast and East. Missionary exertions are good so far, but they are slow. Let us have Mr Forster's Act out there. The natives have been used to plenty of room for their cattle and their gardens. As time goes on, under the peaceful rule of Britain, they increase and multiply, and, unless they are educated into a different mode of living, they become crowded, they quarrel, and wars are the result; simply because, in their own idea, they had not room to exist. It has been an infallible law in the history of all savage and half-civilized peoples (in that of others, too, perhaps), that a long peace bred a bloody war, but this is the principal reason for it among natives—they must have room; and wars, once begun, are hard to put a stop to.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

DAVID LESLIE.

NATAL AND ASHANTEE.

(GLASGOW HERALD, January 6th, 1874.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GLASGOW HERALD.

SIR,—I see that you have done me the honour, in to-day's issue, of republishing my note to the *Times* of the 2nd inst. I wish to mention that that letter was written on 31st December, and I am now glad to see that the news by the Anglian, corroborates my opinion of the so-called "rising." My object in addressing you to-day is to point out the parallel which, to a certain extent, exists in the conditions

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of the tribes on the West and East coasts; as also the position in which a different mode of Government and a different policy, has placed them to their English rulers. Natal has not the disadvantage which the West coast labours under, viz., that of being an unhealthy country, but as regards the number of natives to rule, the position is the same; nay, in that colony it is not so favourable, since it is but the other day that the Zulu immigrants were constantly at war, and still they are naturally turbulent, brave, and warlike, whereas the natives of the Protectorate are the opposite. Natal is surrounded by strong and restless tribes, yet are they all friendly. A severe, yet just and honourable policy, has always been adopted towards them, and though in the case of the Zulu nation beyond the border—the Ashantees of the East—it has been aided by the accident of fear of civil war amongst themselves, and by the influence exerted by Mr John Dunn, Secretary to their King; yet we may truly say, that it has been successful in the highest degree.

Natal proper, is inhabited by a number of tribes, each of which preserves its autonomy, and is governed by its chief, who exercises magisterial authority, but is subject to the white magistrate of the district in which his tribe is situated. He has a right of appeal, however, as have any of his people —nominally to the Lieutenant-Governor, as Great Chief, but virtually to the Secretary for Native Affairs, the Hon. Theo. Shepstone, C.M.G., to whom Britain is greatly indebted, not only for what he has done in Natal, but because he has thereby shown that natives in our dependencies can be well and easily governed, and at the same time improve their condition morally and physically, yet remain loyal subjects and good friends.

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Thus, then, one tribe keeps the other in check; and whenever a case like the present one of Langalibalele happens, they are only too anxious, for love, or for hatred, or reward—perhaps all three—to help the whites against their contumacious brethren.

It is inevitable, "in the unalterable fitness of things," that such quarrels should happen in Natal. Although the present affair began by the chief's refusal to register guns, bought by his people when working at the diamond fields, yet he has long been known as one who had a great opinion of his own power. These natives are *located—i.e.*, portions of the land of Natal are laid off for occupation by them. Each tribe holds a title from the Government. The people, however, are at liberty to, and thousands of them do, reside on private property, if they prefer the locality, and can arrange with the proprietor. Much has been said against this system of locations, but I myself cannot see how, for the present, it can be altered. As I wrote in the *Times*—it is worth repeating—unless they are educated to a knowledge of, and desire for, a higher mode of life, they cannot exist on small plots of land, as could a white man; and to throw them abroad in the colony with no foot of ground—no *locus standi*—compelled to find place for their kraals where they could arrange with the landholder, would subject them to, in their opinion, persecutions and fleecings, and drive them into rebellion against what the white men would only consider their just claims.

Education is the great civiliser. The mandate of the Governor, as Great Chief, of course supported by the Legislative Council, will be more simple and efficacious than Mr Forster's Act. The natives can very well pay taxes to support the schools, and education will do no more than it

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has done in this country, when it induces reform amongst the Kaffirs of Natal.

I must also point out as the brightest side of all, that there is less drunkenness, debauchery, and crime—the usual concomitants of civilization—amongst the natives under the Government of Natal, than in any other colony I have seen or read of. The Cape papers abuse the Natal Government for strictness in its native policy—the Natal colonists cry out against its too great leniency, and call it negrophilism. Be sure, therefore, that the happy medium has been hit. The Cape is always pleased to get a bone to pick with its younger sister; but yet it has not been so successful in its own native policy, as to entitle its criticism to weight. Natal, since it has been a colony, has never cost the Imperial Government a penny, or a man, through its wars or its rumours of wars. That is only negative praise; but it has done more. From the Zambezi southwards the natives come to work in its sugar and coffee plantations. They compare the condition of things in Natal with the anarchy, murder, and robbery which prevail in countries, which we allow to be under the degraded so-called rule of Portugal, and they spread the name of Englishman (Scotch though I am, I must acknowledge that we go by no other) as a synonym for justice, honour, and humanity. This is the state of things in the East.

On the West Coast, as on the East, there seems to be a belt of coast land which is unhealthy. Throughout those low-lying countries there are a number of tribes under our protectorate, who bear the same relation to the Ashantees as do the Amatonga tribes, under so-called Portuguese rule, on the East, to the Zulus. The latter can neither control nor protect the Amatongas. They encourage them in forays on

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one another, so as to prevent themselves from being overwhelmed; and they actually make their complaints and pay tribute, in the shape of presents, to the Zulu power, which is tributary to the British, against the very people whose territory they now claim, notwithstanding its cession to us! The result of the question being at present under arbitration is, that we are unable to give the people that protection, from themselves and from the Zulus, which the presence of a single British official would afford them. We have hitherto been in much the same position on the West Coast as the Portuguese on the East. The difference is, that we are able and willing to do what is right. We only require awakening. In consequence of our having nothing but trading posts on the Gold Coast, the demoralisation caused by us amongst the natives has been something frightful. There has been no colony, little authority, and no public opinion. By taking possession of the Ashantee country, and establishing our headquarters there, our troops and officials would be free from disease, and we should be enabled to keep our factories on the coast. Those who reside in them, would no doubt risk their lives for money-making, but, if they choose to do it, neither themselves, nor any one else, has a right to grumble. A railway from the low to the higher lands, would reduce the risk from fever on the passage to a minimum.

The Ashantees, like the Zulus, seem to be, upon the whole, a manly, brave, and generous people. But again, like the Zulus, as they have gained their power by an utter disregard for human life and a love for war, created and fostered by early successes—and through their possessing finer constitutions, both physically and morally, in consequence of living in a hilly, healthier country, and being far from the debauchery and drunkenness which inevitably

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exist in the vicinity of the factories—they have a love for, and consider it necessary to keep up, their bloody customs and wars, in the belief that without them they would neither be respected nor unmolested.

A thorough beating first, and good treatment (though firm and just) afterwards, will at once reconcile them to the temperate rule of Britain, and to the safety for their persons and property which would obtain. It has been so on the East, where the Zulu Power desolated the South-East Coast, until they came in contact with the Dutch Boers, who completely defeated them; and afterwards, the British having defeated the Boers, their supremacy was accepted, and the Zulus became good neighbours and vassals. This, of course, does not apply to the North, as the way is open there for the Zulu forays, through the claim of the Portuguese to the territory.

The natives of Africa, East and West, are born traders. It is about trade that the quarrels on the West principally arise. Give them peace and security—by conquering them —and an immense trade with the interior would result. Adopt the system at work in Natal, where the one tribe keeps the other in check, and we should have a magnificent dependency in Western Africa, easily and inexpensively ruled, with prospects for commerce scarcely to be equalled, except, perhaps, in China.

Adopt the other plan which is openly advocated, and what is the result? We avenge our honour, re-establish our prestige, and—what? We leave the country a prey to war, anarchy, and crime of every kind. The slave trade would revive in all its horrors. (It has never died out on the East Coast, under Portuguese rule, notwithstanding treaties and Sir Bartle Frere's embassy!) Britain would falsify her

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past history as the country which has preferred benefit to humanity to her own profit; as the nation which never calculated the cost, when what she thought good was to be done to oppressed and degraded peoples. We need not go to Coomassie for that end. Halt now, and leave the country. Our honour and our prestige have had many a worse rub than what they would suffer from doing so, especially with the principle avowed that "the game is not worth the candle." In one sense—the lowest—it is not; but let us hope that higher motives will prevail. If they do, we shall undoubtedly meet our reward, even in a pecuniary sense.

I am, &c.,

DAVID LESLIE.

THE NATIVE RISING IN NATAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—In writing of the circumstances of the late outbreak in Natal, it is necessary, to a true understanding of the affair, to have a knowledge of the condition of the tribes in that colony; of the position which they occupy towards the whites, and of their character and customs. Most Natalians will know my name, and will not deny my acquaintance with the subject, though they have generally considered me a "negrophile," in consequence of my always having defended Mr Shepstone's policy towards the natives; and their rights, against rash politicians, who, either on the one side wish to reduce them to something like serfdom, or, on the other, adopt the Exeter Hall cry of "a man and a brother—our equal in all respects." I know Langalibalele personally, his country, and his tribe.

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The letter of "Even-handed Justice," which appeared in your issue of the 17th January, is, except on one point which I will notice, merely a tirade which shows how much harm an "amiable enthusiast" may do, when he takes upon himself to write, on so grave a question as this, on second-hand information. Even in his first paragraph there is a gross mistake, calculated to mislead. The tribes in Natal were never "vanquished" by us. They came in for protection from the Zulus and other large and warlike nations. Naturally, therefore, it must be considered a more heinous crime to rebel against those who have protected, than against those who conquered or "vanquished" them.

I have no objection to his adoption of such a *nom de plume.* Let us see, however, whether he remembered it in writing.

1st.—He quotes from the letter of a correspondent, "above suspicion of misrepresentation"—"hundreds of men killed." Very likely. That generally does happen in a rebellion. We ought to feel thankful that they who rebelled, and not those whom they rebelled against, were the sufferers—"thousands of men, women, and children made prisoners, who are to be converted into slaves for the benefit of the colonists." In this case the "correspondent" has certainly not simply misrepresented, he has made an assertion which is positively untrue, and I cannot see that it is "even-handed justice" to brand the struggling colonists of Natal, in the columns of the leading journal of the Empire, as a slaveholding community, on no other foundation than an extract from a letter, which has no date, and comes from no place, to an anonymous writer who dates from "London."

Some time ago I saw a sort of circular from the Peace Society on the same matter, and thought of replying to it. I was very busy, however, and thinking that the senile

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complaints of these sixteen-cup-of-tea-and-bread-and-butter-philanthropists did not press for refutation, I let it pass. Now, however, as it crops up again in a more virulent manner, I think it but right to lay the truth before your readers, for simply to deny the assertion may not be enough.

When Langalibalele and his men decided to leave the colony, they deserted their women and children (in the usual Kaffir fashion) by the thousand, thinking that once they (the men) were fairly settled somewhere else, these poor creatures would find their way to them. In all Kaffir wars the women have to look after themselves and their children. These unfortunates were found by the Government forces in all sorts of out-of-the way places—in the bush, the caves, and amongst the rocks; and when it was decided to follow up the tribe (rightly so, as I shall show) the question arose, What was to be done with the captives?

To have let them alone, would have resulted in the starvation of one half, and the dispersion of the other amongst the loyal and auxiliary tribes, who would have made them the captives of their spear and shield. Mothers would have gone one way, children another. Families would have been broken up, and intense misery the result. Under these circumstances, the Government wisely and mercifully decided that these helpless women and children should be placed out amongst respectable colonists, by whom they would be paid, fed, and taught—thus caring for them in the meantime, and endeavouring to raise them in the social scale in the future, just as helpless pauper children, deserted by their natural guardians, are apprenticed out in this free country of ours. It was always provided, further, that should the husbands and fathers of these women and children return peaceably,

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and settle down in the colony as good citizens, they might claim their families and receive them.

The remainder of the paragraph from the "correspondent's" letter is mere clap-trap.

"Even-handed Justice" then goes on to "narrate the events which have led to so shocking a history," and, in doing so, makes a gross misrepresention (whether for the sake of argument or through ignorance, I do not know). He says that many young Natalians paid these natives for work at the diamond-fields in guns, the possession of which was the first cause of the rebellion. This is not so. They paid their labourers—and they came from all parts of South Africa—in money, and these men purchased firearms and brought them home, although they knew that, by the law of the colony, they were not allowed to own them without permission. He makes several other insinuations as excuses for the natives, and tending to throw the blame upon the whites, such as "a near relative of the district magistrate . . . . . *was supposed* to have dealt in the prohibited merchandise" (the italics are mine), and "the old chief . . . . . having been taught to love rum by the white man." Is it "even-handed justice" to make use of underhand, unsupported aspersions of this kind in a grave controversy concerning matters of so much moment?

"Even-handed Justice" goes on to say (and here I must begin to mix up his two letters, of the 17th and 26th inst.) that there was really no outbreak, no rebellion in the usual sense of the term. Let me tell him, that a refusal to come to head-quarters, when called by his supreme chief, is the worst rebellion a native can be capable of, short of plundering the residence of the King. It is as much as to say, "You have no right to call me. I am as good as you. If you

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want to see me, come to me. If you want my arms, come and take them." He asks also why this tribe should not have been allowed to go in peace when they wanted to take refuge with the Basutos. He evidently is in ignorance that the Basutos are also under British rule. How, then, could we have allowed a tribe, which had defied and then left us, to take up a habitation amongst a nation which is still boiling and heaving with the excitement of the last war with the Dutch?

Again, if they had been allowed to go in peace, taking their cattle with them, and their wives, children, and household goods, having plenty of time to follow, what punishment would that have been for insubordination? The native is not rooted to his native soil, as we are. This chief would have gone away victorious, and all the other tribes would have seen that they were in effect independent if they chose. There would have been an end to all rule and order. The colonists of Natal were sitting on a mine, *and they knew it*, as do all who have personal knowledge of the colony.

With regard to the death of the three volunteers at the Bushman's Pass, your correspondent says that about "sixty volunteers" were posted there. There were thirty, "backed by a body of Basutos as auxiliaries." There were twenty "when the natives came up by twos and threes, quite peaceably, until about two hundred had assembled, of whom not more than one-fourth were armed [with guns, I suppose he means], and then a parley began." What followed, according to your correspondent, created the savage desire for vengeance in the minds of the colonists.

Major Durnford's orders were not to fire on the natives until fired at, but to try and stop them peaceably; and it

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was in endeavouring to fulfil these orders, by reasoning with them on their conduct, that his men were fired at, were then panic-struck, and in the flight the three were shot down. I will not say that they were "basely murdered." Savages deal after their kind; but it is difficult for the fathers and brothers of these young men, to excuse the natives by saying, "Poor fellows; they knew no better."

The fact of the natives leaving the colony under such circumstances would be no "remedy for the preponderance in numbers" in the colony. Are they to go, creating a wave of war throughout South-Eastern Africa, and leaving insubordination and rebellion amongst those who remain behind?

Your correspondent's remarks on the Court of Inquiry are worth nothing—since all was done under native law, by which the tribes *have preferred* to be governed, and which is administered, with the exception of questions of polygamy, consistently with Christian profession—if not with the "usages and laws of Britain."

Now I come to the only point on which I agree with the letters of "Even-handed Justice," only here again he is disingenuous. In your issue of the 17th he quotes from a letter of Mr H. Bucknall. I at once allow that it is a brutal letter. In your issue of the 26th he says:—"I will not pile up horrors, but take almost at random the following extract from a letter in the *Natal Times* to illustrate my meaning," and then goes on to quote *another account of the same occurrence as described by Mr Bucknall.* He has, at all events, here piled *one* horror into *two*, which shews that what I said in the beginning of my letter about an "amiable enthusiast" is truly the case.

And now, Sir, I would say one or two more words before I end my trespass on your space.

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Is it "even-handed justice," that in every case where the colonists endeavour to defend themselves from massacre in cold blood, which would entail upon Britain a costly expedition—as in Jamaica, so now in Natal—that there should be in this country a party of crack-brained enthusiasts as regards the rights of the black men—rights which they too often show they do not appreciate amongst the whites—to villify them for their pains? Is it "even-handed justice," that because a few men have committed the crime of being cruel, and the blunder of boasting of it, that the whole body of colonists is to be aspersed as slaveholders and "ferocious" shedders of blood? Is it reasonable to suppose, think you, that our brethren and our fathers, who left here but yesterday, should have so far changed their nature and forgotten their training, as to trample upon all the rights and feelings of the natives, who, though lower in the scale of humanity, are still their fellowmen?

Is it in any way fair that philanthropists, who sit in their easy chairs, with no personal knowledge of the circumstances, are to be judges of the conduct of men who are changing a wilderness into a smiling land, and really doing much to raise so many nations, morally and socially, but who, surrounded by these savage thousands in an uneasy state of transition, carry their lives in their hands? Are they to be judges of they know not what?—to cry shame! when there is no shame, except to themselves for misjudging? Are the colonists first to see their fields and houses in ashes, and then only to retaliate, or to cry for assistance to Britain, and hear the univeral growl, "Why can't you defend yourselves, you colonists? What good are you? Only an expense!"

No, Sir, I have lived amongst these same natives many years, and have liked, and for many things, admired them.

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I have always been their reasonable advocate; but in this case of the rebellion of Langalibalele and its certain consequences, if unchecked, the colonists have done well for themselves, the natives in general, and the Anglo-Saxon name. Look at the affair in all its points, and give, I also say, "even-handed justice" to all concerned.

I am, &c.,

DAVID LESLIE.

THE NEW AFRICAN GOLD DISCOVERIES.

(TIMES, 19th January, 1874.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—By the last mail we have important news from Natal. Some years ago the people and journals of that colony, led away by Herr Mauch's vivid descriptions, announced to all parts of the world that gold had been discovered in immense fields. The result was that many came from all parts of the world and were disappointed.

Gold there was, no doubt, but it was not to be found in quantities which would pay the diggers. Since then, there has been continual talk of finding the precious metal in different localities; but the papers, warned by the odium they incurred on that occasion, have been very careful as to publishing the various reports.

This time I have no hesitation in believing what is told us. In 1871, when I was in the neighbourhood of the district in which auriferous deposits have been discovered, I heard many stories from the natives of gold being there. There were white men also at work, and they said very little as to their progress—a very good sign of success; and now,

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instead of being suddenly blazoned forth, the stories have gradually increased in volume, until the announcement has been, in a manner, forced from the Natal papers. Within a year or two I fully believe that we shall see a large mining population at work, and the exports of gold beginning to rival those from Australia, the gold-bearing districts of which are in much the same parallels of latitude.

Now, Sir, what is the present position as between the white and black races in South-Eastern Africa, and what will be the position if my anticipations be realized? We all know how that Britain was compelled to assert her rights over the country in which the diamond fields are situated, so as to prevent the Dutch Boers of the Orange Free State from assuming the sovereignty, over a country and a population, which they could neither have governed nor kept in order. The present gold fields are situated in a country which is claimed by the Transvaal Republic, another petty Dutch Boer State which Britain has allowed to establish itself on the north-east of Natal, but which is in reality native territory. The Boers have many curious modes of annexing native lands. I will give you two out of my experience.

A certain district was required, so as to give a right of way to the coast from New Scotland (a settlement in the eastern part of Transvaal). The operating agent, who was in this case an Englishman, approached the chief with a request to be allowed to cut a few trees in the forest, for which he paid him about £15 or £20 worth of blankets. Of course, the request was granted, and some timber was felled. It so happened that this forest swarmed with monkeys, the skins of which were valuable for purposes of trade among the neighbouring and powerful nation of the

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Zulus. I wished to place some native hunters there, for the purpose of shooting these monkeys, and applied to the chief for the purpose of doing so, offering him a couple of blankets in return, which usually would have been ample remuneration. "No, no," said the chief. "The white man has given me all these goods for mere permission to cut trees. You, who wish to deprive us of every means of existence, since it is only by possessing these skins that we are enabled to pay tribute to the Zulus, only offer me two blankets. No, no."

I met the Englishman afterwards, and he acknowledged that it had been done with a view to asserting that the land had been bought!

Again, a certain Boer, named Conrad Vermack—a man of the nomadic class, which moves about with their flocks and herds, and exist by hunting—applied to the King of the Amaswazi, a tribe bordering on the east of Transvaal, for permission to hunt in a certain district (say about the size of Lancashire), and to squat there (by the laws of the tribes land cannot be sold, as we understand it, and this is well known to whites who have any relations with the natives); also for the general assistance and countenance of his people while hunting. This was granted, and now I see that the country is included in the map of Transvaal as part of that republic!

Up to the present time these transactions have only led to constant bickerings with the natives. Wars have been prevented by the interposition of the English Government of Natal, and the sparseness of the white population has so far prevented the natives from feeling any pressure; but, when we remember the results of this class of bargains between the whites and Maories in New Zealand, we may well anticipate trouble, and adopt measures to avoid it.

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Again, on the coast of Delagoa Bay—the nearest seaport by far to the gold fields—we have the Portuguese shut up in their factory of Lorenço Marques, and holding on their ground only by keeping up wars and anarchy among the natives.

In 1823, Captain Owen, in her Majesty's ship "Leven," visited the bay, and entered into a treaty with the chiefs south of English river (on the north bank of which Lorenço Marques is situated), by which they ceded their territory to Great Britain fully and freely. I have had the ceremony described by old natives who witnessed it. While Captain Owen was there, a schooner from the Cape, called the "Orange Grove," entered the river Mapoota for purposes of trade. The "Leven" went on a cruise to Madagascar; during her absence the crew of the schooner fell sick of the fever, and the Portuguese took advantage of the opportunity to seize her. Captain Owen returned and compelled her restitution, together with all of which she had been plundered, thus setting at rest, once and for ever, as one would think, the question of ownership of the territory. Ever since then, that country has been held to belong to Great Britain. The Island of Inyack (a portion of it) was, in 1861, Gazetted as a part of Natal, in the Government *Gazette* of that colony. The diocese of the bishop of Zululand was marked for him as including it, and it was only in September, 1871, when I took a schooner into the same river, and for the same purposes as the "Orange Grove" had in view, that the Portuguese seized it with its cargo, and our Government agreed to refer the territory in dispute to arbitration, without even insisting, that they should first put matters in the same position as before the agreement, by restoring the vessel.

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Surely the mere fact of agreeing to arbitrate, on the part of the Portuguese, showed there was some doubt as to the ownership of the territory, and that they had no right whatever to act in this high-handed manner. It may be asked by all, what this has to do with the gold discoveries in Eastern Africa. This much—that a giving way to the pretensions of a petty, but obtrusive and self-sufficient State like Portugal, from a wish to save trouble, is as great a sign of weakness in policy, and want of the just regard which we ought to have to our own power, and the protection which is due to our fellow-citizens in all parts of the world, as it is to bend to the fear of consequences, in dealing with a great one like Russia or America.

The "let alone" policy which has enabled petty states, like the Orange and Transvaal Republics, to establish themselves in such close proximity to our Colonies, and in the midst of a teeming population of natives which they are unable to control, will surely end by our being drawn into wars, which the aggressions and misgovernment of these states will create. Remember how, some years ago, we had to establish a protectorate over the Basutos, so as to put a stop to the war, in which they were then engaged with the Orange Free State, which was dragging its weary length along, and creating a feeling of restlessness among all the natives around.

If the present *laissez faire*, and careless dilettante policy in Eastern Africa, is persisted in, and my anticipation of a large and motley gathering of miners on the Gold-fields becomes a fact, (and I unhesitatingly prognosticate its fulfilment), what will be the result? It will be this, that rowdies and ruffians, from all quarters, will flock to the diggings, the more numerously and the more readily, that

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they will be in a country where there is neither law nor strong Government. Then will follow wars with the natives, plunder and massacre. Will our own Colonies escape from fermentation, with the malt in such close contact? If Britain does not retain a footing in Delagoa Bay, she cannot control these diggers, unless she first annexes the Transvaal, and then only through 500 miles of weary, rugged road from Natal, the nearest seaport. If she retains her undoubted right to the south bank of English River, she is within 150 miles of the fields, with a country between, which is remarkably fertile, level, and easily travelled.

On grounds of self-respect, of right, of justice to ourselves, and to the claims of humanity, and for political and commercial reasons, our Government (I speak of no party) ought to listen to the advice of that Christian gentleman and wise politician (Sir Bartle Frere), whose addresses in Edinburgh and Glasgow, show how well and how thoroughly he understands the present position and future prospects of Eastern Africa.—I am, &c.,

DAVID LESLIE.

GLASGOW, January 16th, 1874.

IS DR LIVINGSTONE DEAD?

(GLASGOW HERALD, 23rd February, 1874.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GLASGOW HERALD.

SIR,—Every man in this country will mourn for the death of Dr Livingstone, and all of us would be glad to grasp at any straw of hope that the news is untrue.

I have travelled for some years in South-Eastern Africa, and have some experience of the natives, and knowledge

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of their character and customs. I have lived entirely amongst them, have made them my study, and am not satisfied with the accounts we have received of the death of the great traveller. The tribes I know, which are those inhabiting the low-lying coast-lands round the Portuguese settlements, are the same, in all their characteristics, as those inland from Zanzibar, and it is upon my knowledge of them, that I ground my doubts as to the truth of the reports.

What we are told regarding the Doctor's death is so circumstantial, and seems to be believed by so many, who ought to have means of judging, that I am afraid to say "he is not dead;" but I think we ought to suspend our decision, and await further intelligence, before accepting and bewailing such a loss to the nation.

Lieutenant Cameron's report is grounded on the story of "Tshuma," a faithful servant of the Doctor's. Dr Livingstone's son thinks Tshuma "too faithful to desert his master and too honest to tell a lie." It may be so. But Mr Livingstone has spent much of his time in this country, and has not better means of judging, than others who are not satisfied. The Johanna men were also "faithful servants," and they lied. Dr Kirk, who travelled much in the interior, before he rested in his well-earned and well-filled position at Zanzibar, seems to question the fact of the Doctor's death. I do the same, on the following grounds:—

I remember, in 1871, that I had occasion to send a messenger a distance of about seven days' walk. I was in an unhealthy country, and he was a native of Natal, who had followed my fortunes. Knowing that he was liable to be struck down, I applied to the King for men to go with him, both to show him the way and to aid him in the event of sickness. Four messengers went with him, men well known throughout the country as being about the person of

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the King. On the way back he was taken ill, and came in a very weak condition to a village at night. The influence of the King's men gained him entrance, but in the night the owners of the village, fearing that he would die, insisted on his being carried out to the hillside, and there his companions watched him, kept the wolves away, until towards dawn he "went home!"

Not even for fear of the King would the people allow the man to die in their village; and sure am I that for no consideration would the natives of Eastern Africa carry a dead body any distance, let alone marching with it day after day. They have an utter horror of a corpse. After in any way coming in contact with one, they eat "medicine" to avert the baleful influence, to carry off the defilement; and the mere fact of having such a circumstantial account raises, in my mind, a doubt of its correctness.

It has also been truly asked, "Where would the natives procure salt and brandy to embalm the corpse?" Salt they might get, as "salt pans" are plentiful through the country. But brandy? No; it is impossible!

Let us rest patiently awhile, and hopefully. It cannot be long ere the news is authenticated or denied.

If we have to mourn, we may remember this, that Dr Livingstone never expected any other death than the one now reported. He considered himself a soldier whose end would most likely be the battle-field; and if he has died as we are told, the greatest proof to my mind of the ascendancy he gained in Africa, of the power which his very name was possessed of, would be the fact of his men having carried his remains to Zanzibar, and having been allowed to do so by the inhabitants of the villages through which they passed. —I am, &c.,

DAVID LESLIE.

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THE ISLE IN THE EASTERN SEA.

(NEWS OF THE WEEK, Dec. 1874, and Jan. 1875.)

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGERS, driven into obscure regions by untoward winds, may have passed a low peninsula jutting out from one of the islands of the Eastern Archipelago. Twenty years ago they would have admired the luxuriant beauty of the vegetation, and the many lovely nooks created by the entrance of the sea, forgetting that in its depths hovered the voracious shark, and unaware that ashore they would have found this seeming paradise, apparently so green, so cool, and yet so gaudy with lovely hues, to be teeming with snakes, and rank with miasma.

The island itself was not a large one, but was peculiarly formed. On the eastern side, it sloped gradually down from a high ridge, and the slopes were covered with jungle, which had, however, in many places yielded to the slight labour necessary for cultivation in that favoured region. Springs towards the loftier parts of the range were the parents of innumerable little streams, which here and there sparkled and glanced in the sun, as they wandered on their way, through forest and open country, to the sea. And the shady nooks and tiny waterfalls were seldom without an occupant, in the shape of a native enjoying that greatest luxury of all in a hot climate—fresh, clear, and cold water.

The banana, the plantain, the cocoa-nut, the pine-apple, and every rich and luscious fruit known to the clime,

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bountifully and almost spontaneously offered their product to the hand that wished to gather; while numberless gaudy creepers and flowers of many hues, relieved and set off the dark green of the jungle. Birds of the most brilliant plumage and discordant cries, fluttered and glanced through the foliage, and made their nests in the gigantic ferns which lined the courses of the streams. But in the most lovely spots of this most beautiful part of the island—in the underwood, or in the open glades—coiled or basked the most deadly snakes; and at night, amongst other noises which spoke of danger to man, the roar of the tiger was heard predominant.

The numerous prahms which lay upon the beach, and the number of people walking up and down, or gambling and carousing in the shade, spoke of a community supported by piracy at sea, and debauched by a sensual life on shore—men with black skins and long hair, some of them grown grey in their career of crime, others showing in every feature the sensual and brutal life they led, and all of them wearing that villainous physiognomy peculiar to the lowest class of the tribes of the Eastern Archipelago.

"Ramesamy," said an old man (speaking the Malay language) who appeared to have some authority amongst them, "it is time the prahms were out. Know, my son, that, for our sins, the gods have given us far to go, before we can procure what we require, to support our modest life in this island."

"It is true," said the other. "Still, that distance is our safety. Think how long we have been without those accursed British ships paying us a visit. Shall I call the men together this evening, to decide as to the expedition? They are willing, nay, anxious to go."

"Do so; but stay. Are we not rather short of slaves?"

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"My father speaks with his usual correctness. Many of our men will have to labour as well as fight."

"I do not know that," said the old man. "Have you never heard, Ramesamy, that when our fathers first landed here, though they were supposed to have destroyed the original inhabitants, yet a few families did manage to make their escape?"

"Yes, I have heard so," replied the other, "and there is a vague tradition amongst us, that they still exist on the western side of the island."

"I believe it to be true, and I will tell you why. You know, when Moonesamy stole my daughter—whose bones, for her disobedience, lie bleaching in the jungle—that they passed some days near the top of yonder ridge you see in the far distance. Well, on his return, and after receiving my pardon——"

"For which he paid well," interposed the other.

"He related his adventures," continued the chief, without noticing the interruption, "and, amongst others, asserted positively that he had seen smoke arising from the jungle on the western side, where there is a peninsula. I have never spoken of this, although it is years ago, until now, because I did not wish the attention of the men to be drawn from richer booty, which sails far afloat. But we will see about it."

It is with the simple people, referred to in the foregoing dialogue, that we have now to do. Let us, therefore, leave this fair scene of nature, the principal blot on which is the presence of man, and transport our readers to the western end of the island.

The ridge to which we have already referred as rising gradually from the eastern shore, extended the whole breadth

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of the island, from north to south. At its highest elevation, it suddenly broke into a precipice, fronting, like a huge wall, the gales from the westward. Below this was the peninsular-shaped portion of which we have spoken—level ground, stretching almost to the sea. The ground itself was broken and rocky, covered with plants and trees of the aloe and cactus, mixed with thick grasses and creepers peculiar to the East. Towards the beach, slimy and fœtid mud abounded, and nourished patches of the mangrove, amongst which the sea wound in clear green channels, haunted by sharks, and by fish as gaudy as the birds on land. Of timber, properly so called, there was none; neither were there wild animals. They had either found it impossible, or thought it not worth while, to scale the precipice which divided the island. The coral reefs which encircled the shore, and the fact of the place being far out of the track of vessels, constituted it a safe refuge for the unfortunate few who were its inhabitants.

These people looked, and most likely were, amongst the most miserable of the earth. Long residence in an unhealthy locality, caused by the heat arising from the reflection of the sun against the precipice, and the exhalations from the beds of mud, had reduced them to poor, sickly specimens of humanity, content to be in the shade of a rock by day, and to bury themselves in the grass at night. They lived on what they could pick up from the sea, and what few yams they could coax from amongst the rocks and prickly plants; but yet withal they were a kindly, innocent race.

Many years before, their ancestors had occupied the fertile eastern declivity, from which, as mentioned by the old Indian, they had been driven on the advent of the Malay pirates from the mainland. They had not increased in number, and amounted, at the time of which we write, to about one hundred families.

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CHAPTER II.

The scene changes, and this time there is no landscape to describe. It is at sea we first make acquaintance with the other characters in our story. The circumstances under which we find them, are sufficiently fearful to test their courage, and their trust in a higher power. The sky is overcast with clouds in wild commotion; the sea whirling and heaving; the waters wearing that leaden hue, sprinkled with drifts of spray, which shows the force of the hurricane, before which the ship has been driven for days; and the driving rain, which has lately begun to fall, seems to join sea and sky into one element. The masts of the vessel have long gone, and the helpless hulk drives before the wind.

Shortly after the storm arose, the captain had been washed overboard, while superintending the wearing of the ship, to get her before the gale; the mate, scarcely recovered from sunstroke, had succumbed to the resumption of duty at such a time; and now the second mate, a rough and good enough sailor, but not competent to control such a crew, was in command.

The "Criterion" had been unfortunate in her men. She had left New York when the gold fever—the rage for California—was at its height, and her captain had to be content with anyone who offered his services—in very many cases the lowest of the low. And now, after many days of license and riotous living, the fear of that death, to which they seemed too surely driving, impelled them to work as hard as the heaving and rolling of the vessel would permit, at strengthening and stowing different articles in the boats, of which only two were in any way serviceable.

On the main-deck, sheltering themselves as well as they could by what was left of the bulwarks, stood, or rather

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crouched, a group consisting of eight persons, the principal figures in which, were a female, who was clinging to her husband, and an old man, her father, whom she seemed to be supporting and soothing, while her two children clung weeping to the folds of her gown. The other three were unmarried men, and they all were a party of missionaries, who had started with joyful hopes and high ambition to do their work amongst the heathen.

It is the fortunes of this family party which we are principally concerned to narrate. Some years before the date we are speaking of, John Maxwell had received holy orders, and at the same time decided that he would carry the glad tidings of the Gospel to those who knew them not. This determination was a sad blow to Mary Munro, his betrothed bride. She was the only daughter of a widowed father, and could not leave him. After a long struggle, however, John compromised with his conscience, so far as to agree to remain at home during the lifetime of Mr Munro, and they married.

Time passed on, and two children, a boy and a girl, were born to them. Their parents might have been happy, were it not that, as year succeeded year, his heart upbraided and vexed him more and more. He felt that he had not obeyed the call—that he was not in the way of his appointed duty. To two, who bore each other such deep affection, the unhappiness of one was that of both, and she felt it the more, as it was her influence which had led him to this dereliction. His father-in-law saw this, and mourned that he should be the cause of keeping his son from doing what he felt was right, and thus inducing misery to two he loved so well. One day he thus abruptly and decidedly settled the question of their future course:—

"John, my dear son, I have watched, with great disquiet,

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the struggle going on in your bosom, between what you consider your duty to your God and your duty to me; and, after much prayer and calm thought, I have come to a conclusion. It is useless for you to attempt to dispute it, as there is no other course by which I can be assured of peace of mind in my old age. I am now an old man, near the grave, and it matters not, in my estimation, where I lay my head, provided I am in my appointed path at the time. I notice that, in about a month, the "Criterion" will sail for Shanghai, and both you and I know that our board is wanting missionaries to send out by that opportunity. We will gather together our substance and go. Who can tell? It may be that I shall be as a second Jacob, going to see the establishment of another people of the Lord; and, after all, come back to lay my bones in my native land. Besides, my son, you know that warm climates are favourable to old people, so that, in doing what is right, I may be renewing my lease of life."

And so, on the old man's part, with this mixture of religious feeling and the kindly wish to make light of the journey for his son's sake; and, on the other side, the two with a sacred joy at being at last in the right way; and the children, with feelings of unmixed delight at the romantic prospect; they sailed for China in the good ship "Criterion."

As the vessel drew nearer and nearer to the breakers, now distinctly visible through the clearing of the sky, many eyes were strained, in the anxious endeavour to spy out a passage to the quiet waters beyond. The sailors' preparations for escape in the boats were hurried on, and to a few anxious inquiries made by the troubled missionaries, rough and coarse answers were returned.

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Everything being at last in order, those on deck prepared to launch their largest boat, their comrades in her standing ready to cast-off the moment she touched the water. To all the prayers of the passengers that they might be allowed to enter, the same answer was given, namely, that they must wait, and it would be lucky for them if there was room in the other boat. At all events, it did not matter much, as those who came to show others the way to live and die, could not surely fail in the last act of their lesson; and further. that it was all through having so many "Jonahs" on board that their ship had "come to grief."

As the ship rolled, the launch was fairly got into the water, through the gangway cut in the bulwarks. "Now for the other boat," was the cry. "Lower her down from the davits, it's the safest way;" and everything was made ready for so doing. After a little consultation among the men, one came aft, and addressed the party.

"We have only room for three; who goes?" was all he said.

To all prayers, to all commands or offers of reward, he was deaf.

"It's no use, when I tell you there's no room. It is each for himself here, and your money would be of precious little use to those who had to stay behind."

"Quick! you on deck, there," came from the boat, "or we shall be stove in. We can't hold on much longer."

"You hear that?" cried the spokesman; "decide quickly. I count twenty, and then leave you. Hold-on a moment, mates. One, two, three, four"—

"Save my children, at least," was the father's anxious plaint; but the mother interposed with a holier confidence.

"No, husband. We have always been a loving and united

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family, putting our trust in the Lord, and so shall we continue in life or in death, whichever God pleases to send. Let us leave it in His hands, and, rest assured, that all will be ordered as is best for us."

Then turning to the three unmarried missionaries who had stood watching this discussion, and ready at any moment to acquiesce in the decision which would apparently consign them to certain death, and give the family party, or at all events a portion of it, a chance of safety, she said—"Go, my friends. We have made up our minds to abide by the vessel. It is evidently God's providence that the boats should be for you. Go, and carry, if you are permitted, the tidings of how calmly we met our fate. It may be that, in punishment of our former dereliction of duty, in thinking of ourselves instead of obeying our call, this dispensation is sent us. If so, we thankfully and cheerfully submit to our chastisement; and it may be that the land now visible, and which you have a chance of reaching, is that in which you are destined to labour."

The sailor had in the meantime forgotten to count, and stood watching the scene with emotions new to him. The sight of such unselfishness, and of such an entire faith and trust in an overruling power, stirred within his breast good thoughts, long slumbering. They were destined never to bear fruit. After a silent embrace all round, the three turned towards him, and went forward to meet their fate.

Everything seemed fair for safety. The gale had broken, the land was not far away, and there must be a passage in the reef. The one boat was fairly afloat, the other coming over—but it was not to be. A surging wave brought the launch back directly under the one descending. There was a cry, a crash, and immediately the freights of both boats

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were struggling for life in the waves. The scene was heart-rending. Those who had been so selfish and so sure of safety, were now at death's door, through the very means they had thought were to carry them to life. Those who were swimmers were gradually, but surely, swept towards the breakers and the sharp coral reef, while others sunk immediately.

Amongst the latter, consigned to a swifter, but more merciful death, were the three missionaries, who, feeling the uselessness of struggling for safety, with a farewell wave of the hand to their friends on the deck of the now much-desired haven of refuge, went to that death which they had sought to avoid, though they feared it not. Not one of the sailors who had deserted the family party so unfeelingly, survived to repent of their misdeeds. They all perished; and those who had so nobly accepted a death, apparently certain, to give others a chance of life, now looked on the scene with feelings of mingled sorrow and thankfulness for the mercy which God had vouchsafed to themselves.

After a few moments spent in prayer, they began to look to their own position, and that with some feelings of hopefulness. The gale had evidently spent its force, and although the waves were as high and as wild as ever, yet the progress made by the vessel to seemingly sure destruction was evidently slower.

All their faces were now turned to the breakers in silent prayer, and hope that there might be some passage. After a time, it became evident that the ship was taking a slanting direction—still surging on towards the breakers—but, at the same time, bearing more to the northward, as if taken by some current. This circumstance gave them fresh hope, and they began to look about for means of escape, should the

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vessel reach the sheltered water, which they felt certain must be within the reef. After some minutes of intense watchfulness, those on board became aware of a channel of tolerably smooth water leading into the inner basin, and it was evident that the vessel was slowly approaching it. Nothing, however, could they do to help themselves. They had only to wait. It was plain enough that, if they reached the inside safely, the vessel would not break up at once, and they would have plenty of time to gather together what they wanted to take on shore; whereas, if they struck on the reef, amidst the enormous breakers—the hoarse roar of which deafened, and the spray from which by this time was sprinkled over them—they would require nothing more in this world.

Onwards rolled and heaved the vessel, gradually drawing nearer and nearer to the passage. It seemed fearfully narrow, and the rollers, which on each side broke upon the reef, swelled through it with fearful velocity. Closer and closer comes the disabled ship, and now on both sides of it there is broken water. It seems to the devoted party on deck that they must touch the reef—that there is no room to pass through. While contemplating their end with awe, indeed, but yet with calm Christian courage, one of the heavy rollers came. The "Criterion" rose with a rush, as if seeking the sky, and the next moment went down, down, as if she sought the very foundations of the earth.

Chapter III.

Again the upward heave, the downward shoot; the ship was past the channel, and all was for the time safe. Giddy, wet, blinded, and deafened, those on board did yet remember

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their first duty of thanks to the Ruler of the winds and waves, for His mercy in sparing them from the awful death which had overtaken their friends and the sailors so few minutes before.

The set of the current seemed to be round the basin they were now in, and slowly and smoothly the "Criterion" went with it. When they had got about opposite the channel by which they had entered, over on the shore side, the hulk struck upon a projecting spit, and there remained firmly fixed and out of danger. Now came the reaction. While in deadly danger from the storm, any land seemed welcome—the veriest desert would have been a paradise; but, while recruiting exhausted nature with the first food eaten in tolerable peace and security for many a day, they allowed their eyes to roam over the miserable peninsula which we have described, on which there was not the slightest sign of inhabitants; they began to think that they had only been spared from one death to suffer another, if possible, more dreadful.

Old Mr Munro, however, speedily rebuked the first symptoms of repining. "What!" he said, "what is this I hear? We are no sooner saved from what seemed certain death, than we commit the sin of ingratitude to God, for such it is, to be dissatisfied with the place where he has seen fit to land us—to cavil at His mode of displaying to us His mercy. How are we better than those whom in His wisdom He has seen fit to die? We murmur, but have we not this ship to live in for the present? It will be long ere she breaks up in this quiet haven. Have we not planks and spars to build a boat? Have we not abundance of food? and can you not see little rivulets glancing among the rocks on shore? Though this miserable peninsula seems uninhabited, there must be

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Malays on the other side. Most of these Eastern Islands are peopled. Besides all this, my daughter, remember your farewell to our friends who are gone. This may be the land in which you are destined to labour."

After this little speech, his son and daughter, ashamed of themselves for their momentary giving way, looked at their situation and spoke of it more cheerfully. It was decided to go on shore as soon as possible. The first thing, therefore, they set to work at, was to make a raft. The great danger in this was from the sharks. Yet they could not build their raft on deck and then launch it; they were not strong enough. They had to do it in the water, and send everything over piece by piece. To be safe from the monsters they saw swimming around them, they made a stage and hoisted it over the side. On it Mr Maxwell wrought, while his wife watched to give warning of the approach of the dreaded shark.

After many hours' hard labour they finished a something, which they thought would take them safely to the shore, not many paces distant. Who was to go first? It would not carry them all. It was decided that old Mr Munro and one of the children should go with Mr Maxwell; that he should leave them on shore, and then return for his wife and other child. Mr Munro, who had been a great sportsman in his youth, armed himself with one of the ship's muskets, and, before starting, they gathered together provisions for some days. After much labour and some narrow escapes, they were all safely landed on what could scarcely be called *terra firma*, seeing that it was on a bank of mud which lay between two small creeks, which emptied themselves into the basin on both sides of their resting-place. But, such as it was, they were obliged to be content with it for the time, as the night had fallen ere their labours were well over.

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Early in the morning they started to explore, with a scarce living hope that the vegetation they had seen on the peninsula, from the deck of their vessel, was not merely a covering to such unhealthy mud as they were then on. They had seen the little streams trickling down the rocks at the foot of the precipice, but if this narrow strip of ground was all the dry land there was between that and the sea—God help them! They felt that but few days would be necessary to prostrate their strength, and disable them from building boats to take them off the island. As the place seemed utterly uninhabited, they deemed it safe enough to leave Mrs Maxwell and the children for a while, and they started up a creek to find, if possible, some solid ground. They poled their way along, and, as they went, the mangroves began to get fewer, and the sides of the creek to be overgrown with grass and rushes. At last they found they could get no farther with the raft, and were obliged to step on shore. They broke their way through the tangle, till they reached the head of the creek, and there they found dry land, such as has already been described. They pushed about for an hour or two, until Mr Maxwell saw that the whole of the peninsula was evidently of the same character as what they had explored. They then returned to his wife and little ones at about the middle of the day.

They found them safe and well; Mrs Maxwell sitting on a box, under the miserable shade of a mangrove tree, beguiling the time by telling stories to the children, who were leaning on her knees. Immediately their father and and grandfather stepped off the raft they ran to meet them, and it was "Oh, papa—oh, grandpa, mamma says we shall soon get away from this nasty place, where we can't play." "See here, papa," said Robert, "I tried to run after Effie,

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and I fell down and dirtied myself, and mamma washed my face with salt water, and it made my eyes *so* sore."

While Mrs Maxwell was getting some food ready for the returned pioneers, they told her of all they had discovered in their little trip, and it was decided that they should go up that very afternoon, so as, at all events, to get away from the mud they were now in, and, when settled at the head of the creek, they would there begin to build their boat. They had refreshed themselves, and were standing for a moment, all three looking at the "Criterion," the children standing a little way behind them on the boxes, which served for chairs and table, when Robert's voice was heard crying, "Oh, papa, a black man!" "Me see him, too," said Effie. In great alarm they turned round, but nothing was visible. The children, nevertheless, persisted that they had seen a naked black man spring behind a clump of mangroves, which stood a few paces off. As it was not so far, but that they could quickly return for the protection of Mrs Maxwell and the children, both Mr Munro and her husband moved forward to reconnoitre. On getting round the trees, they saw, to their great surprise and alarm, four or five men standing talking amongst themselves, frequently pointing in their direction, and evidently debating as to whether they should make their appearance or not. It was plain they did not know they had been observed; and at their feet were some yams, roots, and fish.

As soon as Mr Munro and Mr Maxwell came in sight, there was a commotion amongst them, as if they meditated flight, but at length one came forward with many Eastern bows and genuflexions, and tendered to the two, some of the food which he had taken from the ground. Surprised and pleased at these friendly tokens, the missionaries did

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everything they could to establish the peace so evidently offered; and, reassured by observing the people's miserable and unarmed condition, they managed to induce them to follow them to their temporary camp. Mrs Maxwell was evidently a little alarmed at her new visitors, but the children fraternised at once. They induced their mother to give them some ship biscuit and pork, which they immediately took to their sable friends; and, after much talk on both sides, which no one understood, they managed to make them comprehend that it was good to eat, and from that hour a firm alliance was established.

Surprised as they were to find people on that desert peninsula, yet our party took hope from their seemingly peaceful disposition. They had no idea that they inhabited the spot upon which they had been wrecked, but thought they had seen, from the high land above, the fate of the vessel, and had come down the precipice to see for themselves. But after much pointing to the hill on the part of the missionaries, and head-shaking on that of the natives, they came to the conclusion, that it was useless to attempt to learn anything about the country, until they could understand one another a little better.

They then decided to go on with their idea of proceeding up the creek, and Mr Munro approached the natives to try and get them to help. He pointed to the raft, and then up the creek. They nodded, and said something, evidently in approbation. He then went on to it with the two children, and began poling up, at the same time beckoning to them to come. Immediately two of them jumped into the water, and pushed the raft up much faster than he could. The remainder stayed with Mr Maxwell and his wife. Mr Munro wished to land where he had landed before, but the natives

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would not allow him, and went on to a landing-place on the other side. They walked for about a hundred yards, and came to a large rock, where there were signs of people having been about. There one of the natives, with a word to his companion, sprang away, and after an absence of a few minutes returned with ten or twelve more men, women, and children, who showed evident signs of pleasure at their visitors, and again laid some food before them. By the aid of signs, Mr Munro managed to make them understand that he could not eat until joined by his friends, which they at once acquiesced in, some of them snatching up Robert and springing on to the raft, which immediately disappeared. In great alarm, Mr Munro endeavoured to follow, but was stopped by the smiles and gestures of all around, of whom he could not find it in his heart to be suspicious. He sat down and tried to pacify Effie, who was much astonished at Robert's apparently violent abduction. In a surprisingly short time Mr and Mrs Maxwell, Robert, and the natives reappeared, bringing with them a supply of cooking utensils and food, with which, under the rock, they all made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow, still surrounded by the laughing, wondering people of the place.

For days after this, Mr Munro, with a party of the natives, was engaged in landing necessaries from the hulk, while Mr Maxwell and another party were busy building a shelter. He had attempted to find a practicable path up the precipice, on the eastward, but when the natives became aware of his intention, with much speaking and many gestures, they compelled him to desist. It was not till some time after, when he had learned something of the language, that he came to know their motive for so doing. Mrs Maxwell and the children were employing themselves in many ways

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—the latter principally in making friends with their black companions, whom all of the party found then, and ever afterwards, to be honest, kindly, and generous to the extent of their means. Food they were continually bringing—in small quantities, it is true—but, when the sterility of their little peninsula is considered, it was wonderful that they brought any at all. They were ever ready to assist in any labour that was going on, without making any demand for payment, and, during the whole of the missionaries' sojourn with them, theft was unknown.

After a while they learned to wear clothing, and to build houses; and, as the two parties began to understand one another better, they were taught many things which added to their comfort, and gradually they were transformed into civilised men. The ship was an inexhaustible mine. For years she lay in the quiet basin, and as her timbers began to rot and her sides to open, the remainder of her contents was transferred to sheds on shore. From her the missionaries procured seeds of all kinds, plants, and agricultural implements, pigs, fowls, and sheep. They taught the natives how to dress their miserable land, by making use of the mangrove mud from the shore. They taught them to gather the stones into heaps, and so leave open spaces for cultivation; and as vegetables, corn, and fruits became plentiful, as the pigs, fowls, and sheep increased, a flesh diet was added to their usual one of fish, and the result of all this was visible in their improved personal appearance and better spirit.

One may fancy how these simple people revered their benefactors. Some time after their landing, when they began to understand one another, Mr Munro asked them to tell him their notions of a God. One of the old men replied

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that he had heard long ago of their ancestors, who lived on the other side of the island, worshipping gods, to whom they prayed, and whom they thanked and looked to for protection; but he thought they must have left them there, as now they never saw them, and knew nothing of their whereabouts. But they proposed that Mr Munro and his relatives should be adored, as they were sure no gods could do more than they had done. It was not without great difficulty that Mr Munro had been able to divert them from their purpose.

It was during this conversation also that Mr Maxwell, hearing them speak of their ancestors on the other side of the island, and remembering that they prevented him from trying to climb the precipice, now inquired their reasons. Little by little he managed to understand their terror on that occasion. They told him how peaceably and happily they had lived on the eastern declivity, until men in great numbers, and of ferocious aspect—cannibals and blood-drinkers—had attacked and destroyed them, except a few who had escaped in their canoes, and who had, after coasting the island, been washed into the same basin as the "Criterion," and how these destroyers—to whom time had given the attributes of demons—still inhabited their old country. "Some of us," continued the narrator, "have climbed on the top there, and have reconnoitred. We have seen the habitations of those, who blast with a look, who kill with a gesture; but whom—if what our fathers told us is true—we shall one day conquer again." Mr Maxwell was at no loss to put a true interpretation on all this, and aware of the dreadful cruelty and bloodthirsty disposition of the Malay pirates of the Eastern Archipelago—on one of the islands of which he guessed they had been cast—the

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party decided to be content with their lot for the present, while they prayed to God, to bless their preparation for the conquest, which the old man spoke of as having been predicted by his ancestors, and which they had a feeling would surely come to pass.

So for a time they went on, teaching and improving the condition of the poor people with whom they lived. Day by day, they taught them the love of Christ to man, His sacrifice for us, His promises to us, if we walked in His way. After the day's work was done, they all assembled together as one family, and devoted themselves, with greater success, as they became more proficient in the language, to teaching them the knowledge of God, and trust in Him as our Heavenly Father. Ere long, this simple people became an example, which many a white man might have learned from. On every occasion they bore themselves like good Christians. Their faith was evident and strong, and at the end of seven years no one would have known the orderly, well-clothed, happy-looking people, who assembled before their teachers to hear the glad tidings, which were for them as for all men, to be the same with those miserable-looking beings, who, at the commencement of our story, had been content to burrow in the grass at night, and lie in the shade all day.

All the family party, also, had been mercifully preserved. Mr Munro's face was whiter, the lines on his face more deep, but otherwise he was strong and hearty. Mr and Mrs Maxwell were in good health, and Robert and Effie, now fifteen and thirteen respectively, were of the greatest use to their parents in all ways, particularly in teaching, since they had mastered the language completely.

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CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT seven years from the landing of our missionary party in the island, there came such a Sunday as had never been seen on that peninsula.

It gladdened the hearts of Mr and Mrs Maxwell and Mr Munro, to see the change that had been wrought, by God's providence, in that miserable people. They had assembled together for morning worship, before the missionary buildings, and had divided themselves into four groups—three attended to by the grandfather, son, and grandson, and one by the mother and daughter—the latter group consisting of the children of the settlement. All were devout, staid, and well clothed, though as regards the item of clothes our friends were beginning to feel anxious, seeing that the supplies from the "Criterion" were drawing near to a close, and where to get more they knew not. All over the peninsula could be seen plots of cultivated ground, and little stone and wood cottages. The hearts of people and teachers alike swelled with gratitude, and they raised with greater fervency their hymn of praise and thankfulness to God, as they looked upon what had been brought to them by His goodness. After service they scattered in parties over their little domain, talking over the lessons of the day, and planning fresh improvements for the morrow; and under the shade of the rocks, and the trees which they had planted, they enjoyed their frugal yet much-relished meal.

In the afternoon they began to gather again for service, and were walking towards the church buildings, when an interruption occurred—one which alarmed them, and sent them flying to the missionaries, like chickens to their mother when the hawk appears in sight.

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Round the northern end of the reef which touched the northern end of the island, a number of boats were coming in sight. Prahm after prahm appeared, each crowded with ferocious-looking Malays, who were pulling with all their strength against the current. They set up a shout of joy, when they saw the frightened natives; and of derision, as they perceived them running headlong from the shore. Mr Munro and Mr Maxwell came out of their house, attracted by the tumult, and immediately noticed the cause. At once they understood the calamity which had befallen them, and as they saw the boats searching for a passage in the reef, they betook themselves to the task of soothing and calming their frightened flock—a task of no little difficulty. At last, teachers and people knelt down together, and implored protection and aid from that God, who they felt could alone give it them. Mr Munro inculcated upon the people the policy of a calm demeanour and a Christian resignation, both as being the best and the most likely to save their lives, and as being their duty as followers of the Prince of Peace.

The boats, in the meanwhile, had found the passage through which the "Criterion" gained the inner basin, and from thence the Malays could see some of her timbers still standing, while at the same time they became suddenly aware of the houses on shore. They seemed to understand what had happened—that a vessel had been grounded, that some Europeans had been saved, and were still on land. This caused a halt and a consultation. They evidently had a wholesome dread of the white man, and, of course, were not aware of their number, or how they were armed. That they were not few, they thought to be the case, as it never struck them that the miserable inhabitants had been taught and civilised. For a time they seemed to hesitate, as to

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what measures they should adopt, but it was not long before, firing their muskets and shouting their war-cries, they dashed to the beach, and immediately advanced to the larger houses, which alone were visible.

Our missionaries had prepared for them. They had drawn their flock up in a body, in the open space before the church —the men in front and the women and children in the rear —and they themselves stepping forward, took up their position in advance of the people.

With many wild shouts and brandishing of weapons, the Malays came on, encouraging one another by the fact of their encountering no resistance, until on coming in sight of the missionaries and their people they halted, and seemed about to commence hostilities; but, seeing no sign of any opposition, they did nothing, but waited for the coming of the old Malay chief, who had originated the expedition.

After his arrival, the fate of the inhabitants seemed still to hang for a moment in the balance, till at last he beckoned the missionaries towards him, and on their advancing they found, with great pleasure, that they could understand what he said.

He asked them many questions. Who they were? Where they came from? What the vessel contained? How many of them were there? Where was the treasure? All this with many menaces and blows. At last Mr Munro requested his permission to speak. At length it was granted, and he addressed them. He told of the wreck of the "Criterion," now seven years ago, and of their landing on this peninsula. He described the state of the inhabitants on their arrival, and then he said—

"Come with me, and I will show you what, by God's providence, they have now arrived at, and I trust that the

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same God, who has improved their condition, will so soften your hearts, as to induce you to leave them undisturbed in their little possessions, since they have nothing which can be of any value to you."

"We will see," replied the Malay. "Lead on."

They passed the anxious, fearful group, and the pirates inspected everything on the peninsula. They showed great delight on finding some powder, lead, and guns amongst the stores which had been landed from the "Criterion," after which they ordered the natives to be drawn up before them.

"You wish me to leave you unmolested," said the old Malay chief. "And you say you have nothing which will be of any value to us. We will not molest you; but all you have, and you yourselves, are of value to us."

Then, turning to his own men, he said—

"Take these dogs with you, and gather everything I have shown you to the prahms."

Then began a scene of sorrow—weeping and wailing, on the part of the natives; expostulation and entreaty, on that of the missionaries. All was useless.

"You say," cried the pirate, "that we are taking you away from your homes; that we are robbing you of your property. We have the right of the strongest. Your men must labour at sea, your women on land. Thus you will have no occasion for property, and houses you can build again at the other side of the island.

On hearing this, the old man's relation of the prophecy flashed into the minds of our friends.

These were the "demon" men who had driven their ancestors away from the fertile eastern declivity, and whom their descendants were to conquer again. It seemed a manifest decree of Providence that they should go with

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them, not only without repining, but with joy, since there was good hope that that conquest would be effected, not by force of arms, but by the power of the Gospel.

While the natives were grovelling on the ground, at the feet of the Malays, in despair, Mr Maxwell addressed the chief. He told them that they could make no resistance; that the grief of the people was natural; but if he would allow him the opportunity of privately addressing them, he thought he could reconcile them to their fate.

"What will you say?" asked the chief.

"That I must not tell you. What I shall say is between my people and myself."

The pirate glanced at him suspiciously, then at the people, and then looking at his own numerous and well-armed horde—

"Bah!" said he. "Go; say what you please; the slaves will be useful to us, and I wish not to kill them. Only haste you; ere the sun sets we must be clear of yonder reefs."

Turning to his sorrowful flock, Mr Maxwell addressed them. He recalled to their memory the long-cherised prophecy, and on that he based his address.

"My friends," he said, "it is true we are leaving a spot, endeared to us by much hardship and much joy. Here you passed the greatest portion of your lives in misery and want; here you heard the message of the Gospel of Christ; and here you have lived for a time in peace and plenty. Now it appears as if we were leaving our happy homes, and going to a state of slavery, degradation, and want. That we shall suffer much is certain; that our minds will be shocked by sights of bloodshed and robbery is sure; but, for all that, let us go cheerfully. It is evidently the providence

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of God. Never let us forget Him. In all our troubles and straits let us apply to Him, and He will render them light. Let us remember that we are soldiers of Christ, and in His spirit let us go forth to conquer—not with the arms of the flesh, but with those of the spirit. Let us fulfil the prophecy. Rest assured that the time has come for its fulfilment, and in subjecting them to God, we make them fellow-subjects of our King. Let us go, my friends; go as gladly as we may, with the hope of better times to come, and the knowledge that we are doing our duty."

The effect of these few words was wonderful. The people rose with one accord, and one of the elders replied—

"We will do as you say; we *will* accomplish. All we have, and all we are, we owe to you; and it is not now, in time of adversity, that we will begin to question your wisdom, or your right to advise us. Hardships we shall suffer. Many things we shall see which we shall grieve over, but we will consider that we are fulfilling the orders of the Great Chief, you have taught us to know, and that it is part of our warfare. We go now to gather such property as these men will allow us, and we will follow them, in a full belief that, though they know it not, we are to conquer, and bring them into subjection to the Great King, who, we hope and trust, will do for them what he has done for us."

Mr Maxwell then told the pirate chief that they were ready, and he directed his men to take the natives with them, and bring everything of value down to the boats. He then turned to the missionaries, and spoke with threatening aspect—

"I know not what you have told these people. I seek not to know. If you have been hatching some conspiracy, let me tell you that we are strong enough to restrain a

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parcel of dogs and slaves. If anything of the kind is discovered, your women and children shall die, your men be for ever chained to the oar."

Our friends assured him that such was not the case, that the Master whom they followed forbade his people from such courses. They had only been inculcating upon their people, the duty of resignation to the inevitable, and telling them that what was sent by their Master and Friend, was doubtless for their benefit in the end.

"Who is this master—is he on the island?"

"No," said Mr Maxwell; "He is God, who reigns in Heaven, over you and over me."

"Ay, and are these his doctrines?"

"They are."

"Good! We will speak further of this matter."

Mightily comforted by this auspicious beginning, our friends turned away to assist at the embarkation. The chief, though no doubt bloodthirsty and pitiless, like all his race, did not seem to love bloodshed and cruelty for their own sakes. He was evidently also an intelligent man, and their hearts were cheered by the hope that their warfare might be more easily accomplished than they had thought—that their Master had cleared the way. As the shades of night drew over the sea, the heavily-laden prahms went clear of the reef, and urged by the exertions of the unfortunate natives of our peninsula, which were stimulated by the blows and cries of the Malays, they proceeded at great speed along the northern end of the island.

Towards morning, they rounded a point, and as the daylight increased, they became aware of a settlement on shore, to which they were making their way. It consisted merely of a number of heaps of mud and dry grass, with

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the entrance in one gable—in these the families of the Malays lived. In the centre of the little village there was a larger building, in which the men usually congregated, and where they caroused throughout the day. Our friends and their natives were landed, and after assisting to draw up the prahms on dry land, they were driven into the large building above mentioned, where they awaited their fate.

Towards afternoon some food was given them, after eating which they were brought out for distribution, along with the other plunder, amongst their captors.

The old chief called the missionary party to him, and told them that they were amongst those who had been allotted to him, and that he expected them to oversee the natives in house-building and gardening. He had seen how comfortably they lived on the peninsula, and was determined to take the opportunity of having such artificers and agriculturists, to improve his own and his people's condition, without trouble to themselves. This was at once promised, and then our friends took advantage of the occasion, to petition for liberty to gather their flock together for worship and prayer, promising, that if that was granted them, they would cheerfully submit to labour for their masters, and would do it all the more effectually, as they would gain strength by intercourse with God. There were some demurs to this, both on account of the loss of time, and from fear that when gathered together they might be hatching conspiracies. The old chief, however, overruled all objections, by reminding his people of the result of the missionaries' speaking in the peninsula, and decided that, if the pirates feared conspiracy, some of them might attend their meetings and watch. As this was just what Mr Munro and Mr Maxwell wished, they eagerly agreed to the chief's decision, and on this basis everything was settled.

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Now, for a time, things went on regularly and without change. Some of our natives practised at the oar. Some, headed by our friends, cut wood, built houses, and cultivated the land. When taken by the pirates, they had brought away many seeds, grains, and plants, which they hoped would improve their condition, and soften their minds towards them.

Robert and Effie made themselves useful—each in their own way. The former was very useful with tools, and he made and mended cheerfully, always with merry countenance and voice, and at every opportunity repeating the lesson of our Saviour, as taught him by his father and grandfather. Effie also became a great favourite with the women and children. The former she taught to sew, and from them learned to weave. She taught them, also, how to cook many little dishes, which were palatable to their male relatives; and taught them cleanliness in their houses. The children she played with, and while she played she taught. Gradually the women became more refined and feminine, the children less savage; coarseness of language was insensibly avoided, and Effie's mother and herself, took every opportunity of speaking to these poor women and children, and of unfolding to them a life of peace and love—a life which touches the heart of women all the world over. Mr Munro used to say that these two, were the best teachers and preachers of them all; and no doubt they were. A missionary's wife can do more, towards softening and civilizing a savage nature, than can her husband, if her heart is in her work, and she herself a true Christian woman, and a well-bred one.

I am, however, going on too fast in my chronicle, since many things had happened, and much suffering been gone through, ere the results above mentioned were apparent.

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The first battle fought in this new conquest was that of the Lord's Day. Teachers and people both saw that they would have to bear with much, ere they gained permission to keep it holy. At their first evening meeting after their capture, Mr Maxwell spoke of this to them, and exhorted them to stand fast in their faith, to run the race that was set before them, and to let no ill-usage or persuasion induce them to break the Fourth Commandment. "I speak of this to you to-night," said he, "and in this manner, because I intend mentioning to the chief to-morrow (Friday) that our religion will not allow us to profane God's holy day. I foresee that this will be the first open fiery trial of your faith. Let me hope you will not give way. Give me not the grief of seeing my children whom I have taught, lived amongst, and loved, fall away from their Heavenly Father, forget the benefits which they have received, cast away the grace which has been given them, and run into debauchery and wickedness, which will render them the natural slaves of their former conquerors. It is not thus, my friends, that the prophecy will be fulfilled. It is not thus our conquest will be achieved. Show that you are worthy to be conquerors, by being able to endure, and conquerors you will be."

As he had said, Mr Maxwell next day took the first opportunity of mentioning their determination to the head-man, who laughed at the idea of their doing nothing one day in seven. "I see how it is," said he, "I agreed that you should have liberty, after the work of the day, to perform your absurd ceremonies; and now, as my people foretold, you have begun at once to plot, and this is the first move. What was that you were telling the slaves last night about their being conquerors? Some of my men heard you and reported it to me. Take care. So long as

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you are quiet and useful to us, you may live. That is all you can expect; but you know your doom, in the event of my suspicions proving true."

Mr Maxwell saw that he had not been sufficiently careful in his address of the night before, and knew no other way to dispel suspicion and to gain his object, than by describing to the chief and the Malays, who had now begun to gather around, the beauties of Christianity, the holiness, the meekness, the love to man, displayed by Christ in His life and in His doctrine. He reminded the chief of his assurance, while on the peninsula, that they "would speak further of this matter." He now requested permission to do so, telling their captors, that what he should now say, would afford the explanation they required, and at the same time show the reasons, why he and his people refused to work on God's holy day.

"Well," said the leader, "what do you say, my men? We have nothing else to do. Shall we listen to this madman?"

CHAPTER V.

ALL the Malays, probably in anticipation of some amusement, agreed that Mr Maxwell should go on to speak to them as he wished. They gathered more closely round him, and seemed deeply interested in what was about to take place.

"Listen to me, men of the East, and let me tell you a story," Mr Maxwell began. "It is not a fiction which I invent, not a tale of sorrows and of griefs fabricated for the purpose of imposing upon you, so as to touch your hearts and lessen our bondage. That it will stir your hearts within

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you, I hope and believe, since I know that, in sowing the good seed, I am obeying the commands of our Lord and Saviour—yours as well as mine—and in doing so I am sure of a blessing to follow." The good man then went on to tell them of Jesus, His life and sufferings, and cruel death, inculcating upon them the necessity for faith and constant watchfulness. "We are your slaves," he said, "and have to work for you all day and every day, with little food and no recompense, yet, in our faith, we are happy. Could you say as much were you in our place? You know you could not. This, then, was the sense in which I spoke to my children last night, and this our determination which I have announced to you. We cannot renounce our religion; we cannot disobey God's commands. May He send His grace to your hearts, and His blessing upon all of us."

There was silence for some minutes after Mr Maxwell had finished. His evident earnestness had impressed the natives; but soon loud threats and execrations burst forth, and, amid a shower of curses, he was driven to his work, blows also not being spared. He went with a heavy heart, seeing nothing but a falling-away and much suffering, perhaps martyrdom, but determined to do his utmost to preserve his people in their faith. Their evening meeting, for that and the following night, was interdicted, but Messrs Maxwell and Munro, as also Mrs Maxwell and the children, managed to say a few words to cheer and strengthen the sinking hearts of their flock. They continued their work that day and the next, but when Sunday came, none appeared at their usual labour. Great cruelties were practised upon them by the Malays, without effect. They stood firm. They were given no food, and at last separately confined, being told that if they did not work, neither should they

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eat nor meet together, the last being by far the greatest privation of all.

However, the day passed away, and next morning they went cheerfully to their work. No sullenness appeared, no anger at their cruel treatment; but the pirates overheard them cheering one another, and pitying their captors as men who knew no better, yet hoping they would learn in time. All this had its effect, and next Sunday, though the attempt was again made, yet it was not persevered in, and their evening meetings were not forbidden.

Again some days passed on, and it was evident that something was being discussed. Our friends judged rightly that it was an expedition, and sorely were they distressed at it.

They knew, from the practising at the oar which had been going on, and from what the chief had said on the peninsula, that their people would be called upon to row, and a refusal to do this would, they saw, be worse than their so-called idleness on the Sunday. What to do they knew not; they could only pray to God for light and help. Mr Munro and Mr Maxwell were decided, so far as they were concerned; they had served God too long to fail Him now. The question was, whether they should expose their natives to certain death, by directing them to refuse to work. That this would be the result they felt sure, as the Malays would no doubt put them to death as drones, who preferred death to labour, a preference which they could perfectly understand. In that case the conquest which they hoped to effect, by Christianising and reforming the Malays, would be impossible.

At last, after much prayerful thought, they decided to explain everything fully to their people, then leave it to

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their own consciences; and, at the same time, they intended to protest against their being forced to sin against God, by being thus made to help in piracy. A day or two after this, orders were given out by the chief for the expedition to prepare, and for food to be collected, and got ready. At the same time, he told our friends, that they had better prepare such of the natives as would be required to go. Mr Munro took the opportunity of making his protest. He entered long and fully into the question, explaining to him the double sin he was committing, in the acts of murder and robbery, and in forcing those, to whom it was so abhorrent, to participate in them, by their presence and assistance.

"You white men will not have to go," said he.

"It is the same," replied Mr Munro; "those whom you took with us, are equally Christians with ourselves."

"Listen to me now," said the chief. "I think you may have seen that I am disposed to be friendly towards you and your people, therefore you may take my warning as sincere. Do not think of refusing to obey these orders. So surely as you do, you die. I have heard, when I was in Singapore, of white men of your kind, who travel about different countries teaching good doctrines, though not those to which we are accustomed, men who, I know, are not to be moved by danger, from preaching and doing what they think right. And I have all along understood your motives, in submitting to your slavery to us so cheerfully. You think that you may do with us, as you have done with the natives of the peninsula. Well, it may be so. I, for one, would not reject what is good, simply because it is new. But how can you do this? How can you be successful in your mission if you are all massacred? Give way; glide gently like the serpent. Do you think that such men as you see around you, are to be

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turned from their every-day life, their old habits and feelings, by the bold face of a miserable set of slaves, or in a day?"

"Perhaps not," was Mr Munro's answer; "but we are commanded not to do evil that good may come, and we are assured that, if we do what is right, we can safely leave the issue in the hands of the Lord."

"Then leave it in his hands," said the chief. "You have spoken on this matter to your people, and shown them the sin, as you call it?"

Mr Munro assented.

"Then say no more about it. Those who are weak will do as they are required, and I scarcely think their God will account it deadly sin. Human nature is human nature. The fear of death is powerful. You have done your duty. Continue to do it. I am not going on this expedition myself. A younger chief heads it. Many people will remain at home with me. Go! I will do my best for you."

The day came for starting, and a sad day it was. The original slaves of the pirates, went quietly enough on board, but our natives stoutly refused to a man. Three of their number were immediately put to death. So it has been from the beginning—Christians have always suffered for their faith. At last, as the old chief prophesied, the weak ones began to give way, and the struggle was at last ended, by the pirates carrying bodily, such as they wanted, on board, and there tying them to the oar. The fleet put out to sea, and our sorrowing friends were left with a portion of their people on shore. Then their first act was to put up a solemn and fervent prayer for pardon, on behalf of the Malays and of their unfortunate companions, for the sin which they were committing. Afterwards, with heavy hearts, they returned to their work on shore.

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The fleet was away nearly six months. They had gone to join an expedition in which the Malays of other islands, all of them pirates, had coalesced; and were to lie, in the track of European vessels, a very long distance off.

On our island, the labour of each day was constant and regular. Our friends built houses and cultivated the land, and although, in their mission work, they did not make much progress, yet there was a more peaceful, more refined air thrown over the community. Now the influence of Mrs Maxwell and her children began to be made manifest. Insensibly they humanised those cruel barbarians. As their wives and daughters improved, so their improvement reacted upon the men. When these latter found their homes more comfortable, their wives more obedient and loving, they also tamed down, and began to pay more respect to the missionaries, and to improve the condition of their slaves. Gradually not only all mockery ceased, but the pirates actually began to take an interest in the services, and in the doctrines which were taught. These people had, no doubt, once upon a time, followed the Pantheism of the Hindoos and Malays, but they had been so long by themselves, and had so long revelled in bloodshed and robbery, that they had cast adrift or forgotten all knowledge of any gods whatever. This was an advantage in some respects, since it is easier work to implant the knowledge and love of Christ in new soil, than to convert those who have already a system of their own, and to which they are most likely bigoted. At the daily meetings for prayer, and the Sunday services, there were always some of the women and children present. At last, a few of the men began to stroll in, and one Sunday morning, the old chief, with a number of his immediate followers, took their seats amongst the

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congregation. One can imagine how thankful our friends were to see this, and how fervently they prayed that the good seed might that day be sown, and that they might have strength and wisdom granted them, to touch the hearts of these men, and bring them to a knowledge of Christ the Saviour. In the afternoon a message came calling Mr Munro to the presence of the chief. On his attending, the old Malay told him to sit down, as he wished to have some conversation with him, regarding what he had said that day. Mr Munro expressed his pleasure, and they began.

"You spoke very strongly," said the old chief, "against our helping ourselves to what we need, by the strong hand, and you called it very ugly names. Why so? since we only follow the ways of our forefathers from time immemorial; and, were we not to show our strength, we should be overwhelmed."

Mr Munro replied—"It is difficult for me to speak to you so that you can understand. As you say, it is the life led by your forefathers and yourselves. But what is in itself bad, does not become good by age. Many of your people have now gone away on an expedition. Supposing they are successful, think how much bloodshed there will be—think how many women and children will weep. This you may not care about, since they are no relations of yours, and belong to another country. Suppose, however, they are defeated and slain; what grief will be caused here in your own community! Reflect, then, that you who remain at home, are peaceful and happy. You have enough for all your wants. You are molested by no one; you molest no one. You might live amongst your families, till you die in a happy and revered old age. A life of peace and goodwill to all men, is preferable to one of bloodshed, rapine, and care. Add to that, the belief in God, and the love of Him

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and obedience to His commandments, and you are assured of a glorious resurrection after death, and a life of eternal joy and felicity."

"It is true as you say," was the answer, "that at death the women weep. It is their nature—but the tears of a man are far away. Our brother who is killed in battle, only takes the road we all hope to follow. Why should we sorrow when a man dies? It is the fate of us all. I should say, in the event of any one being so womanish, that he was a coward; that he wept, not because his friend was dead, but because of the reminder he had received, that he also would one day die. No doubt, if we remained on this island, we should always have enough to eat; but we want more—we want wealth, power, and glory. More than this: we war for our own protection. Did we not, we should be attacked and perhaps made slaves of by other tribes, as we have done to you. And, do you mean to tell me, that we shall rise again after we are dead?"

"I will answer you as you have spoken," said Mr Munro in reply. "I acknowledge that women, being of a softer nature, are more prone to show their feelings; but their sorrow for the death of a friend or relative is no deeper than that of a man. You say a man is a coward who weeps. Not so; he is only a human being. One who does not is on a level with the beasts of the field, which see the tiger slay one of their number, and go on feeding, indifferent as before. You say you cannot be content with sufficient to eat, but that you want wealth, power, and glory. There are legitimate means of getting all this. Easier means also, more certain than war or bloodshead—means which are not offensive to God, nor productive of unhappiness to men. You have here a magnificent island, with many products saleable to white men. You, chief, say you have been at

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Singapore; you must there have seen a flourishing commerce. Power you will get with your wealth, and if you make it the power of doing good, it will endure. Glory also will come to you, as you will have that of being a peaceful, kind, and happy people. Your influence will be all-powerful for good amongst the other islands, and a man who can say that he is a Malay of this one, will be revered and trusted. You say that, did you not make war, you would be made slaves—that does not follow. It is allowable and right to make defensive war. You would be all the stronger to defend your happy homes, your wealth, and your commerce, and it would soon be seen, that your change of life had strengthened as well as enriched you. In time, you would have the glory of a new conquest; you would have conquered yourselves—made yourselves amenable to the law of God, and by the influence of a good life, the fruit of a love to God, and adherence to the doctrines of Jesus Christ, His Son, the Saviour; you would conquer to yourselves many friends, and from the devil many subjects. This is a conquest worth brave men's attempting. You ask if we shall rise again. That is sure and certain. What are your thoughts as to the fate of man after death?"

"They die, and there is an end of them. I have, indeed, heard from Malays and Hindoos of the peninsula many old women's stories, such as that men become higher or lower animals according as they have behaved in this world. Something they call a soul, goes into the bodies of these animals, but we here know nothing of this. When we die, we sleep for ever, without the power of awakening, and as we cannot awaken again to life, our bodies decay, as everything else decays."

"Then," said Mr Munro, "you put yourselves on a level

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with the deer in the jungle, with the fish in the sea. Do you not feel? Does it never strike you, when you look at your hands and limbs, when you see the reflection of yourself in the water, that although that is your body, yet it is not yourself? Just as although the oar propels the prahm, yet it is not the propelling power. Do you never have the consciousness that there is a something within, which tells you when you are doing wrong, which enables your mind or your body to do that wrong, since thought or speech may be evil, as well as action. That something we call the soul of men, is immortal and indestructible. That never dies, but wings its way to the place appointed for it, where it abides till the great day of judgment, when God the Son shall come to judge the good and bad. Then, as our actions have been committed in the body, as in the body we have accepted or rejected the salvation offered us through Christ the Saviour, and ordered our lives accordingly, so, in the body again, shall we receive our reward or our punishment—in a glorious and purified body everlasting bliss, or in an evil body everlasting damnation. Rest assured, my friend, that we are here merely on trial. Those who hear the truth, as I am now telling it to you, and reject it, woe to them. Try this salvation I offer you, only try it, and so sure am I of the power of the Lord Jesus in the hearts of those who earnestly ask for His Spirit, that I am not afraid of any return to your old ways. Try it, I implore you."

There was a minute or two of silence, and then a long breath, as if of satisfaction at a way of escape from a visible danger, so much had Mr Munro's earnestness impressed them. Then the chief spoke again.

"We have listened to you, and you have spoken well. We believe you to be a good man; but as yet we cannot say

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that we see that your religion is adapted for us. Let me ask you a question. What, then, has become of our people who have died without a knowledge of this salvation you offer us? and who is this other king you call the 'devil,' whom we are to fight against and conquer?"

"Your first question," Mr Munro replied, "I cannot answer for certain. But Christ says, 'In my Father's house are many mansions,' and as God's mercy and justice are infinite, we cannot say that they will be punished for the want of what they had no means of knowing anything about. According to our lights we shall be judged; and a Malay, good and upright according to his conscience, though ignorant of the name of Christ, will take a better place than one who, having a knowledge of the Christian religion, has yet neglected and despised its precepts. But now God, working through your own wicked purpose of enslaving an innocent and unoffending people, has brought the message to you. In the name of Christ, I command you to listen to His word and reform your lives. There is no escape, if you neglect the great salvation which is offered you. I know—I can see—that, through God's grace, my words are working in you. You know that I am right. You feel that what I say is true. You are inclined to give way to the Holy Spirit, who is gently drawing you. But is there not a something in your hearts which whispers to you, not only now, but at every good action you feel inclined to do:—'Why should you trouble? The old way is a good way. Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die. Plunder away. What folly to talk of right or wrong! What to you is the death of men or the sorrow of women? Don't be a fool. Take what you want, if you are strong enough.' That, my friends, is the devil—the principle of evil, the deadly antagonist of all that

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is good—working in your hearts, so that you may, at the last, join him in everlasting damnation, by becoming his subjects in this world. As I have already told you, we are here on trial. We have a mind of our own—a reasoning power, which tells us what is good, and what is bad. God, who made us, gives us free will. We do as we please, and, for His own wise purposes, He allows us to be tempted by the devil. He gives us our choice, and if we deliberately choose evil when we know the good, if we defy and condemn Him to whom we owe our being and our life, is it not right that we should be punished? It is right, and it is certain."

"Tell me," said the chief, "when all this was—when and how you got your religion?"

"God, who is our God," said our venerable friend, with a holy fervour, "was from the beginning, is now, and is to come. He hath neither beginning nor end. He made the heavens, the earth, the sea, and all that is therein, by the word of His power. You and I, as we stand here, are in the hollow of His hand. He fills the world and infinite space with His presence; and yet He will condescend to dwell in your heart or mine. It is by His direct inspiration, that holy men have written His word—have given us his law and precepts. The good news of the Gospel, was given us by the disciples of Christ—men who lived with Him during His sojourn on this earth—who saw His daily life and conversation, and who witnessed his life of sacrifice, finished by His death on the cross. You have travelled, and you no doubt know what books are? You have also seen me reading?" The chief nodded. "Well, these men wrote all these things in a book, and the book has descended to us."

One of the Malays, who seemed most dissatisfied, now spoke.

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"You have advised us a great deal. Amongst other things you recommend commerce with Singapore. This would be all very well; but is it not that you wish for communication with Singapore, so that you may inform your brothers of your presence here; and would not the result be, that we should be invaded, and you rescued?"

This at once created an effect which Mr Munro was not slow to notice. He sighed, and said—

"It may be so to some extent. I will not deny, that I should have wished to console many mourners, by the tidings that we are alive; and we should be glad to tell many friends of our work here. Yet I tell you that I am willing, for myself and for my children, to avoid all communications with any whites till you give us leave. That day I feel assured will come."

The people then dispersed, and Mr Munro returned to his family.

Chapter VI.

Now things went on very quietly. Every day brought its duties, and little knots of men, women, and children might be seen listening to the exhortations and explanations of our friends. They were instant in season and out of season; they were all things to all men, so that they might win some.

At last the men began to take an interest in agriculture, and under the missionaries' directions, and with their help, they planted many things which were articles of commerce. Soon the village and its vicinity wore a neat and smiling aspect. Food was more abundant and better; and the palm wine calabash was not so often resorted to, to pass away the day. The men were softened, the women cheered, and many comforts were added to their houses, by the results of another

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trip to the wrecked stores, organised by Mr Maxwell and his son. There were fewer speculations now, as to the results of the expedition, and of the plunder that would be brought back. There were still some discontented spirits—men who regretted the change which was evidently coming over them, who longed for bloodshed, robbery, and licence. These stood obstinately aloof; but they were not many in number.

One thing there was that troubled the missionaries—what would be the result of the return of the fleet, especially if it returned victorious and laden with plunder? They were afraid that the sight of such success would throw the Malays into piracy or barbarism, or if it did not, that they would all have much trouble—perhaps persecution—from the returned warriors. Then, again—how had these poor natives stood the fiery trial? All seemed very dark ahead. The old chief—who was by this time a Christian at heart—comforted Mr Munro when he spoke to him about this.

"Yes," he said, "It may be so. It most likely will be so; but what can you do? You have told us much about God, and, amongst other things, of His power. Let us wait patiently and see the result. I will do what I can, but you see that those who are here are not unanimous, and those who are coming are the largest number. In a matter of this kind my power is little."

Day followed day, quietly and peacefully; and, resting on the Lord, they waited.

One day, just as the sun was setting behind the island, and throwing its beams to the eastward, some prahms were discovered by the discontented Malays, who had been anxiously looking out, in the hope that when their friends came back, all things would be changed.

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In a few minutes, word was passed from house to house, that the fleet was returning, and they all gathered on the shore.

But was this the gallant and numerous flotilla which, nine months ago, had put out to sea, full of hopes of plunder, and a glorious return? Rickety, broken boats, much diminished in number, and with scarcely anyone to be seen on board, coming slowly and painfully towards the land; and, at last, when they touched the beach, what a lamentable sight was there! Those who were well, were scarcely able to work the vessels, and in the bottoms of them, lay thickly, the sick and the wounded.

Battle and tempest had done their work; all their friends and relatives crowded to help, and with much tenderness carried them up to their houses. Our natives also attended to their friends on board—now, alas, how few! and the missionary party dispensed their help, and their medical knowledge, to all alike.

Nothing of moment took place for some days, except the occasional laying in the earth of some slave, or the burning of some Malay, who had succumbed to wounds or to disease.

Many a black look was cast by the discontented Malays, who had remained on shore, at our friends, as if they, by some magic art, had been the cause of this calamity. Others, who had allowed the influence of the Gospel to reach their hearts, and had been inclined to believe its doctrines, now looked upon this catastrophe with awe, and accepted it as a proof of the truth of the teaching. They had heard that such a life as they had hitherto led, was abhorrent to God, and could not be continued without His long-suffering mercy being exhausted, and retribution coming upon them. They

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determined to go and sin no more. It was the turning-point, and by God's goodness and wisdom, it turned the right way. Even the Malays who survived, when they found food abundant, seasoned with kindness and affection, no complaint, no scoff addressed to them—when they saw the comfort of their houses, and generally the change for the better which had come about, softened and lowered by affliction, they instinctively turned to God, as the flowers to the sun. They had precept and example to guide them. The missionaries sowed and watered, and God gave the increase.

The natives of the peninsula had suffered much in the expedition, but they had stood the trial well. Some of the Malays said that the example of their resignation, coupled with their resolute denunciation of all that was bad, coming after what the missionaries had told them before their departure, had a great effect, even while at sea. There was much grief for those who were lost, but time, and the belief that they should meet again, tempered and softened their sorrow.

Now, indeed, there was a change in the island. It became an earthly paradise. As year succeeded year, they increased more and more in the knowledge and love of God. Some few, I am sorry to record, resolutely refused to listen, or to quit their old ways, but as they were few, the others kept them in order. At last they announced their determination of leaving to join some other tribe, to which many objected, saying that they would be sure to bring other tribes upon them, and they should be involved in war. The missionaries, however, considered that, some day or other, the change must become known, and the sooner the better. Against invasion they hoped to be able to defend

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themselves. So, by their influence, the malcontents were allowed to depart.

I may mention here, that the fears of the people were realized. Some time after, they were invaded by a party, headed by the runaways; but they were defeated, and learned such a lesson, that the island was never troubled again.

The slaves were freed, and all dwelt together as brethren. Polygamy was abolished, and marriage held sacred. They tilled the soil greatly, though for many years they stored what they did not use, as they refused to listen to the recommendations of the missionaries, to open communications with Singapore. They were, they said, happy and prosperous. They wanted for nothing. They were not now afraid of harm coming to them, through intercourse with white men; but why should they advertise their peaceful and unwarlike state, amongst the other islands; why subject themselves to the risk of evil? Mr Munro and Mr Maxwell—to whom they looked up, as their fathers in God—argued the matter with them, told them that they must be strong to resist the evil, and that they had no right to hide their light under a bushel; it was their duty to disseminate the blessings they had received amongst others. Englishmen at Singapore would cheerfully and heartily help and protect them in doing so.

* * * * * *

In the summer of 1871, I was cruising about, on a trading expedition amongst the islands of the Eastern Archipelago. It was rather dangerous work, and we were well-manned and armed. One evening, we found ourselves in sight of an island, of which no one on board knew the name. We had

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encountered a gale, and were considerably out of the usual trading track. The night fell while we were still some distance off, but as it was nearly calm we hung about, keeping good watch, and determined to have a nearer look at it in the morning.

The night passed without any visitors, and at dawn we found ourselves closer in. Many telescopes were directed to the shore, and in a few moments the second mate shouted, in an accent of great surprise, "I see the American flag flying!" And truly there it was. We, of course, imagined that some vessel had been wrecked, and that the crew had found their way on land; but knowing the character of the inhabitants of these islands, we wondered by what miracle they had remained alive, and, most of all, how they were allowed to communicate with us.

We manned a boat, and armed it well, in case this should only be a ruse, though by this time we saw some few people sauntering down to the beach, as if to meet us. We could not understand the apathy which was evinced, still less the absence of white men, although the flag was still flying; and there was apparently no preparations for launching the prahms, which, when the inhabitants mean well, and in some cases when they do not, is always done. Imagine our great surprise, on cautiously approaching the beach, to hear ourselves hailed in English, and asked to land, as there were some of our brethren there in great sorrow; and on our showing some hesitation, the people shouted to us not to be afraid, as they were Christian men like ourselves. Little did we know what was the true state of things, though we afterwards learned all that is here recorded from Mr and Mrs Maxwell, and their son and daughter.

On reaching the shore, we immediately began to inquire

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into this strange state of affairs, but were answered only with the sorrowful request, that we would follow them to the hill where we saw the flag, and where (here the tears flowed freely) we would find their fathers dying. Alas! it was too true. Mr Munro and the chief, now brothers in Christ and in heart, white-headed and broken, had been carried to say their last farewell to their people—to die in the light of God's day, and to be an example to their flock of the joy, the bliss of dying in the Lord. Hand in hand, they were propped-up, on mats, under the "feathery shade" of the cocoa palm. Round them knelt, in great yet calm sorrow, Mr and Mrs Maxwell, Robert and Effie, and, in the outer circle, the people both of the peninsula and island. So impressed were we with the touching solemnity of the scene—which we comprehended at a glance—that we also, without one word, took up our position amongst the mourners, and listened to the last words of the dying patriarchs.

"My brother," said Mr Munro in feeble accents, "we are to-day to die. We leave our friends and our relatives, but we exchange this world, for one of everlasting joy and felicity, where we shall again meet them. Is this a matter for sorrow?"

"No," said the chief, "not altogether so. The shortest parting is a matter of grief, but the joy is the greater when we meet again. Thanks to God, who sent you, and to thee, my brother, that we have that hope. God grant that I may desire that certainty, and He will give it; of that I feel assured."

"See how good He is," said the missionary; all I have wished and prayed for, has come to us in good time. The commerce and protection of our people will be assured. The work of God will be continued. My friends and relatives

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will have the blissful knowledge of our existence. Our people will be brought into contact with a good and Christian nation. He has brought these strangers to cheer our dying moments."

We waited in solemn silence, only broken by occasional whispers from the two friends, and sobs from—I am not ashamed to own it—ourselves, as well as the people, till at last, as the sun sank in the west, with words of affection and wisdom on their lips, these two good men passed away.

Their rest cannot be otherwise than calm and happy. May their example ever be remembered; so may God's work, thus happily begun, have His blessing to a good continuance.

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A DUBLIN "BOY."

(GLASGOW WEEKLY HERALD, May 8th, 1875.)

I WAS travelling once from Glasgow to Dublin by one of the Clyde steamers. It was a very stormy night, and we had a regular game of pitch and toss. I tried to keep out of the heated atmosphere of the cabin as long as I could, but an extra gust and a roll, sent me down *nolens volens.* I got to my feet again, and while removing my wet wrappers, and shaking myself generally, I was accosted by a stout, sturdy, bullet-headed respectably-dressed man, with Irishman written in every feature of his face, and heard in every roll of his tongue.

"Thry some of this, sur," said he, handing me a smoking tumbler. "It won't agree wid the cowld, an' it will dhrive it out, for sure it's the better man av the two."

I did so, and soon found that my friend was right, so to turn what was still an undecided battle into a complete victory, I ordered a jorum for myself and sat down beside him. It was my first trip to Ireland, and, of course, I could talk about nothing except the country and the people. The "Dublin Boy," as he called himself, was evidently a man who, although perhaps a "broth of a boy" once, and even yet not objecting to a jollification, had evidently "done well" in the world. He knew, and cared, nothing about politics. Perhaps that accounted for his success.

"Arrah! go way wid ye now. What do I know about Fanienism an' Home Rule? Begorra, what do they want? Let them attend to their business; pay twenty shillings in

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the pound (somehow this sounded so strange in the Irish brogue), an' those that have no business let them work stiddy —there's plenty jobs for them—an' you'll soon hear the last of their cries. I have thravelled over ivery bit of Ireland, an' a great deal of England and Scotland. In them two counthries I seen ivery man minding his own business, an' not botherin' about the Government; an' what's the consequence? The Government don't bother them. In Ireland you'll see every bog-throther's son of a pitatie patch, if he isn't polthougueing his neighbour, he's sure to be blowing away about the wrongs of Ireland, and the oppression of the English. Sorra a wrong I iver seen, nor heerd of nayther, from a man as could pay his way. I see by the papers, sur, that they be doin' the same thing in France and Spain. It's in the blood, it's in the blood! I've seen some of them furriners—and they do be more like the Irish than you English are. Nothin' will put things right, but time and the strong hand. I don't mane that the strength of England should be always held up before Ireland, but let the people know and see that it is there, and will be used if occasion requires. The Government is good enough; though it is not so very long ago since yees *were* hard upon us."

"Yes, that is true."

"Well, well, that oughtn't to matter now; he's a good boy that gets better as he gets older. Time 'll do it, sur. Time 'll do it. We didn't—English or Irish ayther—lie down in our paint and skins at night, and get up in frock coat and throusers in the marnin'. Did we now?"

"No, we did not. I quite agree with you in all you say."

"Ah, to be sure; well, let's say no more about it. It's only waste av time. Take another tumbler and a pipe. Do you smoke?"

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I agreed to both my friend's recommendations, and finding that he would say no more about politics, I tried him in another direction, being anxious to ascertain if the wild "divarsion" of their social life, as portrayed by Barrington, Lover, and Lever, was still "to the fore."

"What sort of a life do people lead in Dublin?"

"Arrah, it's better now, but it was a wild divil-may-care life at one time."

"In your own young days, now, how was it?"

"Don't spake of it, sur. What with whisky, an' fighting, an' dancing, an' horse racin'—sure horse racin' bruk all Ireland, it did!"

The sudden change, from the hilarious look and voice to the mournful brow and quaver, was indescribable; it was as plain as a pikestaff that my friend had at one time been "bruk," or near it, by a fondness for the sport, an' divilment of all kinds.

"We had some rare goin's-on in Dublin in the owld time. A lot of us young fellows, twenty years ago, would go on the batter, night after night, and feel none the worse for it. Sure, everybody did the same, an' why shouldn't they. Maybe it's me that is changed, but sure it can't be that, since my eyes is to the fore yet. It seems to me, anyway, that the people is changed. Donnybrook, and most of that kind of divarsion, is done away wid; there's more quiet drinking, I think, but not the divilment there wunst was. What wid Fanienism, Home-Rule, emigration, fine-art exhibitions, an', an' botheration of all kinds, the fun of Dublin is clean gone entoirely.

"I'm not so very ould; how ould would yees think I am? No, no; I'm just six-an'-forty, so that the times I speak of are not so very long ago. I'll tell yees now of a night me

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and some other boys had—wild divils they was, too—some five-an'-twinty years agone. There wor just five of us. an' we had all come up from Baldoyle races together. We had won a bit of money, an' bedad! nothin' would sarve us but we must spend some of it. There was an owld fellow kep' a hotel, that I knew well; so, on my recommendation, we decided to go there; it was in a good quarther for society, sure, an' we thought we could get a few together an' make a night of it. It was late when we got there, but, be gorra! we wor decaived. The owld man, a rich, comfortable, well-to-do owld fellow, had gone an' cut his t'roat."

"What did he do that for?"

"Bedad, not a mother's son could tell. Yees see this, now. His head waither had left him some time before, an' started in opposition. He took away a great deal of his thrade; particularly the commercial men, with whom he had been a great favourite. The owld fellow wor vexed at this, an' took it to heart so, that the night before we came up, he went down to the hotel that belonged to his waither, an' tuk a bed there. Well, when they came to wake him up in the mornin', they found he had spoiled the bed and a new carpet, sure he had; an' it was as plain as the nose on yer face, that he had done it for nothin' else but to injure the opposition business. Wasn't he a 'cute owld fellow, now?"

"Well, I don't know. But did it have that effect?"

"Begorra an' it did, sur. Not a man-jack went near the place for a twelvemonth after. Well, sur, we could not well have our fun, when the man of the house was lying dead in it; and as it wor gettin' late, we were thinking of going to our homes. The old fellow had been a friend of mine, so I did not like going over to the opposition, seein' what he'd done, an' why he'd done it, an' we wor just biddin' one

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another good night, when up comes a waither, and he says, 'Gintlemen,' says he, 'yees want some liquor an' divarsion, why wouldn't yees go up to the wake? Yees'd get both there; an sure the frinds would take it kindly av ye.' 'Where is it, Dan?' says I. 'It's jist round behind the hotel,' says the waither. 'I'm sure they'll make yees welcome, an' it'll be health to the owld woman's sowl, to see yees at it!'

"Nothin' more was wanted. Away we went, primed an' ready for anything. When we came to the door, we found a crowd of ragged vagabonds outside. Yees'll see the beggars in Dublin, an' can guess we had throuble in gettin' through, but at last we managed to get upstairs an' into the room where the owld woman lay on a bed forenint the door. In the middle, there was a bit of a table at the foot of the bed, an' on it wor whisky, pipes, an' tibaccay. Round the room the people, male and faymale, wor sittin' three deep. B' the powers! the old lady had more visitors and good words whin dead, nor ever she had whin livin'. Takin' them upon the average, they was all half drunk, an' one pair was croonin' an' dhronin' away at a song. All the others was lukin' towards them, tho', faix, little could they see for the smoke that filled the place. We squeezed in, an' room was made for us as well as they could. We got seats someway, half on the people an' half on nothin', but one of our party nearly made throuble, by dhriving his way up close to the bed; he wor a gallows young bird, that one.

"Barrin' some black looks an' mutterin's, that our impident talk and ways occasioned, everything went very comforthable for a while, till the whisky got done, an' then such a screechin' and clatterin' for more. A fresh supply came in, an' at it we went again.

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"By-an'-by, there came in a purty counthry-luckin' girl, that stud by the door, as if she belonged to no one in particular, just a dissolute faymale orphan; an' as I wor the same, I thought I'd go over and help her, wid her lonesomeness. I scrooged along, until I had got nigh forenint the door, when in came Biddy wid a fresh supply of spirits an' hot wather in a tray. She just gave wan luck at me (as I thought), an' wid a 'Agh-O-A,' down she went, the contints of the thray powdering a-top of her, an' she kicked an' she scramed, as if she was possessed wid siven divils. Begorra, sir, it shuk me, it did. Here was I a-goin' to comfort a young cratur, and somethin' horrible about me that frightened Biddy out of her sinses; but just then there was a yell from all in the room, an' I turned my head. Oh, Holy Mother! there was the corpse a-sittin' up in the bed, noddin' its head at us, an' says she——"

"Says who?"

"Blue blazes, sur, amn't I tellin' ye. 'The corpse,' says she. '*Bless* yer sowls,' she says, 'aren't yees a pretty lot of nagurs, niver to ax me to join yees; an' the liquor mine, an' the tibaccay too.' Be all the saints, sur, I thought I shud have dropped, an' most in the room was on their knees, or a top av one another. The corpse, sur, turned round, as if she were goin' to get out av the bed. Iverybody roared an' tried to run. There was sich a crunchin' an' crowdin' at the door. Some fell over the banisthers, an' some fell down the stairs. I got away wid my head broke, my ilbows skinned, an' my coat torn off me back, sure I did. B' me sowl, sur, when I think av it now, I'm like to split my coat agin wid laughin', I am; but it wor no laughin' matther thin. An' what do yees think it was all about, now?"

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"How can I tell? Some trick, I suppose."

"Thrick! Begor it *wor* a thrick, an' no mistake. It wor just that blackguard spalpeen, young Dick O'Flynn, as I towld yees was a-dhriving his way up to the bed. He had tied a cord round the owld lady, an' passed it round the fut av the bed; an' he underneath it at the other side, pulled away till he raised the dead an' nearly killed the living; bedad so he did. I didn't hear how it was done for some time afther. The rascal kept quiet till we all got better av our bruises, an' well for him too. There wor many av us so sore, in our minds an' our bodies, that we would ha' spared him some av the pain wid pleasure."

"Well, I suppose you didn't try for any more 'divarsion' that night?"

"Divil a bit, sur. It kep' us quiet for a week afther; but let us go to bed, sur; and if yees have no objections, I'll give yees a *wake*, av another kind, in the marnin'."

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PLIMSOLL'S "JACK."

(GLASGOW WEEKLY HERALD, 22d May, 1875.)

THERE is no doubt whatever that Mr Plimsoll has done good service in agitating on the subject of unseaworthy ships. I am inclined to think, however, that he has not been discreet enough in his advocacy. To look upon his picture, one would imagine that the life of a sailor is one of exceptionable hardship and low wages; that they are unable to combine, as do workmen on shore, so as to control their labour market; that they are ill-fed, hard worked, and frequently offered up, as unconscious sacrifices to the genius of swindling, especially in the department dedicated to insurance companies and underwriters; or, when that is not wilfully done, that they are looked upon as the crew of the commercial fireship, with this difference, that no honour accrues to them if they escape, though substantial profit may result to the sender. Such partisanship tends to mislead. I believe there is good foundation for Mr Plimsoll's strictures, so far as home-going, North-sea, and short-voyage ships are concerned. It is in the forecastles of these that you often hear the sailors say—

> "He who would go to sea for pleasure,
> Would go to hell for pastime."

And, certainly, some stories I have heard from the men show that reform is needed. I remember a Swede telling me of a Russian prize having been condemned, and sold for £65. Instead of being broken up, she was despatched from London

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by her owner, a Norwegian, with a cargo of coals for Malaga. At the time, after the war, the shipping trade was very bad, and this man had been loafing about for two months, living from hand to mouth, unable to get a berth. At last, he signed articles for the voyage in this "old coffin," and she sailed. They had pretty fair weather and fair winds, till near their destination. Nevertheless they had to be constantly at the pumps. At last it came on to blow, and the timbers of the "old hooker" opened and shut "just like as many oysters." She was perfectly rotten at the stern, and at last a hole opened "that let in the water faster than we could take it out again." They tried many ways of stopping it, and at last the captain succeeded; he himself went over, fast to a line, and stuffed salt beef into the opening? With only this between them and destruction, they reached their port. They could get no cargo for anywhere there. So, after some patching up, away they went, in ballast, for the St Lawrence. By the mercy of Providence they scrambled over somehow, and loaded with timber for London again! After being blown and battered for a month, losing their deck cargo, with enough of her under water to enable the men to "lean over the bulwarks and wash their hands," they got back as far as Queenstown; and there my informant, hearing that ships were more plentiful and wages better, forfeited his wages by leaving her—so what became of her afterwards, I had not the pleasure, or pain, of knowing. Of course, at any port he might have left the vessel, and got his wages, too; but what was Jack to do? He says, "I did try; but none of us had no money for the lawyers, and we didn't know nothin' about how to go to work, and so we slipped South as soon as we could, and forgot all about it after a bouse out." Again, on being asked why he shipped

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in such a vessel at all, he says, "Why, we didn't know nothin' at all about that either; and if we had, I, for one, was so blessed hard up, that I'd have gone to sea on a gratin' for grub and wages. Besides, we were well treated; plenty to eat, and none of your confounded teetotal ships; so what's the odds so long as you're happy?" Such is Jack all through the piece; and, being such an indispensable member of the community, it is but right that his friends should see he is well treated, and his life cared for.

Having said this much in favour of Mr Plimsoll and his championship, it becomes us now to point to the peculiarities of Jack in fighting against himself, and to show long-voyaged Jack especially, as one who is well fed, lightly worked, and in a better position by far, than his fellow-workman on shore, to save money, so as to be in comfort in his old age; that he has time, and, in very many ships, opportunity, for improving his knowledge of the art he lives by, and that generally Jack, if he would only take care of himself, might be as happy and prosperous as he is useful.

Jack is like the herring—the prey of every other variety of his own species; but none are so fatal to him as those who, as quoted in one of the magazines some time ago, when the ship arrives at St. Katherine's Docks,

> "—— Come down in flocks;"

and, as the writer did not continue, say

> "Come on, Jack, you're welcome back,
> And I'll go you shares in your three years' whack,
> For I see you're homeward bound."

It is characteristic of the sailor that he sings those songs—and enjoys them too—although they tell so much against his usual proceedings on shore. Another verse of the same

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"shanty," is referring to Jack just returned from sea, and Jack who has been some time on shore, and, as a natural consequence, in a state of impecuniosity:—

> 'Then, in comes the landlady with a smile,
> Says, 'Taste this liquor, it's worth your while.'
> For I see you're, &c.
>
> "Then, in comes the landlady with a frown,
> Says, 'Get up, Jack, let John sit down.'
> For you'll soon be outward bound."

I remember one old sailor telling me that his last pay-day was £48, "and in twelve days I hadn't a cent!"

"What did you do with it?" I inquired.

"Do with it! why, spent it LIKE A MAN!"

And nothing would convince him that he hadn't done so.

"What's the use?" he says. "If it was known in the forecastle that I was a 'miser,' what a pretty life I'd lead. And if I gave it to some one to take care of—some of your institutions or such like—they'd be sure to burst up, and I'd lose it. No, no; I'll take the benefit of it while I can. This voyage I want clothes bad enough. I'm just thinking whether I shall spend *all* my money in clothes or *none*."

Giving up the attempt at conversion as hopeless, I saunter away aft, and ruminate over the opportunities which Jack has of doing himself good, and how completely and persistently he neglects them.

Notwithstanding all the sailor's coarse ways and modes of expressing himself, his too often filthy conversation, and licentious habits, it is wonderful how he respects a man who is consistently and quietly the opposite—always provided that he is liberal with his money. We knew one Swedish carpenter who was a staid, well-behaved man, never mixed in the wild talk of the other men—rather discouraged

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them than otherwise—read his Bible on a Sunday, never swore, and did his work without grumbling, which was as extraordinary as any other trait in his character. It was pleasant to see how this man was respected. How the oath would die away upon the lips of the speaker, as "chips" drew near; and how willing—nay anxious—they were to do any little thing to serve him. Yet, strange to say, he was carried on board dead drunk by his mate; and it was perfectly well known, that he would be in the same state an hour after landing. Jack seems to accept drunkenness as the normal condition of a sailor. Even the very few *lusus naturæ*, who do not drink themselves, think nothing of it in other men. One who is careful of his money, may give good advice, and example too, but all he gains by it, is the reputation of a miser; and he has no influence whatever.

It is a very difficult matter to say what ought to be done. Teetotal ships are supposed to be a step in the right direction, but it is questionable. It is another phase of the "making men sober by Act of Parliament." The men are sober enough while on board, but, whenever they get the opportunity, they rush into the opposite extreme; and it is a common saying about Wells Street, when a man is so drunk that he cannot lie down without holding on, "Oh, poor devil! he's just landed from a teetotal ship." Of course, if owners choose to lay it down as a stipulation, before engaging a man, that they shall supply no grog, and he to accept it, it is all right enough; they have a perfect right to do so, and nobody can complain. But it is as to whether it does the sailor good, morally, that I am speaking. I don't think it does; and he, more than most men, requires, for his physical well-being, his "glass of grog a-day."

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Jack's grumbling propensity is marvellous. It seems to be a safety valve; it lets off the steam which would otherwise blow-up the ship. If, also, he considers himself ill-treated, his revenge is sure; and, in taking it, he is not always guided by considerations of the danger his own life may be brought into. I remember one case, where the master had roughly expressed some suspicion, that the men were tampering with the cargo, and threatening them with severe punishment if it was so. Nothing had been touched up to that time, but they then determined to give him some cause for his suspicions; and before they reached Madras had drank, and actually thrown overboard, about £100 worth of wines and spirits, just to inflict that loss upon the ship, and "get the captain into a row." They had reached it through a bulkhead, which partitioned-off the forecastle.

Another time, when I was a passenger in a large barque, off the New Zealand coast, we were struck by a heavy squall, with everything aloft that would draw. The men had some real or fancied cause of complaint against the captain and mate, and to all the quickly-following orders of the former, they responded by fiddling about the wrong ropes—they dared not refuse duty, while stern-sail booms and upper spars were tumbling about their ears.

"Let the b——y ship go to ——," I heard one of them growl, as I passed him; and they were all doing their best to send her somewhere.

The old skipper knelt on the poop-rail, and implored, "For God's sake, men, keep the masts in her."

"Aye, aye, sir," was the instantaneous response, and to work they went with a will. They had brought "the old man to his marrow bones," and were satisfied.

I was once in a "Methodist ship," the captain of which

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was a local preacher. He was a thoroughly good old man—one who had a close grip of the things of this world, but whose Christian feeling made him constantly fight against this propensity. He was a first-class sailor, and the men respected and rather liked him. Everywhere, scattered through the ship, were Methodist publications, of course especially those written for sailors—many of them "yarns," (supposed to have been told in the forecastle) of a highly religious character. It was amusing to hear the sailors' critiques on these.

"What ship was that in?" says one, after the reader had finished.

"There's no name given," was the reply.

"Ah! I thought not," said another.

"They was too sharp to put that in: they knew we should find out what humbug it is. I have been in many ships, and hang me if ever I heard any talk of that kind—nothin' but sprees and judes."

"It's very pretty, though," says a fourth.

"Wery," cries a Londoner.

"Don't you see, mates, that Christians is thankful for anything that's given them, and never grumbles at overwork or underfeeding. Them's the ticket for captains and owners."

"Ay, they'd bring us to something, if we all took that line: sing us a song, Bill;" and away goes the forecastle mirth in full fling. Humorous—nay, often witty—it is, I allow; but, as a rule, filthy in the extreme.

It seems to me to be a mistake, for people who wish to improve the sailor, to write as if they had to deal with children whose character had to be formed, and not with full grown men with strong passions, shrewd and sharp in many things, but whose principal fault—the principal reason why

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the man before the mast so seldom prospers—is that they cannot, or will not, restrain those passions. Again, in writing on this subject, it is not well to write what Jack would call "finikin." The sailor uses broad language and oaths, often without thinking, always without feeling that it is wrong to do so. I remember arguing with an old fellow about this; he didn't see it.

"You don't, ah?"

"No. There's no women about here."

"Well, wait a moment." I then went on, on the same subject, but interlarded my argument with every specimen I knew.

Jack stared, then looked shamefaced, and at last said, "I see what you're drivin' at. Well, it *do* sound queer; but you an't a sailor!"

"No; I am not; but why should it be 'all right' in you, and all wrong in me?"

He walked away thoughtful; I did some good there.

The men who sail in short-voyage ships are generally a "scaly" lot, especially in those from Liverpool to America. There the sailors (?) are generally engaged for the run, and captains are not particular, so long as they are able to pass the law. This throws extra work upon the few A.B.'s there really are, who, as a natural consequence, do not stay in the vessels longer than they can help; neither do they go again, unless compelled by circumstances.

On the other hand, however, there are no better sailors on blue water than those who man the regular coasting craft—no men who understand better how to work a ship in all difficulties. These are generally husbands and fathers, who set the pleasure of being at home, at frequent intervals, against the hardships and dangers of their service.

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Big-ship, long-voyage Jacks are generally prime men, especially on the homeward passage. The know-nothings and the skulkers have been pretty well weeded out by the rough but effectual process of making it "darned uncomfortable" for them. The vessels I speak of generally carry from fourteen to twenty-eight men before the mast. They leave port in splendid order, well found, and everything good of its kind.

For the first few days, they have hard work in getting everything in its place and ship-shape; and, if the wind is against them, and it is a case of beating down Channel, it is labour of the most severe and harassing kind, especially in winter. Given a fair wind, however, and away they go; and when they "get" the "Trades," it is easy times for them. Often, in well-manned ships, the men forget whose "wheel" and "look-out" it is, and, regularly the ordinary seamen and boys take the latter, though it may not be their turn—this by private rules amongst the men. Instead of watch and watch, four hours in and four hours out, it is more often four hours out and eight hours in, at all events at night. The old plan of making men work all day, or at least be on deck, and then keep watch and watch at night, has been abandoned. It was found that they *would* sleep, overcome by the fatigues of the day. The crew have generally a good, roomy topgallant forecastle, or a house on deck. Ventilation is well attended to. Their food is good of its kind, and well cooked. It is much better than they would voluntarily accept on shore, and by private understanding with the cabin cook, they have daily "treats." In foreign ports, the work of loading and unloading, is frequently done for them, or lightened by assistance. On the homeward passage there is generally about a fortnight's hard work,

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scraping, painting, bending new ropes and sails, setting up and tarring down rigging, and getting everything into tip-top order for coming into dock. This is done on the south-east trades, generally while "rolling down into St. Helena." The men, for weeks together, have not work enough to "keep the devil out of them"—the mere working the canvas, in sailing the ship, is very little. Thus, long-voyage Jack has plenty of time to improve himself, in any way he chooses, and, as a rule, his officers are willing to devote themselves, and their spare time, to his welfare. But his course of procedure reminds me very much of what I have seen occur between natives and missionaries:—"Why don't you come to church? it is for your good."

"I am good enough already—very well as I am; but I'll come to church if you like. What will you give me?"

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EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL:

Kept During a Hunting and Trading Trip in the Zulu and Amatonga Countries.

Note by Editor.—The following extracts from Mr Leslie's Journal, have been considered sufficiently interesting and instructive, to find a place in this volume of his Collected Writings. The Journal itself is a somewhat curious melange of the details of the day's hunting and trading, both by himself and his hunters—such as, the shooting of so many Buffalos, Elephants, Tigers, &c., and the exchanging of Blankets, Beads, Picks, &c., for Elephant and Rhinoceros' Teeth, Skins, Cattle, and *even Sovereigns!*—with information about the Names of the Kaffir Moons, Reflections for the Day, &c.

Agreement for Importation of Native Labour into Natal.

"November 2nd, 1871.

"Memorandum of Names of Natives (and Chiefs' Names) who have engaged to go to Natal under my protection, and work for one year from date of engagement, at the various monthly wages set opposite their respective names, with Messrs Kennedy, Campbell, Thomas Milner, A. W. Evans, and Smerdon. The above agreement has been entered into by them, in consequence of, and in repayment to me of food and protection, to be received from me on the way; and further, in the case of the natives belonging to Nozingili's country, of a payment of 10 single guns, 1 double gun, 18 gallons rum, 11 5lb.-bags powder, and 2750 caps, made by me to the said chief, Nozingili, who has the right to dispose of their services.—David Leslie."

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"MABUDTU, December 6th, 1871.

"Memorandum of Agreement made with the King Nozingili this day:—That, in consequence of my remitting a debt of the amount of Eleven Pounds, Ten Shillings, Sterling (£11 10s), which the King owes me, he gives me full right and title to a piece of ground, to be chosen by Mr S. Sanderson or myself, on the banks of the River Usutu, near a Kraal, belonging to one 'Hokosa,' in the district of Tshalasa, under the Sub-Chief Ushuso. The above was agreed to between us through the medium of his Ncekus (Counsellors), Utsholotosholo and Un-Hlafela.—DAVID LESLIE.

"P.S.—And the arrangement is further, that, on my return, and on my erecting a house there, I am at full liberty to do so without further payment; notwithstanding Mr S. Sanderson's occupation of Hokosa's Kraal in the meantime.—DAVID LESLIE."

"MABUDTU, December 16th, 1871.

"With reference to Memorandum as regards the King's debt to me of £11 10s, on page 22, I have further to write that, after reading over what I had written to the Ncekus aforesaid, they went and told the King, and he sent word to say that I must not consider the affair concluded, until he had spoken to his head men. Then he told me the same day, after constantly pressing him either to give me my money or settle the affair, he positively refused to do either, but said that, as Mr Sanderson was staying behind to trade, and I was coming back, he would settle the affair on my return, provided I brought a man from the Zulu with me. I could do nothing else, so made the best of a bad job, and agreed. He has refused to carry my hides remaining, saying he has no people.—DAVID LESLIE.

"P.S.—In the meantime, Mr Sanderson is not to be bothered for rent or gifts.—D. L."

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Names and Interpretations of Moons, Thirteen in a Year, in Kaffir (Zulu.)

Spring.—"*Umandula*," dying about 29th September. To Wandula, is for one man to strike another before he is aware of his intention. It is then said "Wamandula" (he "andula"-ed him.) So, in that month, thunder storms are not expected, and, when they do come, they "andula"—hence "Umandula."

Spring.—"*Umfuntu*," dying about 27th October. This moon, the young mealies are said to be "Umfunfusa," *i.e.*, they are grown so that they hide the earth, and will have to be cleaned next moon—hence "Umfuntu-umfunfusa" is a word applied to the growth of mealies or corn only.

Spring.—"*Ulweze*," dying about 24th November; is named so, because a small insect, something like the cicada, which adheres to the branch of a tree, and passes water (poisonous) from its body, drop by drop, until the ground is quite wet, begins to do so this month, called "Ulweze."

Summer.—"*Usibanhlela*," dying about 22nd December; means the "Hider of Paths," because this moon, the grass is so grown, that the path is invisible, and a man has to feel for it with his feet.

Summer.—"*Umasingana*," dying about 19th January. To "Singa," means to shade the eyes with the hand. In this month bees' nests begin to get fat, and are hunted after. In the afternoon, when the sun begins to get low, the people go out, and shading their eyes with their hand, look towards the sunset, so as to see the bees flying past. They follow their course, and so find their nests—hence "Umasinganed," the shader of eyes, the one which causes the eyes to be

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shaded. Literally speaking, it makes them to shade one another, *i.e.*, the eyes from the sun, and the sun from the eyes.

SUMMER.—"*Uandasa*," dying about 16th February. To "Anda," is to increase and multiply. So this month, the few mealies, &c., first crop have ripened, and food is of no account; it has "andile," *i.e.*, become plentiful; it is the "Uandasa" moon, *i.e.*, the result of plenty.

AUTUMN.—"*Umhlolanga*," dying about 16th March. "Umhlolo" is a wonder, something out of the common, or some act or event which is repulsive, or causes loathing. "Inga" is a dog. The "I" is changed into an "a," and and the second "o" eliminated from "Umhlolo," as in Zulu letters are often altered and eliminated to make compound words, for the sake of the euphony—hence "Umhlolanga," the loathsome act of the dogs—they copulate.

AUTUMN.—"*Umbasu*," dying about 11th April. "The Causer of Fire." This month it begins to get cold, and the people cannot do without fires.

AUTUMN.—"*Umhlaba*," dying about 9th May. This moon, the red flower of the aloe ("Umhlaba") comes forth —hence the "Moon of the Aloes."

WINTER.—"*Unhlangulana*," dying about 6th June. When the foliage of the thorn country, principally different species of mimosa, dries and falls off; when the creepers of various kinds do the same, and the bushes become more open,—the bushes, trees, and creepers are said to "Hlangula;" the addition of the "na" makes it a diminutive—hence "Unhlangulana," the lesser moon of "Hlangula."

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WINTER.—"*Unhlangula,*" dying about 4th July. The explanation given above does for this, only that there being no diminutive, it is the moon when the bush is as open as it will be.

WINTER.—"*Umaquba,*" dying about 1st August. "Quba" is to drive, in its proper sense, though it has other significations. This moon, the whole country is very dry, being the last of the winter months, and one in which strong, hot winds are very prevalent, the dust is driven about the country and the kraals—hence "Umaquba," the "Driver."

FIRST OF SPRING.—"*Uncwaba,*" dying 29th August.

The natives generally are very ignorant as to the names and times of the moons. It is often a cause of great argument, as to which moon is overhead, but I believe the above to be the true and correct list as to the names, times, and interpretations.

When a man from a long journey washes and anoints himself with fat he is said to be "ncwabile," *i.e.*, he shines, is clean, puts on a new appearance. So the earth, after the dust and dried appearance of the winter, puts on a new coat. Shines is "Ncwabile"—hence "Uncwaba."

The Zulus allow four months for spring, because they do not consider summer arrived, until they cut the green mealies, of the first crop, which they generally do about the end of November; although different districts have different times.

REFLECTIONS OF THE DAY.

Tuesday, 10th September, 1872.—Curried rabbit is more indigestible than pine-apples, when taken in quantity.

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Wednesday, 11th September, 1872.—To go to bed and be rained on, is very unpleasant, and has four results:—It makes you wish that the principles of grass buildings were better understood amongst the Zulus. It seriously detracts from the comfort of your night's rest. It makes you very wet, and it makes you wish there were no white ants in the roof. "Second Reflection engendered by the above":—That my blankets must be put out to dry, and that water in sugar increases its weight!

Thursday, 12th September, 1872.—Hunger and thirst cannot be natural to the human frame; they are so remarkably unpleasant. Yet, with plenty to eat and drink, the sensations are delightful.

Friday, 13th September, 1872.—This is the tenth day of rain, more or less, and the earth is fast returning to the chaotic period, before the waters under the firmament, and the waters above the firmament, were separated. It was a time, by all accounts, of mud and water. I find, from experience, that tobacco-smoke, soup, and coffee, even with the addition of pen, ink, and paper, are no efficient substitutes for the sun.

Saturday, 14th September, 1872.—Threatening rain again. Everything wears a dark and gloomy look; like a child's face, who has been whipped for rolling in the gutter, after he has rubbed his eyes to clear the tears away. My reflections naturally take the same hue, and as I look at the place where the carcase of a goat was wont to hang, I reflect on the evanescence of all things, especially such as are eatable.

Sunday, 15th September, 1872.—It is said that, in Christian countries, the Sabbath is a noticeable day. The hum of

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labour ceases, even the birds and the cattle seem to know that it is a day of rest and calm. This is true; but I think it arises from long observance and association of the day with holy things. In the Zulu, unless a man has pen, ink, and paper, or an almanac, he forgets both the day of the month and the week. There is nothing to remind him. When I reflect on this, I think I had better just note the fact and no more, or I may be led into a disquisition which will disquiet me, and use up my paper.

Monday, 16th September, 1872.—Human nature is very perverse! We have had rain and clouds all this month, and to-day the sun shines strongly. Fourteen days' gloom and longing for sunshine. One day's sunshine and we grumble. The way of the world!

Tuesday, 17th September, 1872.—Since I have been here, I have been very much put about, for want of the Zulu mats to eat meat on, and been trying to get some every day. On Saturday I got a present of two beauties, and have never used them, having the feeling that they are too pretty to be soiled. Hereupon, it strikes me that I was not so very much put about after all; it was only the fact that I had none, which made me think them indispensable, and be discontented. It is a lesson in contentment, and shows that the possession of a thing, gives not half so much pleasure, as the prospect of acquiring it.

Wednesday, 18th September, 1872.—I wonder if we do the natives good in trying to civilize them. They have existed very well for ages without missionaries or civilization. We now teach them wants which they never felt before, and so make the act of simply living much more difficult. Certain habits and customs of theirs are revolting, and ought to be

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put down; but as the richest of men gets no more out of his riches than his meat, his clothes, and his lodging, so all we do for the Kaffir, gives him no more than he had before; and, having, by our means, "eaten of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil," he is rendered discontented with his state of life, past and present.

Thursday, 19th September, 1872.—We have had four days' fine weather this month, and I reflect on the fix the rain-doctors will be in. Since, this year, they will be killed for drowning the country, as they have been killed, in years past, for burning it up! It is strange that the natives do not see the fallacy of these notions, for they are generally sharp enough. The cause is, that it is to the interest and profit of the King and Chiefs to keep up the superstitions of witchcraft and rain-making, as engines of Government, and as excuses for killing people and getting their cattle. So long as it is so, the Missionaries will make but poor progress.

Friday, 20th September, 1872.—On looking at my Reflection for September 10th, it *seems* rather ridiculous; but yet I think it is not so, since it is founded on one of the great sources of human happiness—a knowledge of what is digestible. I consider that discovery of more interest to mankind than that of a live frog in, say, the old red sandstone; or an undecipherable inscription on a stone, which causes much wrangling and personality.

Saturday, 21st September, 1872.—What a change sickness makes in a man. Yesterday and to-day my inward parts have been out of order, and I could reflect upon nothing but that. Now, as a reflection on the stomach-ache would hardly be interesting to those who have not got it, I am forced to consider what a nuisance it is, that there is such a close con-

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nection between the stomach and the mind; and yet, I don't know. Supposing they were antagonistic, one would be apt to become all stomach or all mind, whichever prevailed, and in neither case, I fancy, would a man be happy.

Sunday, 22nd September, 1872.—The Italians are quoted as leading an idle and sunny life, but in that they do not approach the Zulus. Civilization is a great boon, no doubt, to those who have the means to enjoy its products. But the poor, who feel all its wants, yet have not the means of satisfying them, how are they off? I think the Zulus lead the happiest life. I speak of the material life upon this earth, not of that, the hope of which supports a Christian man in his trials.

Monday, 23rd September, 1872.—I wonder for what good purpose flies were created. In Kaffir kraals, in summer, they are a perfect nuisance; they annoy the cattle and the people, spoil your meat, and, in civilized houses, they dirty the windows, the furniture, and the blinds. They cause putrefaction, but they do not clear it away, like the vulture and the wolf. To sum up all, in short, their creation is a very undoubtable and unpleasant mystery.

Tuesday, 24th September, 1872.—What a great thing is knowledge! A trite remark, but it was brought to my mind by the case of a cow or horse. I have been here some time, and the cattle of the kraal know, and are used to, my pony. Yesterday I bought a cow and a calf, and we had some trouble in keeping her from running away. The last time she tried it, the horse, in galloping home, met her about half-a-mile away. Immediately, she turned tail, and came full-tilt down to the other cattle, "Charlie" after her, seeming to enjoy the fun. I could not help thinking that there was an expression of contempt on the faces of the

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herd, as that they should say, "Look what a stupid cow, it is actually afraid of a horse," forgetting that it was their case a few days ago! Therefore, I say, what a great thing is knowledge; but what a dangerous thing a little of it is! Since, in the one case, it renders a man calm and strong—in the other, it only makes one animal, without reason, contemn another.

Wednesday, 25th September, 1872.—It has been very prettily said that "Distance lends enchantment to the view," but that saying, like many others of the "pure intellect" order, is only adapted to gentlemen, who have nothing else to do, but cultivate the picturesque, with their luncheon basket behind them! Supposing you see a hill far-off, and know that you have to walk there, and that before you can get any breakfast, I think that, under such circumstances, the hill would look much prettier if it were just over the way. I speak not of the intrinsic beauty of the landscape, but of the enchantment which is lent it by its being near, or far away.

Thursday, 26th September, 1872.—To-day, throwing a stone at a dog, I nearly killed a woman. What a little there is between life and death, health and sickness, and in how short a time an accident may happen! If one thought on those things much, one would die a hundred deaths a-day. Verily, Dr Johnson said truly, that courage is one of the virtues, since, without it, all the others are of little use.

Friday, 27th September, 1872.—I have found that one never enjoys one's food so much, as when one has difficulty in getting it. If you don't know where your supper is to come from, when it does come it is delicious. If you know your supper is secure, you are sure to criticise it. A thing

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in another man's possession is of great value. When it comes into your own, its value seems to diminish somehow. The same of an article of your own. While you have it, you think nothing of it; when you have passed it away, the further it goes from you, the more valuable it appears.

Saturday, 28th September, 1872.—"When goods increase, they are increased that eat them; and what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes." Truly, saith the Preacher, "All is vanity!" We labour so as to increase our store, never thinking that others will enjoy the fruit of our toil. Never content with sufficient for the day, always thinking of to-morrow. Nevertheless, it is well, humanly speaking, that mankind have more care for their posterity than for themselves, else the world would not go on; and also, as regards a man's own subsistence and prosperity, "Providence helps those who help themselves."

Sunday, 29th September, 1872.—What a thorough old bachelor St Paul was. He says, that those who have no wife, care to please the Lord, but those who have, care only to please their wife; and that those who marry do well, but those who don't do better; and that although he gives no command, yet it is his judgment; he thinks he has "the spirit of God." If all the world had taken his advice, I should not have been writing this, nor you reading it. It is good that mankind did not, in this case, choose the better part, but that they "let well alone!"

Monday, 30th September, 1872.—There are many proverbial sayings, current in the world, which, under a religious or honourable guise, greatly tend to mislead. I, through habit, made use of one of them on the 28th, "Providence

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helps those who help themselves." This is a cynical remark, as much as to say that those who do so, need not look to it, since they are sure of its assistance. They are their own Providence! Another, "Honesty is the best Policy." Those who adopt that for their motto, will be apt to give way, when they think another policy better. Honesty is no policy, but a duty!

Tuesday, 1st October, 1872.—"Give me neither poverty nor riches," but a competence. Yet who is content with any of these? The poor wish to be rich—the well-off to be richer. The wealth of the rich is a burden to them, beyond the poor-man's daily toil, yet they long for more. What is the exact medium, which renders a man perfectly happy? or, is it neither riches nor poverty, but a contented mind? No doubt the latter, and *with it* how little suffices?

Wednesday, 2nd October, 1872.—Washing one's self is certainly an acquired habit. It is not natural. A baby cries on being put into cold water, and a man, who is not in the habit of bathing, does not like it. Yet bathing is good for both body and soul, since we are told that "cleanliness is next to Godliness." So it appears that, in the case of mankind, we can improve upon nature's handiwork. My experience, deduced from observation of savage life, is that all bad habits are natural, all good ones acquired!

Thursday, 3rd October, 1872.—What a strange thing the imagination is, when not under the control of reason! I had been reading yesterday I. Timothy, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th verses, which appears to me to be a plain prophecy, and condemnation of monkery. Then I began to think of a speech of Mr Winterbotham's, who said that no one turned Catholic in England but "Peers, Parsons, and Women," and

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as to how it would be now-a-days, should the Queen or the heir-apparent go over to that faith. All this I must have mixed up at night with something I had seen in the "Kraal," since I dreamed that I saw the Pope and the Prince of Wales at "the Point." The former was a tall, old gentleman, with one eye, and he seemed to be very fond of his Royal Highness, as he was doing to his head what Kaffir mothers do to their children, when the game becomes too abundant! I remember that, in Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine," there is a student who had the power of continuing his dream, night after night, so as to make it a separate and consecutive existence in dreamland. Is this only a poetical fancy, or may it be realized?

Friday, 4th October, 1872.—I have been reflecting on the excessive cost which is entailed by the smallest action at law, and wondering why our legislators do not introduce a Court, like the ancient Jewish Court of Three. It stood through all mutations of rule, with which the country was afflicted, and by it such suits, which are of a long and changeable nature amongst us, were settled at once, and substantial justice done between man and man. Its constitution was, that one of the litigants chose a judge, the other another, and these two a third; and it had cognizance of all matters of sale, purchase, or contract. This was a legally constituted Court, which is the difference between it and arbitration as practised amongst us; and to render it practicable, a fee might be payable to the judges, according to the time occupied by the suit.

Saturday, 5th October, 1872.—That a running nose, sore eyes, a cough, and a bad cold, generally prevents reflection at all!

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Sunday, 6th October, 1872.—A man's conscience is surely the result of long training. We are told that it is implanted in us, as a guide to what is right, and as a scourge for evil doing. It is no doubt the case, amongst Christian and civilised men, that a man will often—smitten by his conscience—confess a crime, and find it a relief to be hanged. But how is it in the natural man? The savage —the Zulu, say. I have known cases, where the man's greatest friend was sent to kill him, on the grounds that he would not be alarmed at his approach. This friend has come and asked for food, and while he is eating the food which has been given him, and talking over the news of the day, he has stabbed the man to death. I have known a case, where an equally treacherous murder has been committed, without the excuse that it was an execution. When the man fled to Natal, and after the affair had blown over (since in the Zulu, when a man is dead, there is little more said about him, on the ground that you cannot restore him to life), he boasted of the deed, as did the other. The Kaffir will commit any crime, and if he escapes, is never troubled by conscience. If he is caught and punished, he only thinks what a fool he was, not to take better precautions. How is it, then? Is conscience dormant in the savage? I really doubt whether it is there at all! To have a conscience, is it necessary to know a God? or, is it a habit of thought which will take many generations to engender?

Monday, 7th October, 1872.—I think it a pity that so many different sects of missionaries should be sent to Christianise one tribe of natives; each have their different ways, and the Kaffir is sharp enough to notice it. I have been asked by one of the King's daughters, how it is that there are so

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many different modes of teaching, and could only reply by an illustration, saying, that she herself knew that there were many paths in Zulu, but, whatever direction they appeared to take, they all led to the King's kraal, which satisfied her. It is the case, that any path you like to follow, will eventually bring you to "Nodwengo," the capital!

Tuesday, 8th October, 1872.—Gratitude is another feeling which appears to be awanting in the Zulu. If you give him anything, or do anything for him, he thinks that you do it, either because you wish to make yourself a great man by assisting others, or that you will want some return. His very form of thanks, is a prayer that you may always continue rich and powerful, *so that you may never desist from giving him presents, and be always in the position to do so!* He has no idea that you may do a thing from a kindly feeling towards a fellow-man. How is it, then? Is this virtue also dormant, or was it never in them? I think it is with the savage, as with wild fruit. Conscience, gratitude, mercy, honour, honesty, truth, chastity, are all acquired by cultivation, just as wild fruit is made rich and good for food, by the same process. As in wild fruit, you will sometimes find one tree of a much better quality than the others, more nearly approaching to that which is tended,—so you will sometimes find one savage, who approaches very nearly to a civilized and Christian man, in appreciation of the virtues—but it is a freak of nature after all!

Wednesday, 9th October, 1872.—My horse is dead, and I don't know which I am most sorry for—the death of the horse, or the fact that I shall have to walk out to Natal. Of course, as the horse dying is the cause that I shall have to walk, the primary sorrow is for the horse; but then, one is

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so constituted, that the knowledge that you will have to walk, engenders a feeling of anger against the horse for dying. So it stands as follows:—I am sorry at the death of the horse, and I am angry at the horse for dying. I am annoyed at having to walk, yet I would walk with pleasure if the horse were alive, and all this mixture of feelings is engendered by one event.

Thursday, 10th October, 1872.—Was there ever a man who was content with what he had, or the position he was in? Did ever any one say, I have enough? I doubt it. Life is one continual struggle to "get on." The soldier, the lawyer, the merchant, all strive after two things—rank and money, or, rather, I should say money and rank, since the one follows the other. There are, no doubt, "seven thousand who have never bowed the knee to Baal," who, though they are obliged to take part in the daily struggle, yet look upon their money and their rank as a means, and not an end, who think more of their fellow-men, than of themselves. These, however, are seldom those who become peers and millionaires, but are they who are called "no-man's-enemy but their own" by "the successful man." Nevertheless, it is well (humanly speaking), for the sake of the world, that the principle of progress is implanted in man, else we had all remained savages, as at the beginning.

Friday, 11th October, 1872.—I question if we are improved in our modes of speech—whether it is not better and wiser, as in old times, to call a spade a spade. For instance, St Paul, in speaking of a man's latter end, keeps plainly before you the dark-side, viz., death, corruption, and the judgment to come. Now-a-days, in speaking of a dead man, we "Hlonipa" (adopt a poetic-philosophic mode of speech), and

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say that he has "cantered away into the eternal silences!" Such a mode of expression may render the thought of the event, surely to come, less painful, but, when it does come, we will wish that we had faced it more bravely.

Saturday, 12th October, 1872.—One works, toils, slaves, and saves to make money, which gives one a position in this world. But, after he has houses and lands and goods in store, what profiteth it him? It does not endure! There are two kinds of life in this world, which will render a man happy, with different kinds of happiness. One is, if it is possible, "let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Gratify the senses. Think of nothing but a material life and be happy, as a savage is happy in years of abundance —as a cow is happy when the grass is good. The periods of sickness, which must intervene, enhance the enjoyment of the times of health, and when you die, you die, "and there's an end on't."

Sunday, 13th October, 1872.—This is not possible for a Christian man. Is it so for a civilized one? It may be, to those who teach that man is only the product of the constant working of nature—is evolved by the progression of its forces. But I doubt even that, since science takes nothing for granted, has no *faith* in anything, which it cannot see and prove; and as man is not all-knowing, without faith, one cannot rest in the belief of a better future, whether it is that pointed out by religion, or that hinted at by scientific men. It may be that, through long teaching, the belief is engrafted in us, has become part of our being, that the law of Christ is the only one which imparts to us, if followed, calm and peace. But so it is. No other mode of conduct renders us content with ourselves. If we do wrong, we know it and feel it, and are

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restless till the wrong is repaired or repented of; and, when repentance comes too late for the sufferer to benefit by it, how bitterly we sorrow. The peace imparted by the obeying that law—by the belief in religion, and the faith which is thereby engendered—are worthy of a man's pursuit, since we know that they must be endured!

Monday, 14th October, 1872.—The pursuit of riches and position, puts me very much in mind of hunting. The chase is the pleasure; the riches, when procured, or the animal when killed, are soon little thought of.

Tuesday, 15th October, 1872.—I have said that the peace of religion endures; and it may be said, how do we know it endures longer than houses and lands? Thus, on a man's deathbed, his riches are no consolation to him; but the thought of immortal life is so, if that thought be accompanied by the knowledge of a well-spent life in this world, and the hope of a reward. The grave has no terrors, since there will be rest—rest with a bright morrow to come—no toil, no trouble, no weariesome wrestling with the world!

Sunday, October 20th, 1872.—Ever since dropping my reflections I have had a cough, earache, and neuralgia, starting pains in the head, and continual want of appetite. I have no medicine, so have just had to "grin and bear it"—a miserable time! I have been as deaf as a post, for ten days; can't hear a word, without they come near and shout. I hope it will go away. I am slowly getting better, however.

Monday, 21st October, 1872.—I feel strangely home-sick and low-spirited to-day. I hope there is nothing wrong at home.

Tuesday, 22nd October, 1872.—I hear a report to-day that

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the King is very ill; cannot speak or hear, and that some white men had been at Nodwengo, who uncovered him, and said that he was "very old," and that the disease (the gout), he had been suffering from, was "going up!" I have a strong suspicion that he is dead, and that it is known, though not openly spoken of. It will be awkward if it is so. We shall see.

Thursday, 24th October, 1872.—I hear to-day that the King is not dead, but expected to die every moment. He seems, from what I hear, to be paralysed. All the great folks are beginning to go up. I expect there will be great confusion and disturbances. I wish I had my Kaffirs here, so that I could get my cattle about me, and be out of it.

Friday, 25th October, 1872.—I have been to Tikasa to-day to see Uzwetu, but he would not see me. He said his father-in-law, Enkunga Kastai, was dead, and he could see no one. I met all the King's wives (nine of them) going to Nodwengo. I expect I was right in my first conjecture, and that the King is dead. Masipula has gone to Nodwengo, and he has not been there for seven years. I expect my business will all fall through now, and I shall lose five or six head of cattle. Uzwetu had appointed to see me at Umkondo on his way to Tikasa, but I was too ill, besides being deaf as a post.

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STATEMENT OF MY CLAIM AGAINST THE PORTUGUESE GOVERNMENT, FOR ILLEGAL SEIZURE, &c.*

(Sent to the COLONIAL OFFICE; and to MR GEORGE ANDERSON, M.P., February 6, 1874.

IN 1823, Captain Owen, H.M.S. "Leven," made a treaty with the chiefs on the banks of the Mapoota River, which has its embouchure on the southern part of Delagoa Bay, by which they ceded to Great Britain all the territory south of English River, called by the Portuguese "Spiritu Sanctu," and on the northern bank of which their factory of Lorenço Marques is built.

These chiefs were tributary to the Zulu Power, but held the territorial right to their country, which was never invaded by the Portuguese. The Zulus themselves immediately afterwards became tributary to the British, and have remained so ever since.

During the negociation of the treaty a schooner called the "Orange Grove," of Capetown, went up the Mapoota for purposes of trade with the natives, and Captain Owen, sailing on a cruise to Madagascar, left her there. On his return he found that the crew had gone down with the fever, and the Portuguese of Lorenço Marques, taking advantage of his absence, had sent up armed boats and seized her. He compelled her restitution, together with everything of which she had been plundered, thus settling once and for all, as we thought, the claim to the territory.

* *Vide* "Taken by the Portuguese," page 260.

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In 1861, the Government of the day, instructed the publication in the Natal Government *Gazette* of a proclamation, to the effect that the Island of Unyaka (Inyack), far to the north of the mouth of the Mapoota, was a British possession and a part of Natal. Some time after, Earl Kimberley, I think, gave a Mr M'Corkindale, who had established a settlement—New Scotland, at the source of the Mapoota—a right, in writing, to land his goods on Unyaka, and to take them up the said river.

Depending on all this, I, anxious to open a trade with the natives of Mapoota (the name of the country as well as the river), went up in a schooner, the "William Shaw," in May, 1871, being cleared at the Natal Custom-House for the Mapoota River. I, however, wishing to land some native passengers, called at Lorenço Marques, and was prevented from proceeding, unless I paid duty to the Portuguese, under threat of seizure of the ship. I paid under protest.

In September 1871, the schooner came to me again with guns, powder, and Kaffir hoes. She was cleared this time for *Delagoa Bay* simply, and came directly into the mouth of the river, *which is in Delagoa Bay.*

Seven days or so after, the Portuguese, encouraged by the policy which has lately obtained, seized the ship and a quantity of cargo, consisting of hides, ivory, skins, &c., on the ground that the territory was theirs, and that the ship being cleared for Delagoa Bay, meant Lorenço Marques, and that they considered that I was smuggling.

The Portuguese had surely no right to enter what had always been considered British territory—send armed men on board a British ship—search and demand her papers, and afterwards send her to Lorenço Marques. And on protest being made and reparation refused, the British

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Government allowed the question of the territory, in which my claim is involved, to go to arbitration, without, in the first place, insisting that the Portuguese Government should restore things to their *status ante quo*, by returning the ship and cargo, and paying damages; although my petition to Earl Kimberley prayed for this, on the ground that the Portuguese having agreed to arbitration, showed that the territory was at all events in dispute, and the claim of the British had some foundation. All these transactions happened before we in Natal heard, or could hear, that the question of territory was to be arbitrated upon; while we still had a right to consider, from the course pursued by the Government, that they intended to hold to their rights over the territory in question.

In old times, before the telegraph had connected all the world, when peace or war was declared, a certain time was allowed, during which captures were valid or otherwise, before or after the declaration. Arbitration takes the place of war, and surely, in a place like Natal, where there is no telegraphic communication, the same latitude should be allowed.

I think that I have failed in receiving that protection and justice, which every man, who does not contravene the laws of the country he is in, is entitled to receive from his Government. I broke no laws. I was attacked in a country which has always been held to belong to Britain, *and which assuredly is not Portuguese*, since they dare not put their foot on shore in anger. And for the British Government to give way to a petty, but obtrusive and self-sufficient power like Portugal, is as great a sign of weakness, as to bend to the fear of consequences, in dealing with a great one like Russia or America.

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This spoliation and arbitration as to territory, occurred in, and concerns, a distant and obscure part of the globe; and that it interests few, is the only reason why, that I can see, the matter was not put right immediately, instead of being still—in 1874—in abeyance.

DAVID LESLIE.

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APPENDIX.

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APPENDIX.

THE DELAGOA BAY DISPUTE;

MARSHAL MACMAHON'S AWARD,

AND

REMARKS OF THE LEADING LONDON JOURNALS THEREON.

MARSHAL MACMAHON'S AWARD.

THE following is the text of Marshal MacMahon's award in the question concerning the Bay of Lorenzo-Marques, or Delagoa Bay, submitted to his arbitration by Great Britain and Portugal:

"We, Marie Edme Patrick Maurice de MacMahon, Duc de Magenta, Marshal of France, President of the French Republic, in virtue of the powers vested in the President of the French Republic, by the minutes drawn up and signed at Lisbon on the 11th day of September, 1872, according to which the Government of Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and that of his Majesty the King of Portugal, agreed to submit to the President of the French Republic, to be definitively decided by him without appeal, litigation pending between them since the year 1823, concerning the possession of the territories of the Tembe and Maputo, and of the Inyack and Elephant Islands, situated on the Bay of Delagoa or Lorenzo-Marques, on the east

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coast of Africa. Having considered the memorandums presented to the arbitrator by the representatives of the two parties on the 15th September, 1873, and the counter-memorandums also presented by them on the 14th and 15th September, 1874; having also taken cognisance of the letters from his Excellency the British Ambassador and the Portuguese Minister at Paris, dated February 8th, 1875:

"The Commission appointed on March 10th, 1873, to examine the papers and documents submitted to us by both parties having communicated to us the result of their deliberations,

"Considering also that the litigation, the object of which has been defined by the memorandums presented to the arbitrator, and by the letters above mentioned from the diplomatic representatives at Paris of the two parties, refers to the title to the following territories, viz.:

"1. The territory of Tembe, bounded on the north by the River Espiritu Sancto, or English River, and by the River Lorenzo-Marques or Dundas, on the west by the Lobombo Mountains, on the east by the River Maputo, and from the mouth of this stream to that of the Espiritu Sancto, along the coast of the Bay of Delagoa or Lorenzo-Marques.

"2. The territory of Maputo, comprising the Peninsula and the Island of Inyack, as also Elephant Island, bounded on the north by the coast of the bay, on the west by the River Maputo from its mouth to the parallel 26·30 of southern latitude, on the south by this same parallel, and on the east by the sea.

"Considering, also, that the Bay of Delagoa or Lorenzo-Marques was discovered in the sixteenth century by Portuguese navigators, and that, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Portugal occupied various points on the northern

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coast of this bay and on the island of Inyack, of which Elephant Island is a dependency;

"Considering that since the discovery Portugal has at all times claimed sovereign rights over the whole bay and the territories bordering it, as well as the exclusive right to trade there, and has further supported this claim by arms against the Dutch about the year 1732, and against the Austrians in 1781;

"Considering that the Acts by which Portugal has supported its pretensions have not given rise to any complaint on the part of the Government of the United Provinces, and that in 1782 those pretensions were tacitly accepted by Austria, in consequence of diplomatic explanations exchanged between that Power and Portugal;

"Considering also that in 1817 England herself did not contest the right of Portugal, when she concluded with the King's Government the convention of 28th July for the suppression of the slave trade, and that in fact Clause 12 of that convention must be interpreted to designate the whole of the bay, bearing the name of Delagoa or Lorenzo-Marques, as forming part of the Portuguese possessions;

"Considering that in 1822 her Britannic Majesty's Government, when sending Captain Owen to make a hydrographic survey of Delagoa Bay, and the rivers discharging themselves into it, recommended that officer to the good offices of the Portuguese Government;

"Considering that although the accidental weakening of the Portuguese authority in those parts may, in 1823, have led Captain Owen erroneously, yet in good faith, to regard the native chiefs of the territories now contested as really independent of the Crown of Portugal, the conventions concluded by him with those chiefs, were none the less contrary to the rights of Portugal;

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"Considering that almost immediately after the departure of the English vessels, the native chiefs of Tembe and Maputo again recognised their dependence upon the Portuguese authorities, and themselves affirmed that they had no power to contract treaty engagements;

"Considering, lastly, that the conventions signed by Captain Owen and the native chiefs of Tembe and Maputo, even if they had been concluded between responsible parties, would nevertheless now be void, as the agreement respecting Tembe, contained essential conditions which have not been executed; and the agreement respecting Maputo, concluded for a limited period, was not renewed at the expiration of that time. Upon these grounds we have judged and decided that the claims of the Government of his Most Faithful Majesty to the territories of Tembe and Maputo, to the peninsula of Inyack, and to Inyack and Elephant Islands, are duly proved and established.

"Versailles, July 24th, 1875.

"(Signed) Marshal MACMAHON, Duc de Magenta."

Leader in DAILY NEWS, 17th August, 1875.

THE last of the series of Arbitrations, to which the late Government referred questions pending between Great Britain and Foreign Powers, has been concluded, and, as in the two former cases, a decision has been given against this country. The Portuguese Government has published in the *Lisbon Gazette* the award by which Delagoa Bay is declared by Marshal MacMahon to belong to the King of Portugal, and not to the Queen of England. Delagoa Bay is perhaps not a possession the gain or loss of which would weigh much in the prosperity of a great Empire. At the same time, we

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trust the day will never come when the territorial rights of this country, even in a corner of the least important of the continents of the world, will be regarded with indifference. The inlet of the Indian Ocean on the East Coast of Africa, which the Portuguese call the Bay of Lorenzo-Marques, and we Delagoa Bay, is situated about 350 miles north of Port Natal, and forms a safe and commodious harbour, on a coast very deficient in such conveniences. The shores of the bay are flat and marshy, and in summer exceedingly unhealthy, but the bay itself, besides forming a good harbour, receives a number of rivers, to which the progress of this portion of South Africa, in population of European descent, is giving importance. Behind the Drakenberg Mountains is the flourishing Transvaal Republic, which could have no better access to the sea than that which Delagoa Bay affords. The bay receives the Manice river and Mapoota river from the south, and has, on its west side, an estuary called English river, formed by the mouth of several streams, one of which, the Delagoa river, is navigable by vessels, drawing twelve feet of water, for forty miles, and by boats for two hundred miles.

In the north-western corner of Delagoa Bay, the Portuguese have a fort and factory of Lorenzo-Marques, with an export trade in ivory, gold dust, and, it is said, in slaves. This is the only part of the bay which they or any other Europeans occupy; but, upon that occupation, the Portuguese base their claims, not only to the whole of the inlet, but also the coast line several miles below its southern extremity. The Portuguese also put forward their discovery of the bay by Vasco de Gama, but it does not appear that they based any claim to the whole, or, indeed, to any part of it, except this fort and its *rayon*, until many years after the

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commencement of the present century. As, holding the sovereignty of the Cape Colony, we inherit the claims of the Dutch, from whom we acquired it by cession, and, certainly, the Dutch, when the Cape was theirs, did not recognise any exclusive title on the part of the Portuguese in Delagoa Bay. They went there a hundred and fifty years ago, and, without the slightest misgiving, established a fort near that of the Portuguese on the English river. It is true they did not remain, but they withdrew before the influences of a pestilential climate, and without any renunciation of their rights. Against the limited occupancy of the Portuguese, we have set up our occasional occupancy, not to insist upon the cession of the western coast in 1822 by a native king who was exercising a very real authority there. It is quite clear that at no time did the Portuguese ever exercise and enjoy the rights they claimed at the hands of the arbitrator. A controversy arose, however, between the British Government and that of Portugal, and, during the Presidency of M. Theirs, it was eventually agreed to refer the case to the arbitration of the French Government. M. Theirs, although overloaded with labour, did not think it right to decline the task, but, before he could well take it in hand, he had been driven from power, and the work devolved upon his successor. Marshal MacMahon, we cannot doubt, has decided impartially upon the facts before him, and it is very far from our intention to question his judgment. The Portuguese Government has thanked him for the trouble he has taken, and if Lord Derby has not already done so, he certainly will. But, without for a moment impugning the justice of Marshal MacMahon, we may express the regret, which will be universally felt, at this settlement of a long-standing question. The Marshal

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could only decide upon the case as it was laid before him, and a moment's reflection will suffice to show, that there were important bearings of this territorial dispute, which could not be placed before any arbitrator for decision.

Those among us, who have been impelled by humanity and love of peace, to advocate the policy of obtaining the decision of disputed international questions, from the reason of an arbitrator, rather than from the sword, must not be surprised if their favourite method should be discredited by the fact, that every arbitration to which we have assented during the last six years, has been decided against us. It would be strange if the event were otherwise. The decision against us at Geneva, was emphasized by an award of more than three millions sterling damages. That rendered by the Emperor of Germany cost us the island of San Juan, and now we are deprived of a bay and harbour, which we could have made useful to all trading and maritime peoples, but which may now become a source of annoyance to us in politics and trade. Our people must not be blamed if they judge even of so sublime a principle as arbitration partly by its results. We know that there is no Government in the world so magnanimous and unselfish in its dealings with other nations as our own; and our patience is tried, when award after award is given against us, with as much certainty, as if we were a greedy, grasping people, against whom the civilized world had found it necessary to combine. This cannot go on. Islands, bays, and millions we may lose, and be not much the worse for it, but we cannot consent to be systematically discredited, and many will think that, after all, our honour is safest in our own keeping. These feelings are perfectly natural; at the same time, it will be well to beware of surrendering ourselves to the

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impulses of a mere reaction of sentiment. If arbitration has not produced all the good results we hoped from it, we may find it worth while to ask the reason why. It may be that it has failed because it has not been wisely appealed to, but been relied on in conditions under which it was not truly applicable. Whatever may be said as to the reference of the Alabama claims, and the San Juan question to arbitration, we may safely pronounce that this dispute concerning Delagoa Bay should not have been allowed to pass out of the hands of our Government. It should not have been allowed to do so, because it involved various points, of which some of those, which could not be submitted to the arbitrator, were of more importance than those which might and must be. Every intelligent advocate of the principle of arbitration, admits that there are some claims which touch the interests of a nation so closely, that their denial must never be deemed possible, but they must be defended at any and all cost. On the other hand, there are, as undoubtedly, other matters on which a Government may be at variance with a neighbour, and as to which any decision that might be given, would be more tolerable than the prolongation of unfriendliness. Between these two conditions, statesmanship has plenty of room to make a discerning choice. No independent State should place at the disposal of an arbitrator, consenting to surrender it at his bidding, any power which is necessary to enable it to fulfil that civilizing part in the world, which is marked out for it by its history and relations. Neither should arbitration be resorted to, when it is likely that an adverse decision would create a situation more embarassing, than that which it is sought to terminate. For both of these reasons, this dispute concerning Delagoa Bay, should have been either settled by negotiation with the

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Portuguese Government, or permitted to remain open, until it could be terminated in a satisfactory manner. Marshal MacMahon's decision is founded on a view of the past, with its shadowy claims and confessedly imperfect rights, but the present and future of South-East Africa are more important elements in any settlement of the Delagoa Bay question, that could be described as politic and statesmanlike, than the technical considerations that have weighed with Marshal MacMahon's advisers. This decision will be honourably accepted, but it will cause difficulties. History tells us what has been the character and tendency of Portuguese influence on the East Coast of Africa, and it clearly foreshows that other kind of influence which is destined to supersede it. Portugal, it is notorious, can turn its possession of Delagoa Bay to no use that is important to the world, though it can easily make of it an occasion of strife between those who should be friends. The event of this reference to the French Government, of a case which ought not to have been referred to any Power, should not discourage the friends of arbitration, but it should certainly enlighten them, and lead to a more careful application of the principle, so that its great advantages may not be altogether lost to the world.

Leader in TIMES, 21st August, 1875.

A THIRD application of the principle of Arbitration has had a result adverse to this country. The tribunal of Geneva mulcted us in the sum of three millions sterling; the Emperor of Germany and his jurists were against us in the San Juan controversy; and now Marshal MacMahon gives Delagoa Bay to the Portuguese, after their claims have been

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questioned by us for some fifty years. We publish the text of the award, which, in the usual manner of a French judgment, gives clearly the grounds on which the decision is made. The precise territories in dispute are defined, and the Arbitrator proceeds to summarise the historical facts connected with them, which in his opinion lead to the conclusion that Portugal has acquired and has never lost a sovereignty over them. First comes discovery. The Bay of Delagoa, or Lorenzo-Marques, was discovered in the 15th century by Portuguese navigators, and in the 17th and 18th centuries Portugal occupied various points on the northern coasts of the bay, and on the island of Inyack at its entrance. Portugal has at all times claimed sovereign rights over the whole bay and the territories bordering on it, as well as the exclusive right to trade there, and has further supported this claim by arms, against the Dutch about the year 1732, and against the Austrians in 1781. These pretensions were at that date recognised by more than one power. "The acts by which Portugal has supported its pretensions did not give rise to any complaint on the part of the Government of the United Provinces; and in 1782 these pretensions were tacitly accepted by Austria, in consequence of diplomatic explanations exchanged between that Power and Portugal."

This seems to be the substance of the case on the part of our opponents. In those distant days, when the Portuguese were a maritime and colonizing people, and their adventurous navigators were on every sea, the eastern coast of Africa for hundreds of miles passed under their domination. They were without a rival on the Indian Ocean, and on all its shores they established their factories or made more ambitious settlements. They were to be found in the Persian

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Gulf, on the Coasts of India, in the Malay Archipelago. They took possession of the most advantageous points on the eastern shores of Africa, and the coast over which our late visitor, the Seyyid of Zanzibar, rules, or claims to rule, once acknowledged their supremacy. The decay of this wonderful prosperity, the stagnation of this restless enterprise, the ruin or the alienation of so many coveted establishments, is matter of history. Other nations supplanted the Portuguese, as they had supplanted the Venetians. Their possessions in Eastern Africa dwindled in importance, and though the Governor of Mozambique still exercises a nominal authority over a large undefined territory, the Portuguese occupation of the greater part of it is something very shadowy and unreal. This shrinking of the Portuguese power has led to the disputes about Delagoa Bay. In the war of the French Revolution the Cape of Good Hope fell into the hands of the British, and though it was restored to Holland at the Peace of Amiens, it was subsequently recaptured, and retained at the Peace of 1815. This placed us in new relations with the Portuguese. We were the heirs of the Dutch in Southern Africa, and the Portuguese had now to deal with a people more adventurous and pushing than their former neighbours. The British Government and the East India Company attached the highest importance to the Cape of Good Hope, and desired to see a great colonial development in South Africa, as securing the route to India, and creating a European society, in a country which was not hopelessly remote from India itself. Southern Africa became a territory for which too much could not be done. The colonists, it is true, were treated like children, spoilt by the indulgence of unreasonable requests, at the same time that they were scolded for not accepting some

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pedantic regulation of the Colonial Office; but they had, on the whole, little to complain of, and the British taxpayer was the chief victim. The authority of Great Britain extended itself over one tract of country after another, until at last we came upon a region which, to all appearance, could belong to no European State. Delagoa Bay, its shores, and islands were in the possession of the natives, and of no one else. Consequently, there has been a disposition in the Colonial authorities to deal with the tract as belonging to tribes without the pale of the civilized world, and therefore open to British occupation. The fact is that if the Portuguese occupation of Delagoa Bay had ever been a reality, it had lost this character in the lapse of years.

The Portuguese rights seemed to have been abrogated by disuse. The Portuguese did not rule the country; they did not occupy it, and there was no prospect that they would do either in the future. All hopes of the development of the country rested on the British. But the award of Marshal MacMahon instructs us that we must not entertain such considerations. The rights of a State, which belongs to the community of civilized nations, are indefeasible. They cannot be diminished by the lapse of years or generations; at least, the slightest assertion of authority or any act of occupation, however artificial or constructive, is sufficient to maintain the claim. The Portuguese, as we have already mentioned, made "pretensions" to the territory in 1782 which "gave rise to no complaint on the part of the United Provinces," and which were "tacitly accepted" by Austria. This fact is, of course, evidence against our contention, but it appears that 35 years later we furnished by our own act an argument against ourselves. In 1817 England herself did not contest the right of the King of Portugal, when she con-

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cluded with the King's Government the Convention of the 28th of July for the suppression of the slave trade. "In fact, Clause 12 of that Convention must be interpreted to designate the whole of the Bay bearing the name of Delagoa, or Lorenzo-Marques, as forming part of the Portuguese possessions." Furthermore, in 1822 the British Government, having sent out an officer to make a hydrographic survey of the Bay and the rivers flowing into it, recommended him to the good offices of the Portuguese Government. This, no doubt, is strongly on the Portuguese side, according to all the theories which prevail as to national rights; but we find within the limits of Marshal MacMahon's own judgement ample evidence that all substantial authority had passed away from Portugal. He says that "though the accidental weakening of the Portuguese authority in those parts, may, in 1823, have led Captain Owen erroneously, yet in good faith, to regard the Native Chiefs of the territories now contested as really independent of the Crown of Portugal, the Conventions concluded by him with those Chiefs were not the less contrary to the rights of Portugal." The fact that an intelligent officer could mistake the Natives for the independent tribes, shows that there could have been no efficient representative of the Portuguese Government in the vicinity; and the effect of this is not lessened by the circumstance that, subsequently, the Portuguese Government obtained anew from the Chiefs a recognition of its authority. But the rights of Portugal, acquired by discovery in the sixteenth century, asserted by force of arms as well as diplomatically in the eighteenth, recognised incidentally in the early part of the nineteenth, appear to the French President, sufficiently established, and he gives to His Most Faithful Majesty all the territory claimed. We do not

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contest the justice of the Award, but we may regret a decision which will tend to retard the settlement and civilization of those regions, which can now only be accomplished by union with the great South African community growing up under the British Crown. In the end we may fairly expect that no obstacles, raised by a strict interpretation of the rights of nations, will impede a consummation so beneficial to the world.

Leader in MORNING POST, August 23, 1875.

THE text of Marshal M'Mahon's award on the Delagoa Bay controversy has at length been made public. On the 23d March, not very long after the latest representations appear, by the document in question, to have been made to the Marshal by the British Ambassador and Portuguese Minister at Paris, we were enabled to announce to our readers what would be the result of the arbitration, and the statements made subsequently in Parliament confirmed our information. It is only now, however, that the official decree is made public, and it rather briefly and summarily disposes of our claims. The convention agreeing to the arbitration seems to have been signed at Lisbon on the 11th September, 1872, and as the award is dated Versailles the 24th July, it has taken nearly three years to come to a conclusion. We cannot complain of unnecessary haste in the matter, therefore, inasmuch as nearly a year seems to have elapsed between each move in the affair. The commission of investigation was appointed by the Marshal on the 23d of March, 1873. On the 15th September following, the representatives of the two parties presented their

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memoranda to the arbitrator, and exactly a twelvemonth later counter-memoranda were handed in, the case on either side being finally closed by letters dated the 8th of February in the present year. Two different points arose in the question, the one having reference to the territory on the northern side of Delagoa Bay, as far as the Espiritu Sancto, or English River; and the other being in regard to the territory on the southern side, known as Maputa, and embracing the island of Inyack. With respect to the former, we had imagined all along that the Portuguese claim to that was established, but we had also considered that our title to the latter portion of the Bay was one that could be sustained. Whatever might have been the Portuguese assumptions as regarded the Dutch and Austrians, and however much those Powers might have given in to their pretensions, we had certainly never acknowledged them; at any rate, in reference to the Southern half of the Bay; and we cannot now see how the fact, so markedly dwelt upon in the award, of our Government recommending Captain Owen to the kind offices of the Portuguese authorities, when making in 1823 his survey of the bay and rivers discharging themselves into it, is to be construed into our having admitted the right of Portugal to the whole of the territory. The Portuguese had a settlement at Lorenzo-Marques, and what could be more natural than that our Government should request their officials to tender the Captain their good offices should occasion require it. But indeed the proof that we had no intention of acknowledging them as complete masters of the territory is self-evident from the conduct of Captain Owen in dealing with the native chiefs in the vicinity, whom he treated as quite independent of Portuguese authority. Nor are we prepared to admit that the terms of our previous

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convention with Portugal in 1817, for the suppression of the slave trade, are such as to imply a recognition of their right to the whole of the Bay. We never intended anything of the kind. The decision is, however, given against us, and as it was agreed in the arrangement of September, 1872, that the question should be decided by the President of the French Republic without appeal, all we can now do is to make the best of a bad bargain, if so it may be termed. Since the result first became known to the public in England, a very strong feeling has been evinced, that an endeavour should be made to come to terms with Portugal for purchasing the Bay, or at any rate that portion of it which it is advisable we should possess, and which, indeed, we claimed. Its growing importance is acknowledged, and, now that its reputation for unhealthiness is proved to be greatly undeserved, there is the more reason why we should be anxious to retain it. Its situation at the entrance to the Mozambique Channel, and its being the only available seaport for the Transvaal, destined at no distant day to be one of the South African Confederate States, and which it is well to remember is already attracting a good many Australian diggers, greatly enhance its value. With every disposition to trust in the good intentions of the Portuguese Government, and in its willingness to offer facilities for commerce at the Bay, we would much prefer to have the port in our own hands. It is tolerably certain that British subjects will be the parties chiefly interested in the trade that will be carried on at the Bay, and a far larger traffic is likely to take place under British jurisdiction, than if it be exercised by a foreign Power, however much it may be actuated by good intentions. The inhabitants of the Transvaal, we are satisfied, would much rather that the port were in English hands, and it is

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needless to remark how the project for railway communication between the Bay and its proposed terminus in the Republic would be furthered under British auspices. It is not of the present alone that we think; Southern Africa is destined to become a confederation of States owning British supremacy, and whatever objection may at the moment exist amongst certain parties in the two Republics against union under the British flag, is pretty sure to die away. The increased settlement of British subjects within their borders must of itself necessarily tend to this, and it is most desirable that, when a confederation is established, every inch of territory in the neighbourhood should be held by ourselves. We have no apprehension that Portugal will enter into negotiations with any other foreign Power for the disposal to it of Delagoa Bay—a proceeding which would be very injurious to our interests. But at the same time Portugal will, doubtless, wish to reap some advantage from the award, which, rightly or wrongly, has handed over to it territory we had reason to believe belonged to ourselves. It is not probable that Portugal has any special interest in retaining possession of the port. Its African territories are not of paramount importance to it, and in surrendering a small portion of them it would have no objection to make a good bargain. Very likely the award is an unexpected slice of good luck to Portugal, and if we can only come to reasonable terms with her for the purchase of the Bay, we may eventually not have so much reason to grumble at what has happened. Perhaps, even, it may become a subject of rejoicing, as it may act as a lesson to us in the future to be distrustful of the arbitration system, which, somehow or other, however good a case we may think that we have, results in our being the losers. If it only leads us to discountenance the practice in the future, the award in the

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Delagoa Bay controversy will not be without its advantage. Of international arbitration the British public is beginning to think we have had quite enough, for it only ends in every other State getting the better of us, a consummation by no means to be desired.

From the HERALD OF PEACE, London.

THE award on the recent Delagoa Bay case went in favour of Portugal. This fact, coupled with the adverse decisions on the Alabama and San Juan questions, has considerably disturbed the equanimity of our press, and led to some hard things being said against the principle of arbitration. We are told that wherever that method of settling disputes is had recourse to, the issue is unfavourable to our country. This is not quite correct as a matter of fact. The Anglo-American Commission, which was only arbitration under another name, and which dealt with a great variety of irritating questions, some of long standing, between us and the United States, gave, on several points, judgment in our favour, and decided that the United States should pay Great Britain various sums, amounting in the aggregate to about half a million sterling. It is gratifying to find that, while many of our journals are dissatisfied, and perhaps naturally so, at finding the award of an arbitrator for the third time going against us, there is not, so far as we know, in any quarter the slightest whisper of repudiation. It is honourable to our countrymen that the universal and unhesitating conclusion is, that we should abide loyally by the decision of the French President, however unpalatable it may be to ourselves. Nor is there any serious attempt to impeach the fairness of that decision on the grounds submitted to the arbitrator. Indeed, the *Times* distinctly says, "We do not contest the justice of the award;" and, after

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stating the reasons specified by Marshal MacMahon as the ground of his judgement, the same paper adds, "This, no doubt, is strongly on the Portuguese side, according to all the theories which prevail as to national rights;" though it afterwards somewhat qualifies this admission by affirming that the Portuguese rights had lapsed, or, at least, become doubtful by desuetude. We have no doubt that Delagoa Bay would be of greater use, not only to ourselves, but possibly to the interests of civilisation, if it were in British rather than in Portuguese hands, though our contribution to the civilisation of Africa has hitherto been of a very equivocal kind indeed. But the same thing may be said, probably, of Lisbon or Oporto, and a hundred other ports in all parts of the world, upon which we may choose to cast a covetous eye, and, if that be a sufficient ground of claim—and especially if the claimant himself is to be the judge—it would let loose all mankind to engage in one universal game of mutual spoliation. We should be glad to see Delagoa Bay pass by rightful means into the possession of Great Britain, but we contend that the settlement of the indispensable and preliminary question of title, will serve rather to facilitate than to frustrate negotiations for that purpose. But on the subject of arbitration, if we find the award going against us on so many occasions, where we have no reason to call in question the competency or the integrity of the arbitrators, would it not be well for us to ask ourselves whether this does not point to the fact, that, nationally, we are of an aggressive and masterful spirit; not consciously unjust, but prone, from a sense of our enormous power, to be somewhat arrogant and exacting in our claims? Nations, even more than individuals, have reason to say—

> "O wad some Power the giftie gie us
> To see oorsells as ithers see us."

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The NEWCASTLE DAILY CHRONICLE, of 15th September, in an article on "The Conservative Government and Slavery," animadverting on the Admiralty order prohibiting Ships of War being made a harbour of refuge for runaway Slaves, says:—

"IT is of some importance to know if the law officers of the Crown have been consulted as to this Order. It would also be interesting to learn who are the parties the Government thus means to favour? Is it because the decision was against us in our dispute with Portugal, that we are about to propitiate the slave powers on the coast of Africa? Portugal is the European protector of slavery, and it must be either the Portuguese Government we are anxious to 'pleasure,' or some one or other of those barbarous African Chiefs to whom slavery is wealth. There has of late been much in our transactions with Portugal that will scarcely bear criticism. Whoever has read the very able statement, by the late Mr David Leslie, of his claim against the Portuguese Government for illegal seizure, can scarcely fail to be satisfied on this point. The treatment that accomplished man received from 'this petty but obtrusive and self-sufficient power' was a public scandal, which Mr Leslie's premature death does not absolve us from avenging. But the Circular of the Admiralty is another pertinent illustration of that 'spirited foreign policy' the Premier promised would distinguish his reign. Seriously, the subject with which this Circular deals is something far transcending mere party politics. The interests and honour of the nation are compromised thereby."

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FATAL ENCOUNTER BETWEEN BRITISH AND SPANISH FORCES.—A telegram from the Gibraltar correspondent of the *Western Morning News*, dated September 15, 1875, 9 p.m., says an investigation was being held concerning a serious affair which took place on Tuesday, it being reported that a French vessel had been captured by the Spanish Coastguard in British waters. A steam-launch from Her Majesty's ship Express went in chase, and took both in tow. The Spaniards resisted, and, although warned by the British Officers, persisted in attempting to cut the tow-rope. During the affray a Spaniard was accidentally shot dead.

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